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VI.

BEYOND THE SEA.

In the early twilight of a July evening in the year 1875, two young Americans, neither dreaming of the other's presence, came face to face on the steps of a hotel on the Quai du Montblanc at Geneva. The two men, one of whom was so bronzed by Eastern suns that his friend looked pallid beside him, exchanged a long, incredulous stare; then their hands met, and the elder cried out, "Of all men in the world!"

"Flemming!" exclaimed the other eagerly; "I thought you were in Egypt."

"So I was, a month ago. What are you doing over here, Ned?"

"I don't know, to tell the truth."

"You don't know!" laughed Fleming. "Enjoying yourself, I suppose."

"The supposition is a little rash," said Edward Lynde. "I have been over nearly a year, — quite a year, in fact. After uncle David's death" —

"Poor old fellow! I got the news at Smyrna."

"After he was gone, and the business of the estate was settled, I turned restless at Rivermouth. It was cursedly lonesome. I hung on there awhile, and then I came abroad."

"A rich man — my father wrote me.

I have had no letters from you. Your uncle treated you generously, Ned."

"Did he not always treat me generously?" said Lynde, with a light coming into his face and dying out again.

"Yes, he left me a pile of money and a heart-ache. I can hardly bear to talk of it even now, and it will be two years this August. But come up to my room. By Jove, I am glad to see you! How is it you are in Geneva? I was thinking about you yesterday, and wondering whether you were drifting down the Nile in a dahabeeah, or crossing the desert on a dromedary. Of course you have hunted tigers and elephants: did you kill anything?"

"I have n't killed anything but time. I was always a dead shot at that."

Lynde passed his arm through Fleming's, and the two friends mounted the staircase of the hotel.

"How is it you are in Geneva?" repeated Lynde.

"By luck," answered Fleming. "I am going home — in a zigzag way. I've been obliged to take a reef in my Eastern itinerary. The fact is, I have had a letter from the old gentleman rather suggesting it. I believe he has availed himself of my absence to fall into financial difficulties."

"Why, I thought he was rolling in wealth."

"No, he is rolling in poverty, as nearly as I can make out. Well, not so bad as that. Nothing is ever as bad as it looks. But he has met with heavy losses. I shall find letters in London and learn all about it. He wrote me not to hurry, that a month or two would make no difference. When I got to Munich I thought I would take a peep at Switzerland while I had the opportunity. I have done a good piece, — from Lindau to Lucerne, from Lucerne to Martigny by way of the Furca; through the Tête Noire Pass to Chamouny, and from Chamouny, here."

While Flemming was speaking, Lynde unlocked a door at the end of the hall and ushered him into a sitting-room with three windows, each opening upon a narrow balcony of its own.

"Sit there, old fellow," said Lynde, wheeling an easy-chair to the middle window, "and look through my glass at the view before it takes itself off. It is not often as fine as it is this evening."

In front of the hotel the blue waters of the Rhone swept under the arches of the Pont des Bergues, to lose themselves in the turbid, glacier-born Arve, a mile below the town. Between the Pont des Bergues and the Pont du Montblanc lay the island of Jean Jacques Rousseau, linked to the quay by a tiny chain bridge. Opposite, upon the right bank of the Rhone, stretched the handsome façades of tile-roofed buildings, giving one an idea of the ancient quarter which a closer inspection dispels; for the streets are crooked and steep, and the houses, except those lining the quays, squalid. It was not there, however, that the eye would have lingered. Far away, seen an incredible distance in the transparent evening atmosphere, Mont Blanc and its massed group of snowy satellites lifted themselves into the clouds. All those luminous battlements and turrets and pyramids — the Môle, the Grandes Jorasses, the Aiguilles du Midi, the Dent du Géant, the Aiguilles d'Argentière — were now suffused with a glow so magically delicate that the softest tint of the blush rose would have seemed harsh and crude in comparison.

"You have to come away from Mont Blanc to see it," said Flemming, lowering the glass. "When I had my nose against it at Chamouny I did n't see it at all. It overhung me and smothered me. Old boy," — reaching up his hand to Lynde who was leaning on the back of the chair, — "who would ever have thought that we two" — Flemming stopped short and looked earnestly into his comrade's face. "Why, Ned, I did n't notice how thin and pale you are. Are you ill?"

The color which had mantled Lynde's cheeks in the first surprise and pleasure of meeting his friend had passed away, leaving, indeed, a somewhat haggard expression on the young man's countenance.

"Ill? Not that I know."

"Is anything wrong?"

"There is nothing wrong," replied Lynde, with some constraint. "That is to say, nothing very wrong. For a month or six weeks I have been occupied with a matter that has rather unsettled me, — more, perhaps, than I ought to have allowed."

"What is that?"

"It does n't signify. Don't let's speak of it."

"But it does signify. You are keeping something serious from me. Out with it."

"Well, the truth is," said Lynde after a moment's hesitation, "it is something serious and nothing very positive: that's the perplexing part of it."

"You are not making it clear to me."

"I don't know that I can, Flemming."

"Try, then."

Lynde reflected a few seconds, with his eyes fixed on the remote mountain lines imperceptibly melting into the twilight. "Do you remember our walk home from the theatre, one night, two or three days before you sailed from New York?"

"Perfectly," answered Flemming.

"Do you recollect my telling you of a queer thing that happened to me up in the New Hampshire hills?"

"Your encounter with the little lunatic? Perfectly."

"Don't!" said Lynde, shrinking as if some sharp instrument had pierced him. "She is here!"

"Here!" exclaimed Flemming, half rising from the chair, and glancing towards a draped door which connected the suite of apartments.

"Not in these rooms," said Lynde, with a short laugh, "but in Geneva, — in this hotel."

"You do not mean it."

"When I say it is she, I am not sure of it."

"Of course it is n't."

"That's what I say, and the next moment I know it is."

"And is *this* your trouble?"

"Yes," answered Lynde, knitting his brows. "I felt that I should n't make it clear to you."

"I am afraid you have n't, Ned. What earthly difference does it make to you whether or not it's the same girl?"

"What difference!" cried Lynde, impetuously; "what difference, — when I love the very ground she walks on!"

"Oh, you love her! Which one?"

"Don't laugh at me, Flemming."

"I am not laughing," said Flemming, looking puzzled and anxious. "It is not possible, Ned, you have allowed yourself to go and get interested in a — a person not right in her mind!"

"Miss Denham is as sane as you are."

"Then Miss — Denham, is it? — cannot be the girl you told me about."

"That's the point."

"I don't see why there should be any confusion on that point."

"Don't you?"

"Come, let us go to the bottom of this. You have fallen in with a woman in Switzerland, and you suspect her of being a girl you met years ago in New Hampshire under circumstances which render her appearance here nearly an impossibility. As I am not a man of vivid imagination, that floors me. What makes you think them identical?"

"A startling personal resemblance, age, inflection of voice, manner, even a certain physical peculiarity, — a scar."

"Then what makes you doubt?"

"Everything."

"Well, that's comprehensive, at all events."

"The very fact of her being here.

The physician at the asylum said that that girl's malady was hopeless. Miss Denham has one of the clearest intellects I ever knew; she is a linguist, an accomplished musician, and, what is more rare, a girl who has moved a great deal in society, or, at least, has traveled a great deal, and has not ceased to be an unaffected, fresh, candid girl."

"An American?"

"Of course; did n't I say so?"

"The other may have been a sister, then, or a cousin," suggested Flemming. "That would account for the likeness, which possibly you exaggerate. It was in 1872, was n't it?"

"I have been all over that. Miss Denham is an only child; she never had a cousin. To-day she is precisely what the other would have been, with restored health and three years added to her seventeen or eighteen."

"Upon my word, Ned, this is one of the oddest things I ever heard. I feel, though, that you have got yourself into an unnecessary snarl. Where does Miss Denham come from? She is not traveling alone? How did you meet her? Tell me the entire story."

"There is nothing to tell, or next to nothing. I met the Denhams here, six weeks ago. It was at the *table d'hôte*. Two ladies came in and took places opposite me, — a middle-aged lady and a young one. I did not notice them until they were seated; it was the voice of the younger lady that attracted me; I looked up, — and there was the Queen of Sheba. The same eyes, the same hair, the same face, though not so pale, and fuller; the same form, only the contours filled out. I put down my knife and fork and stared at her. She flushed, for I fancy I stared at her rather rudely, and a faint mark, like a star, came into her cheek and faded. I saw it as distinctly as I saw it the day she passed me on the country road, swinging the flower in her hand."

"By Jove! it's a regular romance, — strawberry mark and all."

"If you don't take this seriously," said Lynde, frowning, "I am done."

"Go on."

"I shall never know how I got through the endless courses of that dinner; it was an empty pantomime on my part. As soon as it was over I rushed to the hotel register. The only entry among the new arrivals which pointed to the two ladies was that of Mrs. William Denham and Niece, United States. You can understand, Flemming, how I was seized with a desire to know those two women. I had come to Geneva for a day or so; but I resolved to stay here a month if they stayed, or to leave the next hour if they left. In short, I meant to follow them discreetly; it was an occupation for me. They remained. In the course of a week I knew the Denhams to speak to them when we met of a morning in the English Garden. A fortnight later it seemed to me that I had known them half my life. They had come across the previous November, they had wintered in Italy, and were going to Chamouny some time in July, where Mr. Denham was to join them; then they were to make an extended tour of Switzerland, accompanied by an old friend of the family, a professor, or a doctor, or something, who was in the south of France for his health. Miss Denham — her name is Ruth — is an orphan, and was educated mostly over here. When the Denhams are at home they live somewhere in the neighborhood of Orange, New Jersey. There are all the simple, exasperating facts. I can add nothing to them. If I were to tell you how this girl has perplexed and distressed me, by seeming to be and seeming not to be that other person, — how my doubts and hopes have risen and fallen from day to day, even from hour to hour, it would be as uninteresting to you as a barometrical record. But this is certain: when Miss Denham and I part at Chamouny, as I suppose we shall, this world will have come to an end so far as I am concerned."

"The world does n't come to an end

that way, — when one is twenty-six. Does she like you, Ned?"

"How can I say? She does not dislike me. We have seen very much of each other. We have been together some portion of each day for more than a month. But I've never had her a moment alone; the aunt is always present. We are like old friends, — with a difference."

"I see; the aunt makes the difference! No flirting allowed on the premises."

"Miss Denham is not a girl to flirt with; she is very self-possessed, with just a suspicion of haughtiness; personally, tall, slight, a sort of dusky Eastern beauty, with the clear warm colors of a New England September twilight, — not like the brunettes on this side, who are apt to have thick complexions, saving their presence. I say she is not a girl to flirt with, and yet, with that sensitive-cut mouth and those deep eyes, she could do awful things in the way of tenderness if she had a mind to. She's a puzzle, with her dove's innocence and her serpent's wisdom. All women are problems. I suppose every married man of us goes down to his grave with his particular problem not quite solved."

Flemming gave a loud laugh. The "every married man of us" tickled him. "Yes," said he; "they are all daughters of the Sphinx, and past finding out. Is Miss Denham an invalid?" he asked, after a pause.

"No; she is not strong, — delicate, rather; of the pure type of American young-womanhood, — more spirit than physique; but not an invalid, — unless" —

"You have let a morbid fancy run away with you, Ned." This lady and the other one are two different persons."

"If I could only believe it!" said Lynde. "I do believe it at times; then some gesture, some fleeting expression, a turn of the head, the *timbre* of her voice, — and there she is again! The next moment I am ready to laugh at myself."

"Could n't you question the aunt?"

"How could I?"

"You could n't!"

"I have thought of that doctor at the asylum, — what in the devil was his name? I might write to him; but I shrink from doing it. I have been brutal enough in other ways. I am ashamed to confess to what unforgivable expedients I have resorted to solve my uncertainty. Once we were speaking of Genoa, where the Denhams had spent a week; I turned the conversation on the church of St. Lorenzo and the relic in the treasury there, — the *Sacro Catino*, a supposed gift to Solomon from the Queen of Sheba. Miss Denham listened with the calmest interest; she had not seen it the day she visited the church; she was sorry to have missed that. Then the aunt changed the subject, but whether by accident or design I was unable for the soul of me to conjecture. Good God, Flemming! could this girl have had some terrible, swift malady which touched her and passed, and still hangs over her, — an hereditary doom?"

"Then she's the most artful actress that ever lived, I should say. The leading lady of the Théâtre Français might go and take lessons of her. But if that were so, Ned?"

"If that were so," said Lynde, slowly, "a great pity would be added to my love."

"You would not marry her!"

Lynde made no reply.

The night had settled down upon Geneva while the friends were talking. The room was so dark they could not distinguish each other; but Flemming was conscious of a pale, set face turned towards him in the obscurity, in the same way that he was conscious of the forlorn whiteness of Mont Blanc looming up out yonder, unseen. It was dark in the chamber, but the streets were gay now with the life of a midsummer night. Interminable lines of lamps twinkled on the bridges and along the quays; the windows of the cafés on the opposite bank of the Rhone were brilliant with gas jets; boats, bearing merry cargoes to and from the lake, passed up and down the river; the street running under the hotel balcony was crowded with loun-

gers, and a band was playing in the English Garden. From time to time a strain of music floated up to the window where the two men were sitting. Neither had spoken for some minutes, when Lynde asked his friend where he was staying.

"At the Schweizerhof," replied Flemming. "I always take the hotel nearest the station. Few Americans go there, I fancy. It is wonderfully and fearfully Swiss. I was strolling in here to look through the register for some American autographs when I ran against you."

"You had better bring your traps over here."

"It would not be worth while. I am booked for Paris to-morrow night. Ned, — come with me!"

"I can't, Flemming; I have agreed to go to Chamouny with the Denhams."

"Don't!"

"That is like advising a famishing man not to eat his last morsel of food. I have a presentiment it will all end there. I never had a presentiment before."

"I had a presentiment once," said Flemming, impressively. "I had a presentiment that a certain number — it was number twenty-seven — would draw the prize in a certain lottery. I went to the office, and number twenty-seven was one of the two numbers unsold! I bought it as quick as lightning, I dreamed of number twenty-seven three successive nights, and the next day it drew a blank."

"That has the ring of the old Flemming!" cried Lynde, with an unforced laugh. "I am glad that I have not succeeded in turning all your joyous gold into lead. I'm not always such dull company as I have been to-night, with my moods and my presentiments. I owe them partly, perhaps, to not seeing Miss Denham to-day, the aunt having a headache."

"You were not in a rollicking humor when I picked you up."

"I had been cruising about town all the morning alone, making assaults on the Musée Fol, the Botanic Garden, and the Jewish Synagogue. In the afternoon I had wrecked myself on Rousseau's Island, where I sat on a bench staring at Pradier's poor statue of Jean Jacques

until I fancied that the ugly bronze cannibal was making mouths at me. When the aunt has a headache, I suffer. Flemming, you must see Miss Denham, if only for a moment."

"Of course I should like to see her, Ned."

"You do not leave until evening," Lynde said, reflecting. "I think I can manage a little dinner for to-morrow. Now let us take a breath of fresh air. I know the queerest old nook, in the Rue de Chantpoulet, where the Bavarian beer is excellent and all the company smoke the most enormous porcelain pipes. Have n't I hit one of your weaknesses?"

"You have hit a brace!"

VII.

THE DENHAMS.

When Edward Lynde returned to the hotel that night, after parting with Flemming at the head of a crooked, gable-hung street leading to the Schweizerhof, the young man regretted that he had said anything on the subject of the Denhams, or, rather, that he had spoken of the painful likeness which had haunted him so persistently. The friends had spent the gayest of evenings together at a small green-topped table in one corner of the smoky café. Over their beer and cheese they had chatted of old days at boarding-school and college, and this contact with the large, healthy nature of Flemming, which threw off depression as sunshine dissipates mist, had sent Lynde's vapors flying. Nothing was changed in the circumstances that had distressed him, yet some way a load had removed itself from his bosom. He was sorry he had mentioned that dark business at all. As he threaded the deserted streets,—it was long after midnight,—he planned a dinner to be given in his rooms the next day, and formulated a note of invitation to the ladies, which he would write when he got back to the hotel, and have in readiness for early delivery in the morning.

Lynde was in one of those lightsome

moods which, in that varying month, had not unfrequently followed a day of doubt and restless despondency. As he turned into the Quai des Bergues he actually hummed a bar or two of opera. He had not done that before in six weeks. They had been weeks of inconceivable torment and pleasure to Lynde.

He had left home while still afflicted by David Lynde's death. Since the uncle's ill-advised marriage the intercourse between them, as the reader knows, had all but ceased; they had met only once, and then as if to bid each other farewell; but the ties had been very close, after all. In the weeks immediately following his guardian's death, the young man, occupied with settling the estate, of which he was one of the executors, scarcely realized his loss; but when he returned to Rivermouth a heavy sense of loneliness came over him. The crowded, happy firesides to which he was free seemed to reproach him for his lack of kinship; he stood alone in the world; there was no more reason why he should stay in one place than in another. His connection with the bank, unnecessary now in a money point of view, grew irksome; the quietude of the town oppressed him; he determined to cut adrift from all and go abroad. An educated American with no deeper sorrow than Lynde's cannot travel through Europe, for the first time at least, with indifference. Three months in Germany and France began in Lynde a cure which was completed by a winter in Southern Italy. He had regained his former elasticity of spirits and was taking life with a relish, when he went to Geneva; there he fell in with the Denhams in the manner he described to Flemming. An habitual shyness, and perhaps a doubt of Flemming's sympathetic capacity, had prevented Lynde from giving his friend more than an outline of the situation. In his statement Lynde had omitted several matters which may properly be set down here.

That first day at the table d'hôte and the next day, when he was able more deliberately to study the young woman, Edward Lynde had made no question to himself as to her being the same person

he had seen in so different and so pathetic surroundings. It was unmistakably the same. He had even had a vague apprehension she might recognize him, and had been greatly relieved to observe that there was no glimmer of recognition in the well-bred, careless glance which swept him once or twice. No, he had passed out of her memory, — with the other shapes and shadows! How strange they should meet again, thousands of miles from New England; how strange that he alone, of all the crowded city, should know there had been a dark episode in this girl's history! What words she had spoken to him and forgotten, she who now sat there robed in the beauty of her reason!

It was a natural interest, and a deep interest, certainly, that impelled Lynde to seek the acquaintance of the two ladies. On the third day a chance service rendered the elder — she had left a glove or a handkerchief beside her plate at table, and Lynde had followed her with it from the dining-room — placed him upon speaking terms. They were his country-women, he was a gentleman, and the surface ice was easily broken. Three days afterwards Lynde found himself oddly doubting his first conviction. This was not that girl! The likeness was undeniable: the same purple-black hair, the same long eyelashes, a very distinctive feature. In voice and carriage, too, Miss Denham curiously recalled the other; and that mark on Miss Denham's cheek — a birth-mark — was singular enough. But there the analogies ended. Miss Denham was a young woman who obviously had seen much of the world; she possessed accomplishments which could have been acquired only by uninterrupted application; she spoke French, German, and Italian with unusual purity. That intellect, as strong and clear as crystal, could never have suffered even a temporary blur. He was beginning to be amazed at the blunder he had committed, when suddenly, one evening, a peculiar note in her voice, accompanied by a certain lifting of the eyelashes, — a movement he had noticed for the first time, but which was familiar to

him, — threw Lynde into great perplexity. It was that other girl! How useless for him to try to blind himself to the truth! Besides, why should he wish to, and why should the fact of the identity trouble him to such a degree? The next day he was staggered by Miss Denham alluding incidentally to the circumstance that she and her aunt had passed a part of the spring of 1872 in Florida. That was the date of Lynde's adventure, the spring of 1872. Here was almost positive proof that Miss Denham could not have been in New England at the time. Lynde did not know what to think. Of course he was mistaken; he must be mistaken, — and yet! There were moments when he could not look at Miss Denham without half expecting to see the man Blaisdell flitting somewhere in the background. Then there were days when it was impossible for Lynde to picture her as anything different from what she now was. But whatever conclusion he came to, a doubt directly insinuated itself.

While he was drifting from one uncertainty to another, a fortnight elapsed in which his intimacy with the Denhams had daily increased. They were in Geneva for an indefinite time, awaiting directions from Mr. Denham. The few sights in the city had been exhausted; the places of interest in the environs could not be visited by ladies without escort; so it fell out that Lynde accompanied the Denhams on several short excursions, — to Petit and Grand Saconnex, to the Villa Tronchin, to Prégny and Mornex. These were days which Lynde marked with a red letter. At the end of the month, however, he was in the same state of distressing indecision relative to Miss Denham. On one point he required no light, — he was deeply interested in her, so deeply, indeed, that it had become a question affecting all his future, whether or not she was the person he had encountered on his horse-back journey three years before. If she was —

But Edward Lynde had put the question out of his thought that night as he walked home from the café. His two bars of opera music lasted him to the ho-

tel steps. Though it was late, — a great bell somewhere, striking two, sent its rich reverberation across the lake while he was unlocking his chamber door, — Lynde seated himself at a table and wrote his note to the Denhams.

Flemming had promised to come and take coffee with him early the next morning, that is to say at nine o'clock. Before Flemming arrived, Lynde's invitation had been dispatched and accepted. He was re-reading Miss Denham's few lines of acceptance when he heard his friend, at the other end of the hall, approaching with great strides.

"I'm the thousandth part of a minute late!" said Flemming, throwing open the door. "There is no excuse for me. When a man lives in a city where they manufacture a hundred thousand watches a year, — that's one watch and a quarter every five minutes day and night, — it's a moral duty to be punctual. Ned, you look like a prize pink this morning."

"I have had such a sleep! Besides, I've just gone through the excitement of laying out the *menu* for our dinner. Good heavens, I forgot the flowers! We'll go and get them after breakfast. There's your coffee. Cream, old man? I am in a tremor over this dinner, you know. It is a maiden effort. By the way, Flemming, I wish you'd forget what I said about Miss Denham, last evening. I was all wrong."

"I told you so; what has happened?"

"Nothing. Only I have reconsidered the matter, and I see I was wrong to let it upset me."

"I saw that from the first."

"Some people," said Lynde, gayly, "always see everything from the first. You belong to the I-told-you-so family, only you belong to the cheerful branch."

"Thank the Lord for that! A wide-spreading, hopeful disposition is your only true umbrella in this vale of tears."

"I shall have to borrow yours, then, if it rains heavily, for I've none of my own."

"Take it, my boy; my name's on the handle!"

On finishing their coffee the young men lighted cigars and sallied forth for a

stroll along the bank of the river, which they followed to the confluence of the Rhone with the Arve, stopping on the way to leave an order at a florist's. Returning to the hotel some time after mid-day, they found the flowers awaiting them in Lynde's parlor, where a servant was already laying the cloth. There were bouquets for the ladies' plates, an imposing centre-piece in the shape of a pyramid, and a profusion of loose flowers.

"What shall we do with these?" asked Lynde, pointing to the latter.

"Set 'em around somewhere," said Flemming, with cheerful vagueness.

Lynde disposed the flowers around the room to the best of his judgment; he hung some among the glass pendants of the chandelier, gave a nosegay to each of the two gilt statuettes in the corners, and piled the remainder about the base of a monumental clock on the mantel-piece.

"That's rather a pretty idea, isn't it? — wreathing Time in flowers," remarked Flemming, with honest envy of his friend's profounder depth of poetic sentiment.

"I thought it rather neat," said Lynde, who had not thought of it all.

In the course of that dinner if two or three unexplained demure smiles flitted over Miss Denham's face, they might, perhaps, have been indirectly traced to these floral decorations, though they pleased her more than if a woman's hand had been visible in them.

"Flemming," said Lynde, with a severe æsthetic air, "I don't think that arrangement in the fire-place is quite up to the rest of the room."

"Nor I either," said Flemming, who had been silently admiring it for the last ten minutes.

The fire-place in question was stuffed with a quantity of long, delicately spiral shavings, sprinkled with silver spangles or flakes of isinglass, and covered by a piece of pale blue illusion. This device — peculiarly Genevese — was supposed to represent a waterfall.

"Take a match and touch it off," suggested Flemming.

"If we had some more flowers, now" —

"Exactly. I am going to the hotel to get myself up like a head-waiter, and I'll bring some when I come back."

In an hour afterwards Flemming reappeared, followed by a youth bearing an immense basket. Lynde removed the Alpine waterfall to an adjoining chamber, and built up a huge fire of flame-colored flowers in the grate. The two friends were standing in the middle of the room, gravely contemplating the effect, when a servant opened the door and announced Mrs. and Miss Denham. A rustle of drapery at the threshold was followed by the entrance of the two ladies in ceremonious dinner toilets.

Lynde had never seen Miss Denham in any but a dark traveling-dress, or in such unobtrusive costume as a modest girl may wear at a hotel table. He stood motionless an instant, seeing her in a trailing robe of some fleecy, maize-colored material, with a cluster of moss-roses at her corsage and a cross of diamonds at her throat. She was without other ornament. The shade of her dress made her hair and eyes and complexion wonderful. Lynde was proud to have her look like that for Flemming, though he was himself affected by a queer impression that this queenly young person was not the simple, lovely girl he had known all along. He was embarrassed by her unexpected elegance, but he covered his embarrassment and his pleasure by presenting his friend to the ladies, and ordering the servant to serve the dinner immediately.

Lynde's constraint was only momentary, and the others had experienced none. Flemming, indeed, had a fleeting surprise at finding in the aunt a woman of thirty-five or thirty-eight, in the Indian summer of her beauty. Lynde had given him the idea of an elderly person with spectacles. As to Miss Denham, she had not fallen short of the mental picture Flemming had drawn of her, — which ought to have surprised him. No charms or graces in a woman, however, could much surprise Flemming; he accepted them as matters of course; to

him all women were charming in various degrees. He had that general susceptibility which preserves us the breed of bachelors. The constant victim of a series of minor emotions, he was safe from any major passion. There was a certain chivalrous air of *camaraderie* in his manner to women which made them like him sooner or later; the Denhams liked him instantly. Even before the *potage* was removed, Lynde saw that his dinner was a success. "The cook may drop dead now, if he wants to," said Lynde to himself; "he can't spoil anything."

"You are not entirely a stranger to us, Mr. Flemming," said Mrs. Denham, looking at him from behind the floral pyramid, which had the happy effect of isolating the parties who sat opposite each other. "There is a person who goes about foreign lands with no other ostensible mission than to sound your praise."

"You must set down a great deal to filial gratitude," returned Flemming. "I have been almost a father to our young friend."

"He tells me that your being here is quite accidental."

"It was one of those fortunate things, madam, which sometimes befall undeserving persons, as if to refute the theory of a special providence."

"On the contrary, Mr. Flemming," — it was Miss Ruth who spoke, — "it was evidently arranged with the clearest foresight; for if you had been a day later, perhaps you would not have found your friend in Geneva, — that is, if Mr. Lynde goes with us to Chamouny."

"You have heard from Mr. Denham, then?" said Lynde, turning to the aunt.

"We had letters this morning. Mr. Denham is in Paris, where he will remain a week or ten days, to show the sights to an old American friend of ours who is to join our party. I think I told you, Mr. Lynde? Supposing us to be weary of Geneva by this time, Mr. Denham suggests that we go on to Chamouny and wait there. I have left the matter to Ruth, and she decides in favor

of leaving to-morrow, if the weather is fine."

"We are not tired of Geneva," said Miss Denham; "it would be ingratitude to Mr. Lynde to admit that; but we are longing for a nearer view of the Mont Blanc groups. One ought to know them pretty well after six weeks' constant looking at them; but the changes in the atmosphere make any certain intimacy impossible at this distance. New ranges loom up and disappear, the lines alter almost every hour. Were you ever at the Isles of Shoals, Mr. Flemming?"

Flemming started slightly. Since Miss Denham entered the room he had given scarcely a thought to Lynde's dismal suspicions. Once or twice they had come into Flemming's mind, but he had promptly dismissed them. The girl's inquiry concerning a locality in New Hampshire suddenly recalled them, and recalled the motive with which Lynde had planned the dinner. Flemming flushed with vexation to think he had lent himself to the arrangement.

"I have spent parts of two summers at the Isles of Shoals," he said.

"Then you must have observed the singular changes that seem to take place on the mainland, seen from Appledore. The mirage on the Rye and Newcastle coasts—is it Newcastle?—sometimes does wonderful things. Frequently you see great cities stretching along the beach, some of the houses rising out of the water, as in Venice, only they are gloomy, foggy cities, like London, and not like Venice. Another time you see ships sailing by upside down; then it is a chain of hills, with peaks and projections that melt away under your eyes, leaving only the flat coast-line."

Flemming had seen all this, and seemed again to see it through the clear medium of the young girl's words. He had witnessed similar optical illusions in the deserts, also, which he described to her. Then Flemming remembered a curious trick of refracted light he had once seen in the sunrise on Mount Washington, and suddenly he found himself asking Miss Denham if she were acquainted with the interior of New Hampshire.

He had put the interrogation without a shadow of design; he could have bitten his tongue off an instant after.

Lynde, who had been discussing with Mrs. Denham the details of the next day's journey, looked up quickly and sent Flemming a rapid scowl.

"I have never been inland," was Miss Denham's answer. "My acquaintance with New Hampshire is limited to the Shoals and the beaches at Rye and Hampton. In visiting the Alps first I have, I know, been very impolite to the mountains and hills of my own land."

"Ruth, dear, Mr. Lynde and I have been speaking of the conveyance for to-morrow; shall it be an open or a close carriage?"

"An open carriage, by all means, aunt."

"That would have its inconvenience in case of showers," said Lynde; "when April takes her departure from the Alps, she is said to leave all her capriciousness behind her. I suggest a partially closed vehicle; you will find a covering comfortable in either rain or shine."

"Mr. Lynde thinks of everything," remarked Mrs. Denham. "He should not allow himself to be dictated to by unforeseeing woman."

"In strict confidence, Mrs. Denham, I will confess that I have arbitrarily taken this business in hand. For nearly a week, now, I have had my eye on a vehicle that must have been built expressly for us; it is driven by a tall, distinguished person, frosty of mustache and affable of manner,—evidently a French marquis in disguise."

"What an adroit fellow Ned is!" Flemming said to himself. "I wonder that with all his cleverness he could have got such a foolish notion into his head about this girl."

"We must have the French marquis at any cost," said Miss Denham.

"The truth is," remarked Lynde, "I have secured him."

"We are to start at eight, Ruth."

"Which means breakfast at seven. Is Mr. Lynde equal to a feat like that, aunt?"

"As I intend to have watchers and

sit up all night," said Lynde, "I think I can promise to be on hand."

This matter decided, the conversation, which had been carried on mostly in duets, became general. Flemming soon recovered from the remorse of his inadvertent question, or rather from his annoyance at the thought that possibly it had struck Lynde as having an ulterior motive.

As to Lynde, he was in the highest humor. Miss Denham had been thoroughly charming to his friend, with her serious and candid manner, — a manner as far removed from reserve as from the thin vivacity of the average young woman of the period. Her rare smile had been finer than another's laugh. Flemming himself went as near to falling in love with her and the aunt as his loyalty to Lynde and the supposed existence of a Mr. Denham permitted.

After a while the window curtains were drawn, though it was scarcely dusk without, and candles brought; then the ices were served, and then the coffee; and then the clock on the mantel-piece, as if it took malicious satisfaction in the fleetness with which Time (wreathed in flowers) slips away from mortals, set up a silvery chime — it sounded like the *angelus* rung from some cathedral in the distance — to tell Flemming that his hour was come. He had still to return to the hotel to change his dress-suit before taking the train. Mrs. Denham insisted on Lynde accompanying his friend to the station, though Flemming had begged that he might be allowed to withdraw without disturbing the party, and even without saying farewell. "I don't recognize good-bys," said he; "there are too many sorrowful partings in the world already. I never give them the slightest encouragement." But the ladies persisted in considering the dinner at an end; then the two friends conducted the Denhams to the door of their own parlor and there took leave of them.

"Well?" said Lynde as he seated himself beside Flemming in the carriage. "What do you think of her?"

"An unusually agreeable woman," returned Flemming, carelessly. "She is

thirty-eight, she looks twenty-six, and is as pleasant as nineteen."

"I mean Miss Denham!"

"Ned, I don't care to discuss Miss Denham. When I think of your connecting that lovely lady with a crazy creature you met somewhere or other, I am troubled touching your intellect."

"But I do not any longer connect her with that unfortunate girl. I told you to put all that out of your mind."

"I don't find it easy to do, Ned; it is so monstrous. Was not this dinner an arrangement for me to see Miss Denham and in some way judge her?"

"No, Flemming; there was a moment yesterday evening when I had some such wild idea. I had grown morbid by being alone all day and brooding over a resemblance which I have not been able to prevent affecting me disagreeably at intervals. This resemblance does not exist for you, and you have not been subtle enough to put yourself in my place. However, all that is past; it shall not disturb me in future. When I invited the Denhams to this dinner it was solely that I might present you to the woman I shall marry if she will have me."

"She is too good for you, Ned."

"I know it. That is one thing makes me love her. I admire superior people; it is my single merit. I would n't stoop to marry my equal. Flemming, what possessed you to question her about New Hampshire?"

"We were speaking of the White Hills, and the question asked itself. I was n't thinking of your puerilities; don't imagine it. I hope her reply settled you. What are you going to do now?"

"I shall go with them to Chamouny."

"And afterwards?"

"My plan is to wait there until the uncle comes."

"That would be an excellent plan if you wanted to marry the uncle. If I were you, Ned, I would go and speak with Miss Denham, and then with the aunt, who will be worth a dozen uncles if you enlist her on your side. She does n't seem unfriendly to you."

"I will do that, Flemming," returned Lynde, thoughtfully. "I am not sure

that Miss Denham would marry me. We are disposing of her as if she could be had for the asking. I might lose everything by being premature."

"Premature! I've a mind to stay over and fall in love with her myself. I could do it in a day and a half, and you have been six weeks about it."

"Six weeks! I sometimes think I have loved her all my life," said Lynde.

From the Schweizerhof the young men drove without speaking to the railway

station, which they reached just in time for Flemming to catch his train. With hurriedly exchanged promises to write each other, the two parted on the platform. Then Lynde in a serenely happy frame of mind caused himself to be driven to the Rue des Pâquis, where he stopped at the château of the French marquis, which looked remarkably like a livery-stable, and arranged for a certain traveling-carriage to be at the door of the hotel the next morning at eight.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

BOX.

THE path, from porch to gate, I rim,
In rounded clusters rising trim;
With changeless mien I lift serene
My small bright leaves of dusky green.

I droop not under blinding heat,
Nor shrink from savage cold and eleet;
When o'er me flow pale shrouds of snow,
My patient verdure thrives below.

I cannot lure the dainty bee;
No breeze of summer sighs for me;
In sombre mood I drowse and brood
With memory-haunted quietude.

For though I guard a sturdy strength,
My life has known unwonted length;
Bright days or dark I mutely mark,
The garden's tranquil patriarch.

That white-haired lady, frail of form,
Who seeks the porch when suns are warm,
Has near me smiled, a blithesome child,
With tangled ringlets tossing wild!

As years went on, with air sedate
She met her love at yonder gate.
I saw him bring, one night in spring,
The precious gold betrothal-ring!

To church along this path she went,
A twelvemonth later, well content;

With peerless charm, in sweet alarm,
She leaned upon her father's arm!

Again to church, when years had fled,
In widow's dress, with bended head,
I saw her guide, at either side,
Her black-robed children, pensive-eyed.

These children now are dames and men,
But I to-day am young as then;
And yet each rose that near me blows
Laughs lightly at my prim repose.

Ah, giddy flowers, that briefly live,
Your thoughtless whispers I forgive,
Since calmly I, as years go by,
In damask thousands watch you die!

Edgar Fawcett.

FICTITIOUS LIVES OF CHAUCER.

I.

IN 1628, twelve years after the death of Shakespeare, appeared the first edition of the *Microcosmographie* of John Earle, then fellow of Merton College, Oxford, afterward successively the bishop of Worcester and of Salisbury. This work belonged to a class of writings—the delineation of individual characters—which the intensely introspective life of the earlier half of the seventeenth century had made extremely popular. Among some fifty others sketched was that of *A Vulgar-Spirited Man*, by whom was meant one who merely followed in all things the common cry, who had no opinions but the received opinions of the majority about him. In the description of this character occurs a passage which is of some importance to us as marking the position then held in popular estimation by the first great writer of our literature. The vulgar-spirited man is characterized as one “that cries Chaucer for his money above all our English poets, because the voice has gone so,

and he has read none.” At the time when this appeared, it must be borne in mind that a succession of writers had come and gone who had made the Elizabethan age the proudest in our literary annals. The intellectual outburst of that period, it is true, had long before reached its point of highest flow, and was then running in narrow channels or losing itself entirely among shallows. But if the power of production was beginning to fail, self-respect still survived unimpaired. A certain degree of distance, indeed, is usually needed to gain a proper conception of the magnitude of large objects; and Shakespeare was as yet too near the time to have the fullness and extent of his superiority generally appreciated. But it is certainly creditable to the honesty and healthy spirit of that age that the first poet, in point of time, of our literature, strictly so called, was still reckoned by the common voice the first in point of greatness; and, with an exception in favor of one man only, that verdict has never been set aside. No higher tribute

can be paid to the freshness and power of Chaucer's genius than to say that it has never failed in any period to triumph over the obsolescence of his diction and the capriciousness of popular taste, and that, though nearly five centuries have gone by since his death, in the long and illustrious roll of English poets the opinions of all competent to judge set the name only of Shakespeare above his own.

At the same time it need not be denied that to many, even of professedly literary men, Chaucer is a name rather than a power. Up to a comparatively late period a large share of his poetry was practically inaccessible in any form to the vast majority of the English-speaking race. Four centuries went by before his greatest work was competently edited; and his other poems still wait for some one to do for them what Tyrwhitt did for the *Canterbury Tales*. In regard to his personal history, our information, though still scanty, is far fuller than could reasonably have been expected. If later investigations have not added much to our real knowledge of the poet, they have taken away a good deal that had been unpleasant to contemplate in the character of the man. During the last twenty years, but in particular since the forming of the Chaucer Society, in 1867, light has been obtained on many points which were previously uncertain or unknown. Facts have been discovered, doubts have been dispelled, and suspicious statements have been exploded. Along with this, it must be confessed, there has been and still is manifested a disposition to make assumption and assertion do the work of investigation and argument. Even when results probably right have been reached, they have not unfrequently been defended by wrong reasons. Worse than this, the wildest, not to say the absurdest, inferences have been elevated to the dignity of certainties. And nowhere have these methods been more conspicuously exhibited than in the treatment of the personal details which make up what little we know, or think we know, of the poet's life. One fictitious story

was looked upon for centuries as perfectly trustworthy, and is still far from dead, though slowly dying; but now that it is disappearing, another is apparently coming in to take its place, fully as irrational in its character, and based upon even less substantial grounds. The present, therefore, seems a fitting time to investigate carefully what we do know and what we do not know in regard to Chaucer; to separate sharply what has been assumed from what has been actually ascertained; and, especially, to make a full examination of those two fictitious histories of his life, or rather of supposed events in his life, which resemble each other in nothing save in the fact that both are equally unsupported by any evidence. The story which is dying out naturally takes the precedence. It has, moreover, a special interest of its own from its intimate connection with a purely literary question of some importance, though not a question in regard to which there has been as yet much controversy.

Of all the writings produced by Chaucer, or ascribed to him, the prose Testament of Love is the most wearisome to read and the hardest to understand. Nevertheless, it forms the foundation upon which was built that monstrous account of his life which still survives, and even flourishes with all the vitality belonging to a story not merely false but also injurious. The scattered statements of that treatise were early brought together so as to frame a consistent narrative; the events directly mentioned in it or indirectly alluded to were ingeniously connected with well-known political occurrences that took place in the reign of Richard II.; and both statements and events were cleverly made to fit in with certain incidents in the career of Chaucer in regard to which we have positive information from special records. As a result of this a life of the poet was formed, under the plastic hands of successive biographers, which had all the plausibility of truth with scarcely a trace of its reality. Yet for two centuries at least this account was accepted without question; and its inaccurate and even contradictory assertions are still to be

found in some of our most valuable works of reference. It is, indeed, only likely to die out in the same gradual way in which it came into being. For the story did not spring up at once: each generation added something of its own to what had been invented by the preceding. The conjectures of one man became the certainties of another, and from these inferences were drawn by a third, to which constant repetition finally gave all the sacredness of unquestionable truth.

The complete comprehension of the story involves in consequence a careful examination of the ultimate source from which it was derived. This is all the more necessary because the Testament of Love is a work which very few men ever meet with, fewer still read, and nobody understands. It has never been printed save in the clumsy folio volumes which contain the complete works of the poet; and these are not often found except on the shelves of great libraries or of curious collectors. Not one of these, in fact, is of a later date than the early part of the eighteenth century; and the only one of them that can be looked upon as in any degree an authority for the text of this particular treatise is the first edition of 1532. All others are mere reprints, so far as this production is concerned.

The Testament of Love is a treatise in three books, and is directly modeled upon the Consolation of Philosophy of Boethius. The latter is a work which seems to have made a profound impression upon the minds of men in the Middle Ages,—an impression which at this day it is somewhat hard for us to realize. Whether it was that the fate of the Roman senator was constantly before the minds of the actors in the stormy scenes of those periods, or that the present could never be so prosperous but there existed a secret feeling that the future had in reversion great store of sorrow, certain it is that the reflections with which the latest of the philosophers consoled his prison hours had a special interest for men who knew not how soon they might be called upon to repeat his experience. Chaucer himself, it is well

known, made a translation into English of this treatise, and indeed in his other works speaks of his version of it twice, with an approval in which, it is to be feared, very few of his readers would ever feel disposed to share. Like its model, the Testament of Love is in the form of a dialogue. As philosophy appears to Boethius in his prison in the shape of a venerable but beautiful woman to comfort and strengthen, so in this case a being appears to the writer who seems at first to represent an earthly love, but as the work proceeds assumes more and more the character of an incarnation of divine love. Like its model, also, it is to a certain extent autobiographical; at least it is full of references to events, real or fictitious, in the life of the author. Accepting these references as relating to occurrences which actually took place, the following facts can be made out: At the supposed time of composition, the writer is in prison; at any rate he has been released from it only a short time before. He had been possessed of wealth and honor, but had lost both. He had held positions of great public trust, of which he had been deprived. In particular, he had, to use his own words, "administered the office of common doing, as in ruling the establishments among the people," whatever may be meant by that language. And he had fallen from this position because he had been led to take part in certain political intrigues and conspiracies, which seem to have had for their immediate aim the possession of the government of the city of London. Seem to have had, it is well to observe, for the language of the Testament of Love is throughout oracular in its obscurity, and any given passage can often bear an unlimited number of interpretations. But in consequence of his participation in these "conjurations and other great matters of ruling of citizens," he had been forced to flee and to live for some time in exile; where, it is not once stated, though he mentions incidentally that he had paid the expenses of some of his associates until they were turned out of Seland. But the men for whom he suf-

fered proved unfaithful to him, and even endeavored to defraud him. So at last he appears to have returned to his native country, determined to take the chance of the fate which fortune had in store for him. Arriving there he had been thrown into prison, but had been offered both safety and release if he would make full confession of whatever he knew in regard to the matters in which he had been concerned. To solicitations of this kind he had finally yielded. But although by this compliance he had secured for himself the safety and liberty which had been promised, he had secured them at the expense of his reputation; for he was charged with having betrayed his associates, and from the odium of the accusation and the hatred caused by the general belief in it, he had been unable to free himself.

These are the main facts which can be made out from the Testament of Love; and even in the simple form in which they are here stated, it is probable that too much certainty has been imputed to what, after all, is but mere inference. For illustration, the writer speaks of himself as having been in exile; but neither is the time when nor the place where mentioned, nor does he say that he returned from it of his own accord, or that having returned he was thrown into prison. It is, indeed, possible that "to be exiled" may be used in this work as in the first book of the *Consolation of Philosophy*, not in the sense of being driven from one's country, but of having gone astray from the true path of thought and action. However that may be, all of the points above given had to be assumed in order to make the scattered statements of the treatise have any consistence whatever. Thus welded together they formed the groundwork of a biography, which was enlarged by such successive additions of minute detail, and covered with such a superstructure of inference, that in process of time the original foundation disappeared both from sight and consideration.

The editions of Chaucer's complete works which came out in 1598 and 1602,

under the superintendence of Thomas Speght, contained also a life of the poet. This, however, did not make much personal application of the events spoken of in the Testament of Love. Speght did little more than remark that it was evident from this treatise that Chaucer was in trouble during the reign of Richard II.; and he added that he had seen a manuscript of the Complaint to his Purse, containing ten times more than the printed copy, in which the poet had spoken of his wrongful imprisonment. This biographer, however, did not venture to go at all into detail. He contented himself simply with complimenting the prudence of Chaucer in those troublous times; for he tells us that "as he was learned, so was he wise, and kept himself much out of the way in Holland, Zealand, and France, where he wrote most of his books."

The next edition of Chaucer, excluding, of course, mere reprints, was that of Urry, which came out in 1721. This is the last of the folios. But it has several other claims to notice. Among the many poor editions of the poet's works, it early acquired and has ever since retained the double distinction of being the poorest and most pretentious. Tyrwhitt, in fact, in his preface to the *Canterbury Tales*, declared that it ought never to be opened by any one for the purpose of reading Chaucer. Still, as the volume is pretty scarce, and on that account held at a somewhat high price, it is not likely that many have been seriously injured by its perusal, or that the reputation of the poet as poet has suffered in consequence to any great extent. But so much cannot be said for the elaborate biography prefixed to it. This, however, was not written by Urry himself, who had died before the work was finished, but by a certain Mr. Dart, who was employed for that purpose by the University of Oxford. It is always interesting to observe how much more positive and precise men become in their knowledge of events the farther they are removed from the time in which the events occurred; but in this particular case it is almost startling to find into what magnificent proportions

the simple story of Chaucer's life had been developed during the little more than one century that had elapsed between the appearance of these two editions. Doubt had become certainty, surmise had been turned into explicit assertion. Nothing new had actually been discovered, but an infinitude of exact detail had been secured by a thorough and systematic utilization of the hints scattered up and down the pages of the *Testament of Love*. The personal statements of that treatise were made to refer to certain well-known facts in Chaucer's career, which had been carefully dovetailed with other facts in the political history of the times; and from the union of these three sources of information, each of which standing by itself was probably true, a clear and consistent narrative was formed which has turned out to be absolutely false.

This is an abstract of the story as told in Urry's edition and repeated with more or less fullness of detail by every biographer up to about the middle of the present century. Chaucer was attached to the party of John of Gaunt, the "time-honored Lancaster" of Shakespeare, the uncle of the boy-king, Richard II. At a period when the influence of that nobleman was on the wane, and while he himself was absent from England, the country was disturbed by civil commotions excited by his followers. The culmination of the troubles came in 1384, when John of Northampton, a creature of the Duke of Lancaster, took advantage of the favor in which he stood with the multitude to seek reëlection as lord mayor of London. This brought him into collision with the court, and in the conflict which ensued the poet, who was at that time controller of the customs, took sides with the popular party. The latter were defeated. The success of the court was followed by the downfall and ruin of all opposed to it who had been concerned in these disturbances. Chaucer was forced to go into exile. He made his escape to Hainault, afterwards went to France, and finally took refuge in Zealand. There he struggled for a while with all sorts of privations; but

finding, at last, his means of support entirely cut off by the treachery of pretended friends, he carried into effect the apparently desperate resolution of returning to his native country. Soon after his arrival in England he was arrested and imprisoned, probably in the Tower; and he was informed that his only way to obtain mercy was to make a full confession of the treasonable practices in which he had been engaged, and thereby expose his confederates. After evading this for a long time he at last consented. By so doing he gained the favor of the monarch, but brought upon himself the ill-will of his previous associates and of the people; and as a sort of apology for his conduct, and of consolation for the miserable straits into which he had fallen, he wrote the treatise which goes under the name of the *Testament of Love*.

This in the main became the accepted story, and was the one generally given. For more than a century it met with neither contradiction nor criticism. Even Tyrwhitt, though some of the statements struck him as singular and indeed as inexplicable, did not venture to question the substantial accuracy of the narrative. Elaborate as it was, it was destined to be still further elaborated in the next biography of any importance. This appeared in 1803 in two large volumes, and was the work of William Godwin, the author of the treatise on Political Justice, and the father-in-law of the poet Shelley. How any one could manage, by any conceivable device of the human intellect, to fill two enormous folios with the life of a man, all the known facts of whose history could be easily compressed into the space of a few pages, was a mystery which at first puzzled the critics of that period. An examination of the book speedily made that point entirely plain. It is an account of everything that Chaucer took part in or knew or mentioned, or might have taken part in or have known or mentioned. The process has been made so familiar to modern readers by the life of another poet, which has not yet been completed, that in this case no more than a single illustration will be needed. The antiquary

Leland had handed down the story that Chaucer was a student at law in London. It is entirely traditional. It may be true, or it may not be true. Strictly speaking, there is nothing that can be called good evidence either for it or against it. Godwin, after mentioning the statement and the uncertainty attending it, goes on to say: "Let us, however, for a moment conceive of Chaucer as a student at law, and let us examine what ideas and conceptions would have been produced in his mind by this study." On this most insecure of pegs he thereupon proceeds to hang several pages of disquisition, in which he gives an account of the civil law, of the canon law, of the feudal law, of the English constitution, of early writers on English law, of modes of pleading, of the venality of the administration of justice, and of the attempts for its reformation. This is no extreme case; and the application of this process through two volumes causes Chaucer himself often to appear to the reader as an exceedingly dim and dubious speck on the horizon of the book devoted to his life. Nor did the biographer stop here. Not only was everything examined anew, but satisfactory reasons were given for everybody's conduct and precise dates assigned to everybody's actions. Godwin, indeed, added something specific to our knowledge of the poet by printing some official documents which had never before been brought to light; and it is curious to observe how gallantly he struggled with the difficulties which the very records he had himself unearthed raised in the way of his theories. It was in the beginning of 1384 that the disturbances in the city of London had taken place. It was then that John of Northampton had been the candidate for lord mayor. It was in the middle of that same year that this popular leader was brought to trial and sentenced to imprisonment. It would have been reasonable to suppose, Godwin justly remarked, that the flight of Chaucer began about the time of the arrest of the man whose cause he had supported. But unfortunately the records of the reign of Richard II. show that in November,

1384, leave of absence for one month from the duties of his office was granted the poet on the ground of urgent business connected with his private affairs. Accordingly, he must then have been in London. But the biographer felt that it was incumbent to exile him, and therefore inclined to the belief that Chaucer took advantage of this leave of absence to withdraw to the Continent. So nine months after the arrest, and three months after the trial and imprisonment of the ringleader in whose plot he was concerned, the poet, without any apparently adequate motive, got a leave of absence from his duties in order to run away from his native land. Even this was not all. Godwin discovered from the records that Chaucer was not deprived of his office as controller of the customs; and, moreover, that in the beginning of 1385 he was granted the special favor of executing its functions by deputy. But his faith in the common story was of the kind that removes mountains. Difficulties did not daunt him, impossibilities only made it dearer to him. Dating Chaucer's flight from November, 1384, he insisted that the time of his exile lasted two years, and even went so far as to assure us that he doubtless took his wife with him, that is, if she were living. The reasons given for this assertion were certainly as convincing as those advanced for most of the statements contained in this narrative. Though prudence would have dictated the separation, the poet "was too deeply pervaded with the human and domestic affections to be able to consent to such a measure." The taking with him of his wife necessarily involved the taking also of his little son Lewis, who was then about four years old. Doubt was graciously expressed as to whether he was accompanied by his elder son, Thomas; a hesitation which is fortunate for the biographer, as modern investigations seem to prove that Thomas Chaucer was not the poet's son. Godwin, having started the family on their travels, landed them at last in Zealand; and his account of what happened there does not differ from the one usually given, save in the greater minuteness of detail.

He returned the poet to England in 1386, where he had him immediately arrested and confined, though he added he had searched in vain among the records for the warrant committing him to prison. There he remained until 1389, when after confessing his treason and exposing his accomplices he was set at liberty; and in June of that year he composed the *Testament of Love*, though it was not published sooner than 1393.

It is not simply that this elaborate story was a fiction throughout that made its constant reappearance disagreeable. But from its very nature it conveyed an imputation upon the character of the man which every admirer of the poet felt called upon to apologize for and explain away, so far as lay in his power. As a matter of fact, all sorts of palliating circumstances were introduced by every one of his biographers. But the need of all explanation and apology was finally to pass away. In 1845 the distinguished antiquary, Sir Nicolas Harris Nicolas, prefixed to the Aldine edition of Chaucer's poetical works a life which was largely based upon official documents that had never before been printed, nor probably for this purpose even perused. The biography, it must be confessed, was not in itself particularly entertaining; but dry as it was, it was far more destructive. The whole edifice of fiction that had been so carefully reared toppled at once. The records that were published destroyed forever any autobiographic value that could be attached to the *Testament of Love*, at least as regards Chaucer. They demonstrated beyond a doubt that during the time he was supposed to be in exile, he was living in London; that from 1380 to 1388 he received half of his pension semi-annually with his own hands; that he held both his offices in the customs from 1382 to 1386; and that in the last-named year, when he was theoretically in prison in the Tower, he was actually a member of Parliament as knight of the shire for the county of Kent.

But, after all, nothing has much more vitality than a lie. Though the absurdity of these statements has been shown

beyond cavil, they still hold a place in most of the popular accounts that are given of the poet. They still continue to deform books of reference generally trustworthy. Naturally they would be found in all of them that were published before 1845; but since that time there has appeared the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,¹ Allibone's *Dictionary of Authors*, and two editions of the *New American Cyclopædia*, and in every one of them this exploded story is gravely told as a truth. Worse than this, there has been an effort to reconstruct it so as to make it fit in with another period of Chaucer's life, during which we are pretty certain that he was in trouble and perhaps in disgrace. As late as 1867, Professor Morley, of University College, London, evolved a new arrangement of the events referred to in the *Testament of Love*. After criticizing the previous explanation of the autobiography as placing "Chaucer at an impossible date, 1384, in the impossible position of a supporter of the citizens of London against the king," he went on to advance another theory, which had nothing to recommend it save its novelty, and which cannot be disproved simply and solely because it cannot be proved. He established, to his own satisfaction at least, that Chaucer was thrown into prison during the sitting of the Parliament that met in February, 1388; and he added some reflections as to the loss which English literature would have sustained had the poet been executed before he wrote the *Canterbury Tales*; for it is to be borne in mind that those were days of somewhat liberal and indiscriminate hanging. Following the fashion of making history which Godwin had introduced, he likewise informed us that the son of the Duke of Lancaster, the Earl of Derby, who subsequently ascended the throne as Henry IV., was the person who persuaded Chaucer to separate himself from his dishonorable associates, and to confess the plots in which they had been concerned. Singularly enough, Morley took no notice of the plain refer-

¹ The story is not found, however, in the article on Chaucer, in the ninth edition, now coming out.

ence to exile which appeared in the Testament of Love, although he quoted the very passage in which it occurred.

About this time, however, an unexpected turn was given to the whole discussion. Hitherto no doubt had been expressed as to the genuineness of the treatise upon which this story had been founded; at least no doubt had been publicly expressed, whatever may have been the views privately entertained. Sir Harris Nicolas had simply contented himself with denying the autobiographic value of the Testament of Love, which he spoke of as an "allegorical composition, of which it is equally difficult to comprehend the meaning or the purport." But in 1866 Wilhelm Hertzberg, a German author, published a translation into that language of the Canterbury Tales. To this he prefixed an introduction, in which he devoted a good deal of attention to several obscure points in the poet's life and writings. As a result of his examination he was led to deny not merely that the Testament of Love had any value as illustrating passages in Chaucer's career, but even that it was written by Chaucer at all. He pointed out how insignificant was the evidence in favor of this, and against it brought forward three arguments. The first was that the treatise was not mentioned by Lydgate, who, in his prologue to his translation of Boccaccio's *Fall of Princes*, specifically named both the poetical and prose works of the man he called his master. The second was that the author of the Testament of Love, whoever he was, invariably spoke of himself in the first person, and thereby separated himself from Chaucer, of whom he spoke in the third. And lastly, the manner in which he spoke of him was in terms of the very highest praise, in words, indeed, which would not only be out of taste as coming from the poet's own mouth, but wholly out of character. For while in Chaucer's writings there are frequent allusions to himself, these allusions, so far from being of a self-asserting nature, are almost invariably depreciatory. In this respect they present a marked contrast to the passage in

which he is mentioned in the Testament of Love. This occurs in the third book, which is largely taken up with the discussion of the questions of God's foreknowledge and of man's free will, but does no more than suggest their inevitable entail of endless controversy as to the origin of evil. To the query propounded by the writer whether, if certain points of view are insisted on, it does not necessarily follow that God is the maker and author of bad works, and therefore cannot rightfully punish the evil doings of mankind, Love rather cleverly shifts the burden of reply to Chaucer's shoulders. The passage, with the spelling modernized, reads as follows:—

"Quoth Love, I shall tell thee, this lesson to learn, mine own true servant, the noble philosophical poet in English, which ever more him busieth and travaileth right sore, my name to increase; wherefore all that willen me good, owe to do him worship and reverence both: truly, his better ne his peer in school of my rules could I never find; he, quoth she, in a treatise that he made of my servant Troilus hath this matter touched, and at the full this question assailed. Certainly his noble sayings can I not amend: in goodness of gentle manly speech, without any nicety of staries imagination, in wit and in good reason of sentence he passeth all other makers."

To those who are familiar with Chaucer's writings and with his manner of referring to himself it seems almost incredible that such a passage could have come from his own pen. For this reason, and those above given, Hertzberg concluded that the Testament of Love was not written by the poet himself, but by one of his contemporaries and admirers. He seemed to think, indeed, that no satisfactory explanation or excuse could be made for this result not having been reached previously, except on the ground that no one before himself had ever read the treatise entirely through. For the passage in regard to Chaucer occurs near the end of the incomprehensible third book, while almost every one of the personal references is to be found in the first. But Hertzberg

was not the pioneer in the exploration of that literary jungle. Others had earlier made their way through it; but the toilsomeness of the journey doubtless prevented them from thinking of anything beyond the speediest means to reach the journey's end.

Moreover about the same time, and entirely independent of Hertzberg, the same conclusion in regard to the genuineness of the treatise was reached and publicly expressed in England. The fifth annual report of the Early English Text Society gave as a reason for not reprinting the Testament of Love, which had been previously promised, that the committee had been "advised by Mr. Bradshaw, Mr. R. Morris, and Mr. Furnivall — following Mr. Payne Collier and prior critics — that the work is not Chaucer's; that there is no evidence for its being so, and much against." This statement led to a very vigorous remonstrance from Mr. Collier, who in August, 1867, the date of his Introduction to his Reprint of the Seven Poetical Miscellanies, had denied the authenticity of this production. He objected strongly to the phrase "prior critics," inasmuch as he claimed that he was the first person who had publicly declared that it could not have been written by Chaucer. A somewhat angry discussion sprang up in consequence between him and Mr. Furnivall, the director of the Early English Text Society, which was carried on in the columns of the London Athenæum for 1869. Into the details of this it is not necessary to enter; but in a communication sent by the latter gentleman to that journal in the course of the controversy, he stated that somewhere between 1863 and 1865, Mr. Bradshaw, the librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge, had denied to him the genuineness of certain poems commonly attributed to Chaucer, and also of this prose treatise which he "judged to be a late translation of a French original; that there was not a scrap of good external evidence for its being the work of the poet; that it was put into the 1532 edition of his work for no sufficient reason and in wholly uncritical times; and from

internal evidence it could not be his." What Mr. Bradshaw meant by speaking of the Testament of Love as a late translation of a French original, it is hard to say. It is almost impossible, for many reasons, to make this treatise of a later date than the fourteenth century, though there are instances, in the form in which we have it now, where the language has pretty certainly been modernized. Outside of any other consideration, the fact that Chaucer in the paragraph cited above seems to be spoken of as alive may be regarded as of itself practically decisive of that question. That there is anywhere for it a French original is full as doubtful; certainly we can afford to wait for its production before accepting such a statement. But beyond the assertions quoted there has apparently been no further examination of this work, no effort of the slightest sort made to prove or disprove its genuineness, with the single exception of two facts contained in a communication from Mr. Brae, the editor of the treatise on the Astrolabe. In this he pointed out that the planetary hours, as described and correctly described by Chaucer, are not at all like the description given of them in the Testament of Love; and, furthermore, that that treatise invariably made use of *neverthelater* for *nathless* or *nevertheless*, the forms found in the undoubted works of the poet. But the simple assertion of its unauthenticity seems to have been all that was necessary. Accordingly this singular state of things has been reached, that a production which for more than three centuries at least has been admitted to be the composition of a particular author is now discarded from the list of his writings, without any attempt at proof and scarcely any at explanation. So much may be conceded to human nature, that men who find their old belief thus summarily shattered may feel that they have a just right to complain of the mysterious and arbitrary manner in which it has been demolished.

At the same time it is only internal evidence that can settle this question satisfactorily; and while this may be very

strong to the special student, it is hard to make it appear decisive to him who has only a general acquaintance with an author. Moreover, the internal evidence derived from language and style is far more conclusive than that more tangible sort on which Hertzberg mainly relied. The latter, after all, raised only a presumption. It created difficulties, but they were difficulties that could be surmounted. But the evidence from language and style is something that can hardly be shaken, if the whole work ever receives that thorough critical examination to which as yet it has never been subjected. In this place only the most obvious differences between it and the admitted prose productions of Chaucer can receive attention; and it is proper to say that any close comparison will be peculiarly troublesome from the uncertainty prevailing as to the correct text of the *Testament of Love*. No manuscript of the treatise is known to exist; and the copy which appeared in the first edition of 1532 has been the one which has been followed in all subsequent publications. All criticism must, therefore, be somewhat modified by the fact that the text, as we now have it, is to a greater or less extent corrupt. Still it is not so corrupt that certain general statements cannot be safely made in regard to the work as a whole, and especially to its character as a prose production.

The art of writing prose is always of comparatively late development. It usually takes many years of literary culture before it is ever done at all; centuries before it is done well. No more striking illustration of this truth can be found in the history of our own literature than in the writings of Chaucer himself. His prose works not only have nothing of the deeper qualities of his poetry, but they show scarcely a sign of its lightness and grace, its fancy and its fun. It may be said, to be sure, that the treatise on the *Astrolabe*, designed as it was merely for instruction, does not afford any opportunity for the exhibition of those characteristics; and in his version of the *Consolation of Philosophy*, the poet

was naturally bound by the necessity which the translator labors under of reproducing the original. But there are two prose pieces included in the *Canterbury Tales*, — the *Tale of Melibeus* and the *Persones Tale*, — and not only are they the least read, they are the least worth reading. It is, in fact, hardly an exaggeration to say that they are never read at all. Men now talk of the shackles of verse; and the linguistic and literary revolution that has taken place since the fourteenth century is nowhere more strikingly brought to notice than in the restraint which was laid upon Chaucer's genius by the shackles of prose. The *Tale of Melibeus* is very much in the nature of those impositions that some modern novels have made familiar to all of us, in which when we ask for bread in the shape of a story, we get a stone in the shape of a sermon. It reminds one of nothing so much as of those short and easy lessons in statesmanship and morals which the average American college student is accustomed to furnish in some prize essay as his contribution to the speculative thought of the times. The *Persones Tale* is even duller. Nothing more wearisome to the carnal heart can well be imagined than the worthy priest's disquisition upon the various venial and deadly sins to which man's frail being is exposed, and the various remedies against them. It is one long, dead level of tediousness, save in two or three places where the preacher steps aside to denounce some particular manifestation of evil, as, for instance, that of "outrageous array of clothing," and thereby gives us a glimpse of practices then prevalent. Nevertheless it should in justice be added that there is a certain quaintness about Chaucer's prose which has an interest of its own; but it is probably due more to the language of his age than to any special characteristics of his own style.

But whatever else may be said about Chaucer's prose, it is perfectly intelligible. He was never in any doubt as to his own meaning, and, little plastic as the language then was, had command enough of it to express that meaning clearly to

others. Especially was he too full of the simplicity of genius to make that pretense to profundity which consists in stating the most ordinary commonplaces in the most oppressively solemn and obscure manner. In this respect, particularly, the Testament of Love is altogether different from any of the prose works of the poet which we know to be certainly his. It is not alone that it is not interesting; it never escapes from being excessively commonplace except by becoming excessively obscure. A few venturesome souls have read it through; but no one has ever really understood it. There are those, to be sure, who think they have; but they forget that comprehension of parts of a work by no means involves the comprehension of it as a whole. Its form and subject-matter are of a kind to deter investigation. Allegory is obscure, metaphysics are dry; and the union of both in this one treatise has resulted in making it the darkest and dullest production that can be found in the whole range of early if not of all English literature. Moreover, in addition to the difficulty of understanding it, the mind of the reader is constantly haunted by a dreadful suspicion which paralyzes all continuous effort, that after the task of making out the meaning shall have been accomplished it will be found to have not been worth making out. The text, as has already been said, must be in a more or less corrupt state. Certainly, parts of it in their present form are absolutely incomprehensible. There are passages from which, as they appear, no one can get an intelligible idea, conceding that in their original shape they expressed an intelligible idea. Generally the style may be said to be a most vicious specimen of a most vicious kind. Sentences are not only long, but are inextricably involved. In many places, besides, the grammar is in a hopelessly muddled condition. Adjectives are torn away from the nouns which they qualify, or are left without anything to qualify at all. Substantives which seem to be designed to stand for the subject of the sentence are left in the most helpless way without

any verb to be attached to, and are finally shut out from sight and lost to memory by intervening masses of parenthetical clauses that rise up on every side; and very few readers, in consequence, have the patience to trust themselves for any length of time to this stream of muddy metaphysics, that winds its way through a channel of still muddier syntax to nowhere in particular.

And not only is the general style entirely different from that of the prose works which are certainly Chaucer's, but peculiarities of construction occur constantly in this treatise which are found rarely, if at all, in the former. One of them, especially, is the excessive tendency to throw the verb to the end of the sentence. It is only in the Tale of Melibeus that there is any resemblance at all to this in the unquestionably genuine works of the poet, and in that it is far from being so noticeable. Another though much less marked feature is the employment of double comparison, as *more hardier, more sweeter, noblerer*. This is common in many of the writers of the fourteenth century, but is exceptionally rare in Chaucer. The Harleian manuscript, as edited by Wright, exhibits, to be sure, in the Tale of Melibeus, three instances of this usage, twice in *more easier*, once in *most greatest*; but these forms do not appear in the other manuscripts that have been printed, nor are any examples of a similar construction found in the *Persones Tale*, the translation of Boethius, or in the treatise on the *Astrolabe*. So also the frequent employment of *are* in the Testament of Love as the third person plural of the present tense of the verb *to be* contrasts strongly with the almost invariable employment by Chaucer of *ben*. It is easy to lay too much stress upon such particulars; they can only be regarded as corroboratory evidence, not as conclusive. There is but little limit to changes that may have been due to the copyist; and there is certainly nothing to prevent a writer from using forms and expressions at one time of his life which he would not or did not use at another. After all, the essential difference is in

the clearness with which the ideas are expressed. The author of the *Testament of Love* was the slave of his language. He had no mastery over it, no power to mold it into the shape best suited to convey his meaning. Not unfrequently when he began a sentence, he was dominated by some word or clause that suggested a new thought or a modification of the previous thought, and was carried away by it to an entirely different point from that for which he set out: so that the reader who embarks on the stream of his statement can never be quite sure as to where he is to be landed. At the very opening of the prologue he took pains to say that such skill in writing is attained by some that the subject of which they treat is not heeded at all; but he flattered himself that his manner of composition was so poor that it would have the effect of turning the attention of his readers to the matter. It is a curious comment upon this that the "rude words and boistous," on which he rather prided himself, are so put together that no one has as yet been fully able to comprehend what they are written about. The author, whoever he was, apparently never lived to perpetrate a second treatise, which near the beginning of the second book he threatened; or if he did, it has fortunately perished.

It would simply be unjust and unfair to convey the idea that the *Testament of Love* has not many portions which are clearly expressed. It would be even more unfair at a period like this, when poets are no longer born but are discovered, when there is no production of our early literature, whether in prose or verse, so tedious and stupid that it does not find admirers, to imply that there are not those who see in this treatise numerous passages of great beauty. Still it is safe to say that, like many far more famous works, it has been admired chiefly by those who have not read it. But whatever may be its value in itself, its value as throwing any light whatever upon Chaucer's career is now forever gone.

Whether the story it tells or implies be a real or a fictitious one, it is one with which the poet has no concern. But it is little creditable to literary history that the carelessness of the first editors in admitting into the collection of his works a treatise that did not belong to it, and the ingenuity of later biographers in deducing from this unauthentic production unfounded inferences, have combined to cast, for more than three centuries, upon the foremost writer of our early speech a stain which has not yet been wholly effaced.

T. R. Lounsbury.

CONSULAR SERVICE AND SOCIETY IN EGYPT.

THE official reception of a consul-general by the Egyptian government is made the occasion of a ceremonious pageant which is interesting and characteristic. Even among the Western nations, the first audience accorded to a new ambassador by the sovereign to whom he is accredited is an occasion of some solemnity, of much pains taken on both sides that there shall be no neglect of the forms of courtesy. The ceremony in Egypt might perhaps be reduced to more

simple proportions but for the difficulty in making a change, at any particular epoch, in a matter of usage so long established. Whenever a new consul-general arrives, it is naturally deemed proper to receive him with the same honors as the last. I arrived in Egypt in the hot season, to occupy the post rendered vacant by the death of my predecessor, and agreeably to the instructions of the Department of State established relations immediately with the gov-

ernment. His highness the Pacha (as we then called him) received me informally at Alexandria, in August, and the ceremonious reception was postponed until the summer should have passed and the offices of the government should have been transferred to Cairo. Meanwhile three other new consuls-general had arrived, — a rather unusual number for so short an interval, — and their receptions were appointed to follow mine, which was to take place at Cairo on the 10th of October, in the palace of Kasrel-Nil, situated, as the name indicates, on the bank of the Nile.

I had come from Alexandria to Cairo the day before. The weather was excessively warm. The resolution of Congress prohibiting any person in the diplomatic service of the United States from wearing an official dress was passed in 1867; previous to that date, a distinctive official costume had been usual in Egypt. I took my uniform from the box in which it was packed by the tailor in London who made it. He had told me that his grandfather made the uniform worn by John Adams, our first minister at the court of St. James; his father, that of John Quincy Adams; and he himself, that of Charles Francis Adams. His occupation in making uniforms for American diplomatists is now gone. The costume, although handsome, was extremely simple and without unnecessary ornament: a coat of dark-blue cloth, embroidered with gold lace, in the pattern of which acorns and oak leaves were introduced; a buff waistcoat; trousers with a gold stripe. The buttons on the coat and waistcoat bore the conventional effigies of the American eagle. A chapeau with gilt tassel, and a dress sword, completed the equipment. Hassan and Yani, the *cavasses* of the consulate (or janissaries as they are more commonly called), were resplendent in the colors allowed to Oriental costume, and each bore with pride his long silver-mounted staff of office.

Zeky Bey, the master of ceremonies, called at the hotel where I was staying at about nine o'clock in the morning, and presently it was announced that the

cortége was in readiness to conduct me to the palace. There was a state carriage, a stupendous vehicle, elaborately decorated with gilding on the outside, and upholstered inside with white satin worked with threads of gold. It was drawn by four horses richly caparisoned. Two other carriages, scarcely less magnificent, were occupied by officers in attendance. A number of mounted outriders in gay uniforms surrounded the carriages, and a corps of one hundred and fifty government *cawasses* formed the escort.

As the escort was on foot, the progress was slow, and the heat seemed almost intolerable to people dressed in heavy uniforms. It was, however, not difficult to maintain conversation with the amiable and affable Zeky Bey. The distance from the hotel to the palace was between two and three miles. As the procession entered the court-yard it was greeted by a lively peal of music from a military band stationed there; three regiments of soldiers drawn up in array presented arms, and a small section of artillery thundered into the ears of the inhabitants of Cairo the tidings that a new consul-general had come. A number of dignitaries were assembled on the steps of the palace. Zeky Bey led me across the spacious entrance hall, between two rows of pachas and beys, to a room opening from the upper end, where Ismail Pacha was ready to receive me.

His highness had with him Chérif Pacha, minister of foreign affairs, and some other official personages. He was seated at the most remote part of the room when I entered, but arose and advanced towards me, so that we met about the middle of the room, when I bowed and spoke the words of a brief address in French, previously prepared and committed to memory. In the determination to make no mistake or break-down, I had so indelibly stamped the words upon my memory that they sometimes now recur to me at odd minutes. I placed in the hands of his highness the letter of credence from the president, sealed with the great seal of the United States.

An office-copy of the letter, furnished to me for the purpose by the Department of State, had already been communicated to the minister, agreeably to diplomatic usage. The following is a copy of the form used in such letters:—

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *President of the United States of America, to His Highness the Pacha of Egypt, etc., etc., etc.*

GREAT AND GOOD FRIEND: I have chosen —, a respectable citizen of the United States, as Agent and Consul-General of the United States of America for Egypt, to reside at Alexandria, to watch over our interests, and by all honorable means to cultivate and to maintain harmony and good-will between us. Wherefore, I request your highness to receive him in this character, to cause him to be duly respected, and to give full credit to what he shall represent from his government, more especially when he shall assure you of our cordial friendship.

Written at Washington, the — day of —, in the year of our Lord —.

Your Good Friend,

[Signed] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:

[Signed] WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

His highness made a reply, which, as is usual in such cases, was an echo or reciprocation of the amicable sentiments of the president's letter and of the consul-general's address. He then shook hands and invited me to a seat, in the corner of the room, in one of two large *fauteuils* upholstered in yellow silk, the other of which he occupied himself. The other personages present, who had formed a semicircle at a little distance while the address and reply were spoken, remained standing, until at a motion of his hand they took seats upon the divan which surrounded the room on every side. Long pipes with jeweled mouthpieces were brought, and coffee was served, scalding hot but delicious, in small-cups of delicate porcelain, mounted on stands of gold of curious workmanship and ornamented with diamonds. His highness at once entered into an

affable and unceremonious conversation, speaking of the pleasantness of the fresh air from the water, which was indeed most grateful in this large, cool room of the palace, shaded by trees and standing upon the river's bank. On my side, allusion was made to the many fatiguing ceremonies he was undergoing: for two days previously there had been a formal presentation to him of a portrait of the sultan, brought by a special envoy from Constantinople; on the day before, he had in like manner received the decoration of the Grand Cross of Greece, at the hands of a special envoy from the young King George; the present reception was to be followed the same afternoon by that of the Persian consul-general, and this, on following days, by those of the Greek and Brazilian consuls-general. After a short time thus spent in conversation, the interview ended; and the forms incident to taking leave having been gone through with, the procession returned to the hotel in the same order in which it had come.

Immediately after this ceremony, it is the usage for the new consul-general to receive formal visits from his colleagues (who have been notified of the time of the official reception at the palace) and to return them the same day. These visits were at that time made in uniform; but not long after the time when Congress prohibited the use of diplomatic uniforms in the American service, the consular body in Egypt came to the resolution to dispense with them on occasions even of ceremonious visits to each other.

The first consul-general sent to Egypt by the United States was Daniel S. Macauley, who arrived at Alexandria in February, 1849. Congress had made provision for the office by a clause in an appropriation act the previous year. We had formerly been represented by consuls at Alexandria and sometimes at Cairo, although our consular service in all parts of the world was without regular system or organization until 1856. Mr. Macauley was appointed by President Polk, and entered upon his duties a short time before the inauguration of President Taylor. His was not a political

appointment; he had had a long experience at one of the consular posts on the north coast of Africa, posts which were established in the earlier years of the republic, and which, with the exception of the consulate at London, were for a long time the only consular offices in our service for which salaries were provided. Mr. Macauley died in Egypt, in 1853. Mr. R. B. Jones was appointed by President Fillmore to succeed him. The occasion for this appointment arose during the brief interval when Mr. Everett held the office of secretary of state, after the death of Mr. Webster. Mr. Jones had visited Egypt as an officer of the navy in the time of Mehemet Ali. His service there under his appointment as consul-general was brief, and he was succeeded, on the change of administration at home, by Mr. Edwin De Leon, who came to Egypt in November, 1853. Mr. De Leon was appointed by President Pierce and held the office during the administrations of that president and his successor, Mr. Buchanan, retiring at the outbreak of the rebellion, in which he espoused the cause of the Confederates. The appointment of Mr. William Sydney Thayer was one of the first acts of President Lincoln's administration, the nomination being sent to the senate on the 5th of March, 1861, together with those of Mr. Adams as minister to England, Mr. Dayton as minister to France, and Mr. Marsh as minister to Italy. Mr. Judd had been nominated as minister to Prussia the day before. Mr. Thayer came to Egypt in June, 1861, and died in that country in April, 1864. My own appointment was made on the 18th of May in that year; I arrived in Egypt in August, and remained there until May, 1870.

The appointments subordinate to the consul-general were made, according to the usage of our service, by the Department of State, on the nomination of the principal consular officer. With regard to these I acted on the plan of not changing what was already established. There were officers with the title of vice-consul at Alexandria, Damietta, and Suez, and others known as consular agents at sev-

eral of the inland towns in Lower Egypt and upon the river. They were able frequently to be of use to travelers; and as the works on the Suez Canal progressed, and were largely visited, similar officers were named for Port Said and Ismailia on the isthmus. The duties of vice-consul at Alexandria had been performed from time to time under my predecessors by Mr. Victor Barthow, a gentleman exceedingly capable for the post. Although born in Egypt he was a citizen of the United States by virtue of the nationality of his father, a native born citizen and an officer in the navy. He was well acquainted with the languages current in Egypt, including Arabic, and had been useful to the government of Mehemet Ali in making translations, and in rendering other services at that critical period in the modern history of Egypt. The appointment of vice-consul at Alexandria (the term "vice-consul-general" had not then been invented) was conferred on him during my term of service, and afterwards he received the compliment of the appointment by the president to be consul at Cairo. Unfortunately this was little more than a compliment, as no emoluments beyond the receipt of a trifling amount of fees attach to that office. This was not very long before his death, which occurred in 1872.

The graves of Mr. Macauley and of Mr. Thayer in the Protestant cemetery at Alexandria are marked by appropriate monuments, and receive tender care and attention from the representatives of our government in the distant country where these consuls closed their lives in its service.

At the time of my service in Egypt, sixteen nations had consuls-general there. These nations, besides the United States, were the following: Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, France, Great Britain, Greece, Italy, the Netherlands, Persia, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, Spain, and Sweden and Norway, the last two kingdoms counting together as a single power. The grade of all these officers in their consular service was "consul-general," but some of them bore the full

title of "agent and consul-general," which is understood to imply at least a *quasi*-diplomatic rank. From some of the same countries were consuls also, either at Alexandria or Cairo, and in one or two instances at both of those places. For a short time there was a consulate-general of the "empire" of Mexico, held by a resident native who was understood to have received the appointment through the minister of Maximilian at Constantinople; but with that administration, of course, the United States had nothing to do. On the formation of the North German Union, the agent and consul-general of Prussia received the same appointment under the new form of government in his country, and at the same time the consulate-general in Egypt which had previously been maintained by the Hanseatic towns was merged in the German consulate-general. It will be observed that with the exception of Persia the consulates represented Western powers, and with the further exception of Brazil and the United States, European powers.

There were frequent changes. France and Spain each had no less than four consuls-general whose service was contemporaneous with some part of my own. The number of colleagues whom I knew altogether was twenty-eight. Of those who retired, some were recalled to be decorated or otherwise distinguished for long-continued faithful service of their respective governments. These were the veterans. For instance, the British officer, Robert G. Colquhoun, had been appointed consul at Bucharest in 1834, and after having served at several intermediate posts was made agent and consul-general in Egypt in 1858; he retired in 1865, after more than thirty years of service, with a pension for the residue of his life, computed at half the salary received at the time of retirement, and was made a knight commander of the Bath, which gave him the title of "Sir Robert." The pension was nine hundred pounds per annum, or more than the salary accorded for actual service to the representative of the United States of the same grade at the same post. Mr.

Tastu, the French consul-general, on retiring was treated with similar liberality; he was decorated and was made *ministre en disponibilité*, that is, nominally liable to be called upon for service, meanwhile receiving a salary. The others on leaving Egypt were nearly all appointed to more difficult and highly prized posts of duty. The average term in Egypt of those whose acquaintance I made at the beginning or in the course of my own service was, in fact, less than three years; and considerably less, if the number of the resident merchants representing smaller powers be left out of the account. Notwithstanding our mischievous system of "rotation," and the frequent changes it involves, it is because the consul's term at the post to which he is sent is generally his whole service that it is to be regarded as brief; the consuls of other countries are not generally left as long even as four years in the same place. They are transferred, chiefly by way of promotion, from one post to another, until they can be retired with distinction to close their careers in private life. The same principle of frequent transfers is applied to the officers of lower grades. By the carefully arranged systems of the Continental nations the vice-consuls are divided into classes, with promotion from a lower to a higher, and are recruited from the young gentlemen who begin the career as *élèves consuls*, or consular pupils. Promotions from one grade to another and changes from one post to another are accordingly constantly going on, from which results a great variety in the acquaintanceships that are formed.

One of the matters which was occupying the attention of the consular body when I arrived in Egypt was the question, who was our *doyen*? In a strictly diplomatic circle at the capital of a nation, this position belongs to the senior in service of the highest grade represented at that place; except that at the courts of Roman Catholic countries the precedence is allowed to the representative of the Pope. This rule was declared by the Congress of Vienna in 1815 in these words: "Diplomatic agents

shall take precedence in their respective classes according to the date of the official notification of their arrival. The present regulation shall not cause any innovation with regard to the representative of the Pope." The United States, of course, were not parties to the Treaty of Vienna, but the Department of State has wisely prescribed the same rule, in order to avoid any inconvenience arising from differences with regard to a matter of no intrinsic consequence. The office of doyen does not imply the slightest authority over the members of the diplomatic or consular body in any place, and is chiefly significant as indicating which one of the number shall act as spokesman for the whole on ceremonial occasions. The rule of the Vienna congress, which has been cited, applies in terms only to diplomatic agents, but the same principle of seniority is recognized by custom as establishing the precedence among consuls. The difficulty of applying the rule in Egypt arose from the circumstance that a part only of the consuls-general held the quasi-diplomatic title of "agent," and while some without that title had precisely the same powers, and had been accredited with the same formalities, others were resident merchants qualified to exercise purely consular functions. It was generally admitted that there should be a distinction between these last and those who were *envoyés* from the countries they represented in the performance of their official duties, and that the office of doyen should be held by one of the latter. Under these circumstances, in accordance with an understanding arrived at by private conversation, in which the most amicable spirit was manifested on all sides, a meeting of the body was held at which two votes were passed without opposition: first, that in Egypt the office of doyen should be filled by vote; second, that the vote of the body on that occasion was for Mr. Testa, the consul-general of Sweden and Norway, the senior in years of the whole number, a veteran in official experience, and not without a long service in Egypt. When these votes were taken, one of our num-

ber good-naturedly remarked, "Nous avons fait prévaloir le principe américain." This solution of the problem was acceptable, and was adhered to for several years, until Mr. Testa left Egypt. During the interval, the governments of such of the more important powers as had not previously done this took occasion to confer upon their representatives in Egypt the full title of agent and consul-general, so that it was easy afterwards to revert to the principle which prescribed that the office should be held by the senior in service of those having that title.

This conjunction of the title of agent with that of consul-general for the officer in Egypt was expressly sanctioned by Congress in 1864, and serves to mark one of the important differences between our service in that country and elsewhere. The post in Egypt is the only one so distinguished, and the functions which the incumbent is called upon to discharge are so various that it would be difficult to describe them in detail. Even as regards purely consular duties, it is to be remarked that the popular notion that a consul anywhere is chiefly concerned about ships and sailors is not correct. This is especially the case since the passage, in 1863, of an act by Congress, providing that all invoices of goods shipped to the United States from foreign countries must be presented in triplicate for authentication to a consular officer at the place of shipment. This is the place where the transportation of the goods to the United States in fact begins, not necessarily that where they are actually put on board ship, and the establishment of this system has had the effect to augment the importance as consulates of many inland places. But besides the ordinary consular duties of the position, a peculiar importance attaches to the office of consul-general in Egypt, arising from the character which the place possesses in common with other posts in Mohammedan or non-Christian countries, the treaties with which recognize the principle of "extraterritoriality," as it is called, as pertaining to the citizens or subjects of the Christian or

Western powers residing therein. It was due to the recognition of this principle that no technical difficulties stood in the way of the surrender of John H. Surratt to the government of the United States, when he was found in Egypt. Congress has imposed judicial functions on the consuls of the United States in such countries by express enactments, the validity of which was always generally recognized, and has been recently upheld by a decision of the supreme court, so far as they fall within the terms of the treaties. Our treaties with the sublime porte have been interpreted as giving to the citizens of the United States residing within the Ottoman dominions, of which Egypt forms a part, the privileges enjoyed by the subjects of Christian nations under the ancient treaties of the sultans and caliphs with the principal European powers. By virtue of these "capitulations," as they are called, the Frank residents in Egypt are suffered by the authorities of the country to enjoy an entire immunity from local laws and local tribunals, and are regarded as subject to the jurisdiction of their several consulates. It follows that it is of the utmost importance for every Frank who wishes the benefit of this privilege to register himself at his consulate, to acknowledge and accept its jurisdiction. He desires that the consulate should take notice of almost every act in his life: he goes there to be married and to record the births of his children; and, "after life's fitful fever," it is through the consulate that a permit is obtained for the burial of his body, and there his worldly estate must be settled. All formal communications between subjects of different nationalities are made by their respective consulates, and their intervention is invoked in many matters of ordinary business. The consuls have the powers of notaries public, and are constantly called upon to exercise them. The laws of most of the Continental nations of Europe prescribe a great number of formalities, attaching to the various relations of the life and work of every individual; these laws follow their people when they take up their residence

in the East, and are administered through their consulates. The number of different officers known to the French civil codes, the duties of whom as regards subjects of that nation resident in Egypt devolve on the French consul-general, is as many as fifty or sixty, and the number of times that officer is called upon to sign his name officially is almost incredible. For the consular officers of the United States many perplexities were created by the importunities of persons asserting a right to the protection of the consulate to which, perhaps, they were not entitled, or by the claims of others to be subjects of its jurisdiction as citizens under evidence of naturalization obtained in some instances by fraudulent means. Such cases require very careful attention, that no wrong may be done.

The numbers of the several European colonies in Alexandria were generally estimated as follows: Greeks, fifteen thousand; Italians, nearly as many; French, ten thousand; British subjects, including Maltese, six thousand; and other nationalities smaller but considerable numbers, making fifty or sixty thousand in all. Some classes of this population, especially those of the baser sort, were of a fluctuating character. At Cairo, the permanent foreign residents amounted to five or six thousand altogether, and smaller numbers were scattered among others towns. During the construction of the Suez Canal, a considerable number of workmen of various European nationalities were employed there from time to time, but these disappeared with the completion of the undertaking.

The marked distinction between the Franks and the natives, and the exemption of the former from the jurisdiction of the local tribunals, gave an importance to the collective action of the consular body on a variety of subjects in which the Egyptian government sought their coöperation or counsel. The consuls-general were more than once assembled to consider a scheme for a municipal government of Alexandria, a thing which in itself was proper, and even almost necessary, but involving perplexing questions which always baffled solu-

tion. Here was a sea-port town with a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, more than a third of whom, including half of the well-to-do inhabitants, were independent of the local jurisdiction and paid no taxes whatever, except as duties were paid by the whole commerce of the country. It was urged with obvious force that it was not reasonable that the Egyptian government should bear the entire expense of paving the streets of Alexandria, lighting and sweeping them. The foreign residents generally expressed a willingness to be taxed for purely municipal purposes, provided they should be duly represented in whatever board of administration should be charged with collecting and disbursing the money. The plan was accepted in principle, but difficulties were always found in the way of carrying it into execution. In particular emergencies it was sometimes possible for the consular body to take special measures to preserve order and quiet among the European population, strengthening the hands of the local police by assenting to reasonable provisions for the public security, although technically in derogation of the principle assured by the capitulations. In these meetings of the consular body, the objects under consideration being of common interest, the representatives of the various nations met as equals, without reference to the number of the subjects of those nations composing the respective colonies.

Each of the consulates-general celebrates a national fête-day in the course of the year; for the United States this is, of course, the 4th of July; for Great Britain, the queen's birthday, on the 24th of May; with the French, in the time of the empire, it was the 15th of August; with the Italians, the day of the "Statute," or proclamation of the constitution, and so on. A few days beforehand, in each case, the consul-general sends about to his colleagues a paper stating that on such a day the flag of his country will be displayed at the consulate in honor of the occasion, briefly describing it; this is marked *vu* (seen) at the several consulates at which it is in turn

presented, and it is a point of courtesy that their flags also shall be displayed on the same day. There thus recur fifteen or sixteen days in the course of the year when the flags of all the consulates at Alexandria are gayly waving in the wind, from this cause; besides which the Christian powers display them on Sundays throughout the year. On occasion of any national misfortune, as the death of President Lincoln, the flag is raised at half mast. Notice of such ceremony is also given to the other consulates, and it is reciprocated. It cannot be doubted that a favorable impression is made on the Oriental mind by this unity of action among the representatives of the Christian powers.

On the national fête-day, moreover, the Egyptian minister of foreign affairs, sometimes accompanied by one or more other state dignitaries, and generally by the governor of Alexandria, pays an official visit to the consul-general, and renews his felicitations on the continued maintenance of friendly relations and his good wishes for the health and happiness of the head of the foreign state. These visits were made to me on the 4th of July, and were never omitted during the term of my service in Egypt, not even in 1865, when the cholera at Alexandria was at its height. They happened inevitably at a season of intense heat; but on each occasion there was a grateful topic of conversation in the approach towards Cairo of the overflow of the Nile, of which the minister, by means of his telegraphic reports from the upper country, would be able to give exact tidings.

In the sea-port town of Damietta, the usage prevailed of an interchange of visits among the consular representatives of the foreign powers on their respective national fête-days. One of the principal inhabitants of that curious old town is Mr. Michel Surur, as warm-hearted and true a man as ever lived. He holds under the British government the office of vice-consul, to which he was appointed as long ago as 1828, being the senior member, with a single exception, in the numerous consular service of that coun-

try. When the queen's birthday recurred, it was his custom, no doubt still maintained, to hoist the British flag on the top of his house, to don the uniform prescribed by the rules of the British service for a vice-consul, and to receive the ceremonious visit of his brother, vice-consul of the United States,¹ of his nephew, vice-consul of the Hanseatic towns, and of another neighbor, the vice-consul of Russia. These guests were entertained with the dignity and courtesy due to the states which they represented, were served with pipes and coffee, and treated with every mark of genuine hospitality. But Mr. Surur's loyalty was not satisfied with these three visits. It happened that besides being the vice-consul of Great Britain, he also held the same position under the governments of Prussia and of Spain. Believing that the number of visits made, of pipes smoked, and of cups of coffee imbibed in honor of the queen ought not to suffer reduction because he was a pluralist of three offices, he resorted to an ingenious expedient to protract the ceremonies of the day. After the visits already described, he would don the official costume authorized by the rules of the Prussian consular service, and, having caused the garments of his British uniform to be laid decorously in the chair he lately occupied in receiving visits, would again enter the room, this time as a guest, taking the opposite seat, where his servants would bring him the pipe and coffee due in proper courtesy to a visiting colleague. After the lapse of an interval of time equal to that ordinarily required for a visit, necessarily spent in silence, he would retire; but would shortly return, this time dressed in uniform as Spanish vice-consul, to be again served with pipes and coffee as a guest in that capacity. A separate room in his spacious house was set apart as the state saloon for each of the powers he represented, ornamented with the appropriate national coat-of-arms richly carved, and accordingly the scene of this characteristic ceremony was varied

each time that it recurred in respect of each of his three consular offices.

At Alexandria and Cairo the personal relations of the members of the consular body of all grades were most friendly, and the community of service was the basis of agreeable intercourse. About half of them had families, which were of course the nucleus of the Frank society in Egypt. The residue of this society was composed chiefly of European merchants and bankers, with a few lawyers, doctors, and clergymen. The American missionaries, with their families, teachers, and assistants from the home country, constituted an establishment of thirty or forty persons, but they were scattered in different parts of Egypt, and seldom assembled more than two or three households in Alexandria or Cairo. In social matters, Cairo was the head-quarters during the winter months, and even the resident Alexandrians generally contrived to make one or more visits to the inland city at that season; but such absences did not check the current of friendly intercourse among the families remaining in Alexandria, and the Khedive's balls, to which allusion was made in a previous paper, were given partly in one capital and partly in the other. The resident foreign circle, limited in number, comprised representatives of all European countries, besides many educated and agreeable persons who must be described as Levantines, that is, of families of European origin, but long established in the East. The French language was generally effective to solve the problem thrown upon the world at the building of the Tower of Babel, although Italian is perhaps more generally spoken in Egypt by natives who have learned only one European language; and a knowledge of English is becoming every day more usual. The cultivated Russians are masters of all tongues. Besides combining the differences of nationality and of language, the social circle united wide differences of religious faith. There were representatives of three Christian churches, the Greek, the Roman Catholic, and the Protestant, while there were a number

¹ Mr. Joseph Surur, the brother here mentioned, died in 1869.

of Israelites equal to the average of either of the other confessions. When the ladies gave an entertainment for general charitable objects, the proceeds would be divided into four portions to meet this diversity. Yet in a society composed of elements thus various in every point of view, the utmost harmony prevailed, and the forms of politeness seemed natural rather than artificial.

The foreign residents brought with them the usages of their respective countries, but these have become in some degree assimilated and adapted to the local conditions. On receiving a visit, the Oriental custom prevails in almost all houses of offering some refreshment to the guest, generally a cup of coffee. The servants have the coffee-pot at hand, to be placed over the fire at the same moment that they are aroused to answer a summons to the door, so that they may bring the cup already filled into the saloon as soon as the guest has entered. At evening parties ices are several times served, with *bonbons* and *petits gâteaux* in profuse abundance. A heavy supper is considered less necessary; but when one is served, arrangements are made to seat the guests, the tables being several times renewed for this purpose. Whether at large or small parties there is a card-room for the gentlemen, in which there is smoking throughout the evening; for in an Oriental country the idea of enjoyment would scarcely attach, in the minds of the sterner sex, to time spent without that solace. The English adhere to their dinner customs throughout the world; but in the houses of others, full dress, at dinner was not exacted, and less time was spent at the table, which the gentlemen quitted in company with the ladies at the conclusion of the repast. It is well known that Prince Albert, when he came to England as the consort of the queen, would have been glad to introduce there the Continental usage in these respects, but was advised that English habits were too confirmed to tolerate a change.

Social enjoyments hardly admit of particular description without trespass-

ing the rules which rightly guard the privacy of personal friendships. The universal and overwhelming kindness with which I was received has left a deep impression on my mind, but, although sorely tempted, I refrain from touching upon any particular incidents. If I recall a single illustration of witty speech, it is because it illustrates a necessary characteristic of such life. A lady, on being questioned about the sort of marriage she would wish her daughter to make, replied with pleasantry: "She shall not have a soldier, because he is alive to-day and dead to-morrow; nor a consul, because he is here to-day and there to-morrow; nor a banker, because he is rich to-day and ruined to-morrow." The drawback to the enjoyment of social life in Egypt is found in the many changes to which it is subject. The European residents, if possible, are absent from the country for a part of each year; my colleagues almost invariably obtained leave of absence at least once in every two years. It is not regarded as a good place in which to bring up a family. There is an impression that the children of European parents born in Egypt do not long survive, unless their residence in the country is frequently interrupted. Parents are thus constrained to leave the country from time to time, or to live there without their loved ones. The numerous partings caused by temporary absences may be cured by the pleasure of meeting again after the separation; but this cure does not admit of universal application. In very many cases the residence of foreigners in Egypt is temporary at best. The *personnel* of the consular service there, as has been shown, is constantly changing; while the merchants and professional men who establish themselves in the country either make their fortunes and go away to enjoy them elsewhere, or else they fail and go away to try life in another place. The travelers are always "birds of passage;" birds of passage, moreover, whose visits are seldom repeated. They generally do not remain in Egypt many weeks altogether, and their stay in Alexandria or Cairo in most cases does not

exceed a few days. It is very pleasant to make the acquaintance of distinguished and agreeable people, but it is disappointing to lose them from sight soon afterwards. That under such circumstances a small number of European families, of varied nationalities and differing personal interests, keep up their spirits under a species of exile, and maintain with vigorous earnestness the forms of friendly intercourse, composing what is called society, is partly due, no doubt, to the favorable natural characteristics of

the country, to its delicious winter climate, for instance, to its interesting historical associations, and to the unbounded hospitality of the Khedive, whose constant effort it is to make the life of strangers brighter and more interesting. But in large degree also it must be attributed to the special kindness of heart and generous sympathy of feeling which it is pleasant to believe are inherent in our common humanity, and which wherever Christians assemble manifest themselves in their social relations with each other.

Charles Hale.

A STUDY OF DE STENDHAL.

OCCASIONALLY there are brilliant writers and superior men who are "caviare to the general;" whose pride is to be exclusive, whose aim is to be appreciated by the few. They appeal to particular people, and are best explained by a peculiar experience of life. They disdain the general public. They believe everything in literature and life to be — what we have no English expression for — *recherché*. They have consequently missed the incense of popularity, they have been neglected by the people. The most distinguished and inveterate example of this literary type is De Stendhal, whose real name was H. Beyle. Need I say he is a writer who entices the intellect but does not attract the heart? Such a writer must be provoking and epigrammatic in expression, incessant in his thinking; an analytic mind, a critic of life and character, without warmth, without glow, but keen, cutting, piercing, stinging even; a writer who may be compared to a cutter of gems, to a polisher of crystals. He takes pleasure in the hard, the neat, the shining, the brilliant, the rare; he may be said to use words to split, to shave, to sharpen common truths, to lift them out of the sphere of accident and change into a classified and fixed world, — the world of

his own thoughts. His mind is a museum of classified selections; his books, descriptive catalogues of his mental possessions.

Thackeray took a sad pleasure in contemplating society and men as a spectacle of puppets. He commented on them as a play, with Tragedy at the last act dropping the pall and putting out the lights. What Thackeray is in this trite but always forcible fancy, what he is without the irresistible pathos with which he speaks of youth and love and old age, De Stendhal is at all times, — a cynical observer of men and manners, a singular man himself, speaking from a varied experience, having studied character in military camps, in battles, in the trivial and intriguing society of Italy of the first part of this century, and in the broken society of France during the wars of the first Napoleon. He has the distinction of being a literary type, a peculiar thinker, an uncommon writer. He is the eldest brother of that literary family which claims Balzac and Thackeray. I should say he is the man of the world, who observes and writes, as opposed to the solitary dreamer, who contemplates and speaks his thought in impassioned prose.

There are two great literary races in

France. Their inspiration is diverse and opposite to each other. In no prose literature is the distinction of race so clearly defined as in the French. Of the one race is Montaigne, Voltaire, De Stendhal, Balzac, Sainte-Beuve, About, and Taine; of the other is Bosquet, Fénelon, Rousseau, Chateaubriand, George Sand, and Alfred de Musset. On the one side is wit, the expression close to the thought, a direct and nervous style, a prosaic sense, everything dominated by the understanding. On the other is amplitude of expression, an ideal, something vague and grand in the conceptions, always essentially poetic and large, and exacting a liberal interpretation from unimaginative people. The first are sensible, satirical, ironical, without moral indignation, but caustic; the second are impassioned, speak from the moral sense, and appeal to the whole being as distinguished from the isolated understanding which may be said to be tickled by such writers as Montaigne and Voltaire. One of the most eminent of this high literary race is De Stendhal. His place in French life is between the first empire and the revolution of 1848. His place in literature was made by his minute observations and raillery of Continental society before it had fully incorporated modern ideas and suppressed its most ancient prejudices. De Stendhal belongs to the eighteenth century. The new ideas which turned so many heads, the immense expectations which the revolution begot in Frenchmen, did not touch him. He was soldier and civilian, scrutinizing his masters, mocking them, but never dreaming of revolt. While the noble Pierre Leroux was brooding over the ideas which were brought forth in 1848, in France, De Stendhal, simply as a man of the world, was writing the third preface to a curious book about love, *De l'Amour*, which had made no noise in the polite world, but had pleased some, interested some, and provoked others, — a book of shreds and patches, made of observations, anecdotes, and reflections concerning what he calls the malady of the soul.

De Stendhal is the author of fifteen books of special interest, novels, biographies, stories, art criticisms, and a remarkable history of painting in Italy, which contains several really extraordinary chapters about the temperaments and manners of men. He is the most *outré* in his thought, and the most sedate in his expression; he contrives to say things in such a way that they make you think, and to irritate the mind. His *sang froid*, his raillery, his dryness, his accumulations of observations and reflections, and the pains he takes to make you feel that unless you are well-bred and have *une âme délicate et tendre*, he does not address *you*, separate him from all the writers with whom I am acquainted. But without the wish to be one of the elect of De Stendhal's world, it is possible to appreciate his work. He has written the best criticism on Raphael that I know of; his story of Andrea del Sarto is a beautiful example of biography; his life of Leonardo da Vinci is admirable, and the reflections he makes concerning Greek art and Michael Angelo are such as do not occur to any but subtle and superior minds, out of the common track of travelers who venture into the boundless world of aesthetics.

He says of our country that the government is good and the society detestable; that love, as understood in Italy, is not in the United States; that manufacturers and bankers are recompensed by millions of dollars and not by tender sensations.

De Stendhal's novel, *Le Rouge et le Noir*, is a remarkable series of studies of French character, trustworthy, like Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, as a rendering of society, free from the romantic interest and the magic of passion which always lift George Sand's studies above the ordinary and prosaic. De Stendhal does not share the life of his dramatic personages, like the most illustrious French romancer; he merely photographs them; he brings them before you like a detective, and lets you see them act; he penetrates their minds and betrays what is passing in their most hid-

den recesses; he describes them, but he does not judge them. He furnishes you with no moral maxims, he indites no little sermons. He is as impartial as a Greek chorus. He is absolutely unbiased and unjudging, like a perfect man of the world. He has no moral convictions, but he has taste; he has no religion, but he has a sentiment of life which consecrates certain subjects and about which he speaks with delicacy if not with reserve.

De Stendhal is a strange writer, and it is difficult to make his acquaintance for the reason that he is preoccupied with the exceptional sentiments and circumstances of human life. He is an incessant thinker, but lacks unity, largeness, and harmony in his thinking. He may be called the father of such critics as Taine and Sainte-Beuve, the Montaigne of his time, distasteful to most hearty and zealous souls, yet commanding the respect due to decided traits and a conscientious mind.

It seems strange to converse with a man who does not flatter the people, who does not take off his hat to popular idols, who avoids a platitude as most men would avoid the pest, whose only occupation seems the dissection and analysis of men and things. Such a man is rare in France, but is absolutely unknown here. Balzac had a high appreciation of his work, but said his weak point was his style; yet Taine says no literary manner is more piquant, none gives a more solid pleasure, and he praises it for being opposed to the *style à développements*, the style of pulpit orators, which is so tiresome to men of wit; on the other hand George Sand bluntly says he writes badly, but adds, "yet he says things in a way to strike and vividly interest his readers."

De Stendhal is so French that it is difficult for an American to place himself in just relation with his mind and the subjects which interested it. He is mocking and he has no heart; he has a love for conditions of life and character which are to be discovered only in Italy and France; he subjects to intellectual discrimination and judgment the gallan-

tries and passions of idle people; he follows Faust like Mephistopheles, and he scrutinizes the simple Margaret, comparing and contrasting the allurements of her sweet nature and the expression of her fondness with other specimens of *ce genre* which he has collected and classified. He is a French Mephistopheles, little, fat, restless, observant, and, I am sorry to add, with that unexplained hankering for the obscene which is the characteristic of so many Frenchmen. It is not a Guizot, a Laboulaye, a De Lamennais, a George Sand, or a Renan who furnishes any fact for this odious comparison, but it is Montaigne, La Fontaine, Voltaire, Diderot, and De Stendhal, the driest and hardest successor of these purely French minds,—these men of wit, men of the world, men without the religious feeling, lively and mundane, of rare good sense, but deficient in imagination, and amused by everything transcendental. They have written the books which shock Englishmen and Americans, which offend all but the most indifferent and philosophical minds.

But to return directly to De Stendhal. He instructs us by his careful expression of personal tastes. A cynic by temperament and conviction, he never mistakes the curiosity of the public for the compassion and delicate solicitude of a friend. While he entertains his reader with what he has seen and thought, he does not betray any anxiety for your approbation. If he is lacking in imagination, his understanding is so superior that one listens contentedly to him as to a man of experience. The charm of youth, which is never lost by men of genius, which always has a place in their writings, is not in De Stendhal's style. No trace of youth is in his books, nothing of its credulity, its enthusiasm, its freshness, its energy. His books abound in curious and striking reflections, and he has rivaled Voltaire in the stinging truths he has written about his own countrymen. When he says that Montaigne and Voltaire and nearly all the brilliant and veritable French minds have not comprehended Raphael and Michael Angelo, he says something suggestive.

De Stendhal is one of the most modern of writers by his style. But like Emerson he never develops his thoughts; he merely scatters them like so many seeds which, falling in a good soil, will make their own development. He says, "I seek to relate with truth and clearness what passes in my head. I have but one rule, — to be clear; if I am not clear my whole world is ruined." We who have such an inadequate appreciation of style, and understand it by the vices of mannerists rather than by the models of the masters, could not have a more correcting and just phrase: "I have but one rule, — to be clear."

What De Stendhal calls *le véritable esprit français* is always clear, and clearness is the first condition of a good prose style. But we should not call De Stendhal an artist; his literary aim is very limited, and he does not draw upon all the means of expression. He is not an artist; his aim is not the beautiful, but the intelligible; he is not an artist, therefore he misses all the consolations of the ideal, therefore he prefers *La Fontaine* to *Rousseau*. We cannot too often repeat, he is a man of the world. He puts in play the finest irony, and pleases himself with the cold superiority of a man untouched by your enthusiasms and master of all your disguises. When you come warm and palpitating from the utterance of a man whose words sweep over your soul like the fingers of a skillful minstrel, touching all the chords of passion, he dampens your ardor by saying that all rhetoric is ridiculous; but of course he speaks like a conversationalist and not like a great writer. It is not so that De Quincey, or Burke, or Milton would have spoken.

De Stendhal's studies have all the interest of a dissection; they pique the curiosity and are repugnant at the same time, like a lesson in anatomy. Like all special examinations they appeal only to a few people, but they would be valuable as a corrective to most of us, because most of us have our literary taste formed by the verbose and general style which obtains on the platforms and in the pulpits of the land. When we make this

suggestion we admit the limitations of De Stendhal. Deficiency of heart and imagination cannot be compensated by any clearness, polish, and keenness of intellect. De Stendhal instructs us in many ways, and chiefly by what he is. The worldly mind, *blasé*, stored with the fruits of travel and wide reading, and accustomed to intercourse with the most civilized minds, is not equal to a great literary or artistic work, — is not even equal to works that beget anything like a personal feeling of affection (like Goldsmith and Irving) for the author. In *Le Rouge et le Noir*, the man who writes seems actually suppressed. The total absence of the sympathetic nature, the presence of a dry, clear, illuminating mind, the indifference with which the scampishness and roguery of the hero are detailed, implies the intelligence of a reporter, but not a heart that suffers and rejoices. De Stendhal has no moral sense, nothing of the genial and fusing elements which endear authors to us, and because of which we give them our impassioned admiration. For De Stendhal, the author of *La Chartreuse de Parme*, *Le Rouge et le Noir*, and *De l'Amour*, with his penetration and subtlety, we have only intellectual curiosity; we follow his demonstrations with the consciousness that it will soon be over, and we shall breathe again quick, glad, full breaths in the wholesome air of living men and women. Yet it must not be understood from this that De Stendhal's science destroys the vitality of his subjects; it merely limits the action and interest. Julien and Fabrice are living and varied in action. Whoever would know a young Italian or a young Frenchman should read *Le Rouge et le Noir* and *La Chartreuse de Parme*. They offer types which lack the element that makes the grandeur and tediousness of the life of the English and American young man. The study of the young men of these books is made in absolute contrast with the style of George Sand's romances. Taine says De Stendhal's personages are remarkable but not great. The distinction is just. Because they are remarkable, they interest us; not be-

ing great, we cannot admire them. We rise from Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* saddened and disgusted with the actual English society during the Waterloo year; we rise from *De Stendhal's* studies of French and Italian society of the same period with a kindred sentiment. Both societies are portrayed in the same tone, but with this difference: the Englishman is at times pathetic; the Frenchman, never. *De Stendhal* is caustic, ironical, prosaic, inveterate; nothing mellows or fuses his phrases — but I forget; the sentiment of nature and art occasionally makes him write like a man of sensibility, and always with delicacy. Such, for example, is the description of Julien in the cathedral, his soul exalted by the full and solemn sounds of the great bell. But even in these pages worthy of George Sand there is the irony of *De Stendhal*, and the analysis is pushed so far that the revelation of what passes in the mind of Julien jars upon us. As lovers of fine and harmonious influences we cannot forgive the intrusion of a mean and calculating mind such as he reveals in his hero; the poet and the scamp, the lover of the ideal and the Judas soul, are not an agreeable combination for a work of art. With the instinct of a Greek artist we would protest against our guide's revelations and forbid his realism. Devoted as *De Stendhal* was to everything that made polite society, he was not an artist, — less of an artist than Thackeray or Balzac, the two writers who have excelled him in profiting by his studies. He was a man of sense, of rare intellectual delicacy, without any moral prejudices, on the scent for pretension, which he hunted down; he discussed woman with more boldness and sang froid, and yet with great reverence, than any other French writer; he once made this good reflection, and we are not yet sufficiently beyond its reach: —

"From the actual system of the education of young girls, all the geniuses that are born *women* are lost to the public; the very moment chance gives them the means of showing off see them reaching the most difficult of places; in our days see a Catherine II., who had no

other education than danger and . . . ; a Madame Roland; an Alessandra Mari, who, in Arezzo, raises a regiment and hurls it against the French; a Caroline Queen of Naples, who knows better how to stop the contagion of liberalism than Castlereagh. As to what places an obstacle to the superiority of women in works of the mind, consult the chapter on *pudeur*. And what height would not have been reached by Miss Edgeworth, if the consideration due to a young English girl had not made it necessary for her, when she began writing, to transport the pulpit into the novel?"

To-day it is common to suggest the correspondence between music and landscape art. *De Stendhal* beautifully expresses the dominant charm of landscape painting when he says, "The magic of remoteness, that part of painting which charms tender imaginations, is perhaps the principal cause of its superiority to sculpture. By that it comes closer to music, it engages the imagination to complete its own pictures, and if at first struck by figures in the foreground, it is those the details of which are half hidden in air which we remember with most charm; they have taken in our soul a celestial tint."

One of his many reflections concerning wives is of general interest. He says, "By means of a certain law named *sympathy*, law of nature, which in truth vulgar souls never perceive, the defects of the companion of your life do not hurt your happiness by any positive evil which they occasion to you. I would prefer to have my wife, in a moment of rage, try and thrust a dagger at me once a year than to receive me with bad temper every evening. Between people who live together happiness is contagious. If your friend has spent her morning in copying a rose or in reading a play of Shakespeare, while you were absent, her pleasure will have been innocent; only with the ideas given to her by the rose she will bore you when you come home, and furthermore she will long to go into society that very evening and seek in it more vivid sensations. But if she has read Shakespeare well,

on the contrary, she will be happier in taking your arm for a walk in the woods than in appearing in the world. The pleasures of the world are small to happy women." It is in this fashion that De Stendhal unexpectedly brings from a common theme a suggestive thought. While he gives all the importance due to the question of sex, — a question which must always have the chief place in any discussion of woman, — he happily refutes the arguments of the stupid and knavish who would withhold the most liberalizing and emancipating studies from women. He accomplishes all that can be accomplished with irony; he trusts to love and to sex as the adequate laws to regulate and determine the conduct of women in modern society.

De Stendhal had aristocratic prejudices and tastes, he was not imbued with democratic ideas, he did not believe in heroes, he was out of humor with his time, and for immortality he missed the two essentials, — advanced ideas and a beautiful literary form. But scholars and thinkers will turn to his books with interest, and from time to time glean many suggestive thoughts. The matter of his history of painting in Italy is in every way instructive and curious; certainly an original work, remarkable in its arrangement and combination, and probably the most novel and

interesting history of art ever written. All that one wishes to know, all that one may think, the most unexpected questions and the most indirect, yet questions which merely to have stated instruct us, are to be met with in the fragments, in the examinations, in the sketches, in the materials for a history of Italian art and society and character of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries which is called *Histoire de la Peinture en Italie*; but De Stendhal is better known by his *Essai sur le Rire*, which is occasionally quoted. His most harmonious writings are his life of Andrea del Sarto, and his Raphael. French critics claim him to be an *esprit supérieur*; our interest in him and the reason we introduce him to attention is that he is an example of mental refinement not second to Sainte-Beuve or Matthew Arnold, an unfortunate in being less of a literary artist, though of a much more original mind, than either of these illustrious critics. He hates exaggeration of phrase and rank colors in style as much as either Matthew Arnold or Sainte-Beuve, and it seems to us that he anticipated the intellectual delicacy and the search after fine gradations and subtle thoughts which make the distinguishing merits of Sainte-Beuve, the accomplished French critic, and his discriminating English disciple, Matthew Arnold.

Eugene Benson.

THE SILVER BRIDGE.

THE sunset fades along the shore,
And faints behind yon rosy reach of sea;
Night falls again, but ah, no more,
No more, no more,
My love returns to me.
The lonely moon builds soft and slow
Her silver bridge across the main,
But him who sleeps the wave below,
Love mourns in vain;
Ah no, ah no,
He never comes again!

But when some night, beside the sea,
 I watch, when sunset's red has ceased to burn,
 That silver path, and sigh, "Ah me,
 Ah me, ah me,
 He never will return,"
 If on that bridge of rippling light
 His homeward feet should find their way,
 I should not wonder at the sight,
 But only say,
 "Ah love, my love,
 I knew you would not stay!"

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

A COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENT.

COMEDY.

IN THREE PARTS. PART SECOND.

I.

CONSTANCE and MRS. WYATT.

Constance: "And he is still here? He is going to stay on, mother?" She reclines in a low folding-chair, and languidly rests her head against one of the pillows with which her mother has propped her; on the bright-colored shawl which has been thrown over her lie her pale hands loosely holding her shut fan. Her mother stands half across the room from her, and wistfully surveys her work, to see if there may not yet be some touch added for the girl's comfort.

Mrs. Wyatt: "Yes, my child. He will stay. He told your father he would stay."

Constance: "That's very kind of him. He's very good."

Mrs. Wyatt, seating herself before her daughter: "Do you really wish him to stay? Remember how weak you are, Constance. If you are taking anything upon yourself out of a mistaken sense of duty, of compunction, you are not kind to your poor father or to me. Not that I mean to reproach you."

Constance: "Oh, no. And I am not

unkind to you in the way you think. I'm selfish enough in wishing him to stay. I can't help wanting to see him again and again,—it's so strange, so strange. All this past week, whenever I've caught a glimpse of him, it's been like an apparition; and whenever he has spoken, it has been like a ghost speaking. But I have n't been afraid since the first time. No, there's been a dreary comfort in it; you won't understand it; I can't understand it myself; but I know now why people are glad to see their dead in dreams. If the ghost went, there would be nothing."

Mrs. Wyatt: "Constance, you break my heart!"

Constance: "Yes, I know it. It's because I've none." She waits a little space without speaking, while she softly fingers the edges of the fan lying in her lap. "I suppose we shall become more acquainted, if he remains here?"

Mrs. Wyatt: "Why, not necessarily, dear. You need know nothing more of him than you do now. He seems very busy, and not in the least inclined to intrude upon us. Your father thinks him a little odd, but very gentlemanly."

Constance, dreamily: "I wonder what he would think if he knew that the man whom I would have given my life did not find my love worth having. I suppose it was worthless; but it seemed so much in the giving; it was that deceived me. He was wiser. Oh, me!" After a silence: "Mother, why was I so different from other girls?"

Mrs. Wyatt: "So different, Constance? You were only different in being lovelier and better than others."

Constance: "Ah, that's the mistake! If that were true, it could never have happened. Other girls, the poorest and plainest, are kept faith with; but I was left. There must have been something about me that made him despise me. Was I silly, mother? Was I too bold, too glad to have him care for me? I was so happy that I could n't help showing it. May be that displeased him. I must have been dull and tiresome. And I suppose I was somehow repulsive, and at last he could n't bear it any longer and had to break with me. Did I dress queerly? I know I looked ridiculous at times; and people laughed at me before him."

Mrs. Wyatt: "Oh, Constance, Constance! Can't you understand that it was his unworthiness alone, his wicked heartlessness?"

Constance, with gentle slowness: "No, I can't understand that. It happened after we had learned to know each other so well. If he had been fickle, it would have happened long before that. It was something odious in me that he did n't see at first. I have thought it out. It seems strange, now, that people could ever have tolerated me." Desolately: "Well, they have their revenge."

Mrs. Wyatt: "Their revenge on you, Constance? What harm did you ever do them, my poor child? Oh, you must n't let these morbid fancies overcome you. Where is our Constance that used to be, — our brave, bright girl, that nothing could daunt, and nothing could sadden?"

Constance, sobbing: "Dead, dead!"

Mrs. Wyatt: "I can't understand! You are so young still, and with the

world all before you. Why will you let one man's baseness blacken it all, and blight your young life so? Where is your pride, Constance?"

Constance: "Pride? What have I to do with pride? A thing like me!"

Mrs. Wyatt: "Oh, child, you're pitiless! It seems as if you took a dreadful pleasure in torturing those who love you."

Constance: "You've said it, mother. I do. I know now that I am a vampire, and that it's my hideous fate to prey upon those who are dearest to me. He must have known, he must have felt the vampire nature in me."

Mrs. Wyatt: "Constance!"

Constance: "But at least I can be kind to those who care nothing for me. Who is this stranger? He must be an odd kind of man, to forgive us. What is he, mother? — if he is anything in himself; he seems to me only a likeness, not a reality."

Mrs. Wyatt: "He is a painter, your father says." *Mrs. Wyatt* gives a quick sigh of relief, and makes haste to confirm the direction of the talk away from Constance: "He is painting some landscapes, here. That friend of his who went to-day is a cousin of your father's old friend, Major Cummings. He's a minister."

Constance: "What is the painter's name? Not that it matters. But I must call him something if I meet him again."

Mrs. Wyatt: "Mr. Bartlett."

Constance: "Oh, yes, I forgot." She falls into a brooding silence. "I wonder if he will despise me, — if he will be like in that, too?" *Mrs. Wyatt* sighs patiently. "Why do you mind what I say, mother? I'm not worth it. I must talk on, or else go mad with the mystery of what has been. We were so happy; he was so good to me, so kind; there was nothing but papa's not seeming to like him; and then suddenly, in an instant, he turns and strikes me down! Yes, it was like a deadly blow. If you don't let me believe that it was because he saw all at once that I was utterly unworthy, I can't believe anything."

Mrs. Wyatt: "Hush, Constance; you don't know what you're saying."

Constance: "Oh, I know too well! And now this stranger, who is so like him, — who has all his looks, who has his walk, who has his voice, — won't he have his insight, too? I had better show myself for what I am, at once, — weak, stupid, selfish, false; it'll save me the pain of being found out. Pain? Oh, I'm past hurting! Why do you cry, mother? I'm not worth your tears."

Mrs. Wyatt: "You're all the world to us, Constance; you know it, child. Your poor father" —

Constance: "Does papa really like me?"

Mrs. Wyatt: "Constance!"

Constance: "No; but why should he? He never liked him; and sometimes I've wondered, if it was n't papa's not liking him that first set him against me. Of course, it was best he should find me out, but still I can't keep from thinking that if he had never begun to dislike me! I noticed from the first that after papa had been with us he was cold and constrained. Mamma, I had better say it: I don't believe I love papa as I ought. There's something in my heart — some hardness — against him when he's kindest to me. If he had only been kinder to him" —

Mrs. Wyatt: "Kinder to him? Constance, you drive me wild! Kind to a wolf, kind to a snake! Kind to the thief who has robbed us of all that made our lives dear; who stole your love, and then your hope, your health, your joy, your pride, your peace! And you think your father might have been kinder to him! Constance, you were our little girl when the war began, — the last of brothers and sisters that had died. You seemed given to our later years to console and comfort us for all that had been taken; and you were so bright and gay! All through those dreadful days and months and years you were our stay and hope, — mine at home, his in the field. Our letters were full of you, — like young people's with their first child; all that you did and said I had to tell him, and then he had to talk it over in his answers back.

When he came home at last, after the peace — can you remember it, Constance?"

Constance: "I can remember a little girl that ran down the street and met an officer on horseback. He was all tanned and weather-beaten; he sat his horse at the head of his troop like a statue of bronze. When he saw her come running, dancing down the street, he leaped from his horse and caught her in his arms, and hugged her close and kissed her, and set her all crying and laughing in his saddle, and walked on beside her; and the men burst out with a wild yell, and the ragged flags flapped over her, and the music flashed out" — She rises in her chair with the thrill of her recollection; her voice comes free and full, and her pale cheeks flush; suddenly she sinks back upon the pillows: "Was it really I, mother?"

Mrs. Wyatt: "Yes, it was you, Constance. And do you remember, all through your school-days, how proud and fond he was of you? what presents and feasts and pleasures he was always making you? I thought he would spoil you; he took you everywhere with him, and wanted to give you everything. When I saw you growing up with his pride and quick temper, I trembled, but I felt safe when I saw that you had his true and tender heart, too. You can never know what a pang it cost him to part with you when we went abroad, but you can't forget how he met you in Paris?"

Constance: "Oh, no, no! Poor papa!"

Mrs. Wyatt: "Oh, child! And I could tell you something of his bitter despair when he saw the man" —

Constance, wearily: "You need n't tell me. I knew it as soon as they met, without looking at either of them."

Mrs. Wyatt: "And when the worst that he feared came true, he was almost glad, I believe. He thought, and I thought, that your self-respect would come to your aid against such treachery."

Constance: "My self-respect? Now I know you've not been talking of me."

Mrs. Wyatt, desperately: "Oh, what shall I do?"

Mary, the serving-woman, at the door: "If you please, Mrs. Wyatt, I can't open Miss Constance's hat-box."

Mrs. Wyatt, rising: "Oh, yes. There is something the matter with the lock. I'll come, Mary." She looks at Constance.

Constance: "Yes, go, mother. I'm perfectly well here. I like being alone well enough." As Mrs. Wyatt, after a moment's reluctance, goes out, the girl's heavy eyelids fall, and she lies still against her pillows, while the fan, released from her careless hold, slides slowly over the shawl, and drops with a light clash upon the floor. She starts at the sound, and utters an involuntary cry at the sight of Bartlett, who stands irresolute on the threshold on her right. He makes as if to retreat, but at a glance from her he remains.

II.

BARTLETT and CONSTANCE.

Bartlett, with a sort of subdued gruffness: "I'm afraid I disturbed you."

Constance, passively: "No, I think it was my fan. It fell."

Bartlett: "I'm glad I can lay the blame on the fan." He comes abruptly forward and picks it up for her. She makes no motion to receive it, and he lays it on her lap.

Constance, starting from the abstraction in which she has been gazing at him: "Oh! Thanks."

Bartlett, with constraint: "I hope you're better this morning?"

Constance: "Yes." She has again fallen into a dreamy study of him, as unconscious, apparently, as if he were a picture before her, the effect of which upon Bartlett is to reduce him to a state of immovable awkwardness. At last he tears himself loose from the spot on which he has been petrifying, and takes refuge in the business which has brought him into the room.

Bartlett: "I came to look for one of my brushes. It must have dropped out of my traps here, the other day." He

goes up to the piano and looks about the floor, while Constance's gaze follows him in every attitude and movement. "Ah, here it is! I knew it would escape the broom under the landlady's relaxed régime. If you happen to drop anything in this room, Miss Wyatt, you need n't be troubled; you can always find it just where it fell." Miss Wyatt's fan again slips to the floor, and Bartlett again picks it up and restores it to her: "A case in point."

Constance, blushing faintly: "Don't do it for me. It is n't worth while."

Bartlett, gravely: "It does n't take a great deal of time, and the exercise does one good." Constance dimly smiles, but does not relax her vigilance. "Is n't that light rather strong for you?" He goes to the glass doors opening on the balcony, and offers to draw down one of their shades.

Constance: "It does n't make any difference."

Bartlett, bluffly: "If it's disagreeable, it makes some difference. Is it disagreeable?"

Constance: "The light's strong" — Bartlett dashes the curtain down — "but I could see the mountain." He pulls the curtain up.

Bartlett: "I beg your pardon." He again falls into statue-like discomposure under Miss Wyatt's gaze, which does not seek the distant slopes of Ponkwaset, in spite of the lifted curtain.

Constance: "What is the name? Do you know?"

Bartlett: "Whose? Oh! Ponkwaset. It's not a pretty name, but it's aboriginal. And it does n't hurt the mountain." Recovering a partial volition, he shows signs of a purpose to escape, when Miss Wyatt's next question arrests him.

Constance: "Are you painting it, Mr. — Bartlett?"

Bartlett, with a laugh: "Oh, no, I don't soar so high as mountains; I only lift my eyes to a tree here and there, and a bit of pasture, and a few of the lowlier and friendlier sort of rocks." He now so far effects his purpose as to transfer his unwieldy presence to a lat-

eral position as regards Miss Wyatt. The girl mechanically turns her head upon the pillow and again fixes her sad eyes upon him.

Constance: "Have you ever been up it?"

Bartlett: "Yes, half a dozen times."

Constance: "Is it hard to climb—like the Swiss mountains?"

Bartlett: "You must speak for the Swiss mountains after you've tried Ponkwasset, Miss Wyatt. I've never been abroad."

Constance, her large eyes dilating with surprise: "Never been abroad?"

Bartlett: "I enjoy that distinction."

Constance: "Oh! I thought you had been abroad." She speaks with a slow, absent, earnest accent, regarding him, as always, with a look of wistful bewilderment.

Bartlett, struggling uneasily for his habitual lightness: "I'm sorry to disappoint you, Miss Wyatt. I will go abroad as soon as possible. I'm going out in a boat this morning to work at a bit on the point of the island yonder, and I'll take lessons in sea-faring." Bartlett, managing at last to get fairly behind Miss Wyatt's chair, indulges himself in a long, low sigh of relief, and taking out his handkerchief rubs his face with it.

Constance, with sudden, meek compunction: "I've been detaining you."

Bartlett, politely coming forward again: "Oh, no, not at all! I'm afraid I've tired you."

Constance: "No, I'm glad to have you stay." In the unconscious movement necessary to follow Bartlett in his changes of position, the young girl has loosened one of the pillows that prop her head. It slowly disengages itself and drops to the floor. Bartlett, who has been crushing his brush against the ball of his thumb, gives a start of terror, and looks from Constance to the pillow, and back again to Constance in despair.

Constance: "Never mind." She tries to adjust her head to the remaining pillows, and then desists in evident discomfort.

Bartlett, in great agony of spirit: "I—I'm afraid you miss it."

Constance: "Oh, no."

Bartlett: "Shall I call your mother, Miss Wyatt?"

Constance: "No. Oh, no. She will be here presently. Thank you so much." Bartlett eyes the pillow in renewed desperation.

Bartlett: "Do you think—do you suppose I could"—Recklessly: "Miss Wyatt, let me put back that pillow for you!"

Constance, promptly, with a little flush: "Why, you're very good! I'm ashamed to trouble you." As she speaks, she raises her head, and lifts herself forward slightly by help of the chair-arms; two more pillows topple out, one on either side, unknown to her.

Bartlett, maddened by the fresh disaster: "Good Heaven!" He flings himself wildly upon the first pillow, and crams it into the chair behind Miss Wyatt; then, without giving his courage time to flag, he seizes the others, and packs them in on top of it: "Will that do?" He stands hot and flushed, looking down upon her, as she makes a gentle attempt to adjust herself to the mass.

Constance: "Oh, perfectly." She puts her hand behind her and feebly endeavors to modify Bartlett's arrangement.

Bartlett: "What is it?"

Constance: "Oh—nothing. Ah—would—would you draw this one a little—towards you? So! Thanks. And that one—out a little on the—other side? You're very kind; that's right. And this one under my neck—lift it up a little? Ah, thank you ever so much." Bartlett, in a fine frenzy, obeying these instructions, Miss Wyatt at last reposes herself against the pillows, looks up into his embarrassed face, and deeply blushes; then she turns suddenly white, and weakly catching up her fan she passes it once or twice before her face, and lets it fall: "I'm a little—faint." Bartlett seizes the fan, and, after a moment of silent self-dedication, kneels down beside her chair and fans her.

Constance, after a moment: "Thanks,

thanks. You are very good. I'm better now. I'm ashamed to have troubled you. But I seem only to live to give trouble."

Bartlett, with sudden deep tenderness: "Oh, Miss Wyatt, you must n't say that. I'm sure I—we all—that is— Shall I call your mother *now*, Miss Wyatt?"

Constance, after a deep breath, firmly: "No. I'm quite well, now. She is busy. But I know I'm keeping you from your work," with ever so slight a wan little smile. "I must n't do that."

Bartlett: "Oh, you're not keeping me! There's no hurry. I can work later just as well."

Constance: "Then,"—with a glance at his devout posture, of which *Bartlett* has himself become quite unconscious,— "won't you sit down, Mr. Bartlett?"

Bartlett, restored to consciousness and confusion: "Thanks; I think it will be better." He rises, and in his embarrassment draws a chair to the spot on which he has been kneeling, and sits down very close to her. He keeps the fan in his hand, as he talks: "It's rather nice out there, Miss Wyatt,—there on the island. You must be rowed out as soon as you can stand it. The general would like it."

Constance: "Is it a large place, the island?"

Bartlett: "About two acres, devoted exclusively to golden-rod and granite. The fact is, I was going to make a little study of golden-rod and granite, there. You shall visit the *Fortunate Isle* in my sketch, this afternoon, and see whether you'd like to go, really. People camp out there in the summer. Who knows but if you keep on—gaining—this way you may yet feel like camping out there yourself before you go away? You do begin to feel better, don't you? Everybody cries up this air."

Constance: "It's very pleasant; it seems fine and pure. Is the island a pretty place?"

Bartlett, glancing out at it over his shoulder: "Well, you get the best of it from the parlor window, here. Not that it's so bad when you're on it; there's a surly, frugal, hard-headed kind

of beauty about it,—like the local human nature,—and it has its advantages. If you were camping out there, you could almost provision yourself from the fish and wild fowl of the surrounding waters,—supposing any of your party liked to fish or shoot. Does your father like shooting?"

Constance: "No, I don't believe he cares for it."

Bartlett: "I'm glad of that. I shall be spared the painful hospitality of pointing out the best places for ducks." At an inquiring look from *Constance*: "I'm glad for their sakes, not mine; I don't want to kill them."

Constance, with grave mistrust: "Not like shooting?"

Bartlett: "No; I think it's the sneakiest sort of assassination. It's the pleasure of murder without the guilt. If you must kill, you ought to be man enough to kill something that you'll suffer remorse for. Do you consider those atrocious sentiments, Miss Wyatt? I assure you that they're entirely my own."

Constance, blankly: "I was n't thinking—I was thinking—I supposed you liked shooting."

Bartlett, laughing uneasily: "How did you get that impression?"

Constance, evasively: "I thought all gentlemen did."

Bartlett: "They do, in this region. It's the only thing that can comfort them in affliction. The other day our ostler's brother lost his sweetheart,—she died, poor girl,—and the ostler and another friend had him over here to cheer him up. They took him to the stable, and whittled round among the stalls with him half the forenoon, and let him rub down some of the horses; they stood him out among the vegetables and allowed him to gather some of the new kind of potato-bugs; they made him sit in the office with his feet on top of the stove; they played billiards with him; but he showed no signs of resignation till they borrowed three squirrel-guns and started with him to the oak woods yonder. That seemed to 'fetch' him. You should have seen them trudging off together with

their guns all aslant, — this way, — the stricken lover in the middle!" Bartlett rises to illustrate, and then at the deepening solemnity of Constance's face he desists in sudden dismay: "Miss Wyatt, I've shocked you!"

Constance: "Oh, no — no!"

Bartlett: "It was shocking. I wonder how I could do it! I — I thought it would amuse you."

Constance, mournfully: "It did, thank you, very much." After a pause: "I did n't know you liked — joking."

Bartlett: "Ah! I don't believe I do, — all kinds. I — that is — I beg your pardon." Bartlett turns away, with an air of guilty consciousness, and goes to the window and looks out, Constance's gaze following him: "It's a wonderful day!" He comes back toward her: "What a pity you could n't be carried out there in your chair!"

Constance: "I'm not equal to that, yet." Presently: "Then you — like — nature?"

Bartlett: "Why, that's mere shop in a landscape painter. I get my bread and butter by her. At least I ought to have some feeling of gratitude."

Constance, hastily: "Of course, of course. It's very stupid of me, asking."

Bartlett, with the desperate intention of grappling with the situation: "I see you have a passion for formulating, classifying people, Miss Wyatt. That's all very well, if one's characteristics were not so very characteristic of everybody else. But I generally find, in my moments of self-consciousness, when I've gone round priding myself that such and such traits are my peculiar property, that the first man I meet has them all and as many more, and is n't the least proud of them. I dare say you don't see anything very strange in them, so far."

Constance, musingly: "Oh, yes; very strange indeed. They're all — wrong!"

Bartlett: "Well! I don't know — I'm very sorry — Then you consider it wrong not to like shooting and to be fond of joking and nature, and?"

Constance, bewilderedly: "Wrong? Oh, no!"

Bartlett: "Oh! I'm glad to hear it. But you just said it was."

Constance, slowly recalling herself, with a painful blush, at last: "I meant — I meant I did n't expect any of those things of you."

Bartlett, with a smile: "Well, on reflection, I don't know that I did, either. I think they must have come without being expected. Upon my word, I'm tempted to propose something very ridiculous."

Constance, uneasily: "Yes? What is that?"

Bartlett: "That you'll let me try to guess you out. I've failed so miserably in my own case, that I feel quite encouraged."

Constance, morbidly: "I'm not worth the trouble of guessing out."

Bartlett: "That means no. You always mean no by yes, because you can't bear to say no. That is the mark of a very deep and darkling nature. I feel that I could go on and read your mind perfectly, but I'm afraid to do it. Let's get back to myself. I can't allow that you've failed to read my mind aright; I think you were careless about it. Will you give your intuitions one more chance?"

Constance, with an anxious smile: "Oh, yes."

Bartlett: "All those traits and tastes which we both find so unexpected in me are minor matters at the most. The great test question remains. If you answer it rightly, you prove yourself a mind-reader of wonderful power; if you miss it — The question is simply this: Do I like smoking?"

Constance, instantly, with a quick, involuntary pressure of her handkerchief to her delicate nostrils: "Oh, yes, indeed!"

Bartlett: "Miss Wyatt, you have been deluding me. You are really a mind-reader of great subtlety."

Constance: "I don't know — I can't say that it was mind-reading exactly" — She lifts her eyes to his, and catches the gleaming light in them; all at once she breaks into a wild, helpless laugh, and striving to recover herself with many lit-

tle moans and sighs behind her handkerchief laughs on and on: "Oh, don't! I ought n't! Oh dear, oh dear!" When at last she lies spent with her reluctant mirth, and uncovers her face, Bartlett is gone, and it is her mother who stands over her, looking down at her with affectionate misgiving.

III.

MRS. WYATT and CONSTANCE.

Mrs. Wyatt: "Laughing, Constance?"

Constance, with a burst of indignant tears: "Yes, yes! Is n't it shocking? It's horrible! He made me."

Mrs. Wyatt: "He?"

Constance, beginning to laugh again: "Mr. Bartlett; he's been here. Oh, I wish I would n't be so silly!"

Mrs. Wyatt: "Made you? How could he make you laugh, poor child?"

Constance: "Oh, it's a long story. It was all through my bewilderment at his resemblance. It confused me. I kept thinking it was *he*,—as if it were some dream,—and whenever this one mentioned some trait of his that totally differed from *his*, don't you know, I got more and more confused, and—Mamma!"—with sudden desolation—"I know he knows all about it!"

Mrs. Wyatt: "I am sure he does n't. Mr. Cummings only told him that his resemblance was a painful association. He assured your father of this, and would n't hear a word more. I'm certain you're wrong. But what made you think he knows?"

Constance, solemnly: "He behaved just as if he did n't."

Mrs. Wyatt: "Ah, you can't judge from that, my dear." Impressively: "Men are very different."

Constance, doubtfully: "Do you think so, mamma?"

Mrs. Wyatt: "I'm certain of it."

Constance, after a pause: "Mamma, will you help take this shawl off my feet? I'm so warm. I think I should like to walk about a little. Can you see the island from the gallery?"

Mrs. Wyatt: "Do you think you'd better try to leave your chair, Constance?"

Constance: "Yes, I'm stronger this morning. And I shall never gain, lounging about this way." She begins to loose the wraps from her feet, and Mrs. Wyatt coming doubtfully to her aid she is presently freed. She walks briskly toward the sofa, and sits down quite erectly in the corner of it. "There! That's pleasanter. I get so tired of being a burden." She is silent, and then she begins softly and wearily to laugh again.

Mrs. Wyatt, smiling curiously: "What is it, Constance? I don't at all understand what made you laugh."

Constance. "Why, don't you know? Several times after I had been surprised that he did n't like this thing, and had n't that habit and the other, he noticed it, and pretended that it was an attempt at mind-reading, and then all at once he turned and said I must try once more, and he asked, 'Do I like smoking?' and I said instantly, 'Oh, yes!' and then I began to laugh—so silly, so disgusting, so perfectly flat! And I thought I should die, it was so ridiculous! Why, it was like having a whole tobacconist's shop in the same room with you from the moment he came in; and when I said it was n't mind-reading exactly, of course he understood, and—Oh, dear, I'm beginning again!" She hides her face in her handkerchief and leans her head on the back of the sofa: "Say something, do something to stop me, mother!" She stretches an imploring left hand toward the elder lady, who still remains apparently but half convinced of any reason for mirth, when General Wyatt, hastily entering, pauses in abrupt irresolution at the spectacle of Constance's passion.

IV.

GENERAL WYATT, CONSTANCE, and MRS. WYATT.

Constance: "Oh, ha, ha, ha! Oh, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

General Wyatt: "Margaret! Constance!" At the sound of his voice, Constance starts up with a little cry, and stiffens into an attitude of ungracious silence, without looking at her father, who turns with an expression of pain toward her mother.

Mrs. Wyatt: "Yes, James. We were laughing at something Constance had been telling me about Mr. Bartlett. Tell your father, Constance."

Constance, coldly, while she draws through her hand the handkerchief which she has been pressing to her eyes: "I don't think it would amuse papa." She passes her hand across her lap, and does not lift her heavy eyelashes.

Mrs. Wyatt, caressingly: "Oh, yes, it would; I'm sure it would."

Constance: "You can tell it then, mamma."

Mrs. Wyatt: "No; you, my dear. You tell it so funnily; and" — in a lower tone — "it's so long since your father heard you laugh."

Constance: "There was nothing funny in it. It was disgusting. I was laughing from nervousness."

Mrs. Wyatt: "Why, Constance" —

General Wyatt: "Never mind, Margaret. Another time will do." He chooses to ignore the coldness of his daughter's bearing toward himself: "I came to see if Constance were not strong enough to go out on the lake this morning. The boats are very good, and the air is so fine that I think she'll be the better for it. Mr. Bartlett is going out to the island to sketch, and" —

Constance: "I don't care to go."

Mrs. Wyatt: "Do go, my daughter! I know it will do you good."

Constance: "I do not feel strong enough."

Mrs. Wyatt: "But you said you were better, just now; and you should yield to your father's judgment."

Constance: "I will do whatever papa bids me."

General Wyatt: "I don't bid you. Margaret, I think I will go out with Mr. Bartlett. We will be back at dinner." He turns and leaves the room without looking again at Constance.

V.

CONSTANCE and MRS. WYATT; then BARTLETT.

Mrs. Wyatt: "Oh, Constance! How can you treat your father so coldly? You will suffer some day for the pain you give him!"

Constance: "Suffer? No, I'm past that. I've exhausted my power of suffering."

Mrs. Wyatt: "You have n't exhausted your power of making others suffer."

Constance, crouching listlessly down upon the sofa: "I told you that I lived only to give pain. But it's my fate, not my will. Nothing but that can excuse me."

Mrs. Wyatt, wringing her hands: "Oh, oh! Well, then, give me pain if you must torment somebody. But spare your father, — spare the heart that loves you so tenderly, you unhappy girl."

Constance, with hardness: "Whenever I see papa, my first thought is, If he had not been so harsh and severe, it might never have happened! What can I care for his loving me when he hated him? Oh, I will do my duty, mother; I will obey; I have obeyed, and I know how. Papa can't demand anything of me now that is n't easy. I have forgiven everything, and if you give me time I can forget. I have forgotten. I have been laughing at something so foolish, it ought to make me cry for shame."

Mrs. Wyatt: "Constance, you try me beyond all endurance! You talk of forgiving, you talk of forgetting, you talk of that wretch! Forgive him, forget him, if you can. If he had been half a man, if he had ever cared a tithe as much for you as for himself, all the hate of all the fathers in the world could not have driven him from you. You talk of obeying" —

Mary, the serving-woman, flying into the room: "Oh, please, Mrs. Wyatt! There are four men carrying somebody up the hill. And General Wyatt just went down, and I can't see him anywhere, and" —

Mrs. Wyatt: "You're crazy, Mary! He has n't been gone a moment; there is n't time. It can't be he!" Mrs. Wyatt rushes to the gallery that overlooks the road to verify her hope or fear, and then out of one of the doors into the corridor, while Constance springs frantically to her feet and runs toward the other door.

Constance: "Oh, yes, yes! It's papa! It's my dear, good, kind papa! He's dead; he's drowned; I drove him away; I murdered him! Ah-h-h-h!" She shrinks back with a shriek at sight of Bartlett, whose excited face appears at the door: "Go! It was you, you who made me hate my father! You made me kill him, and now I abhor you! I" —

Bartlett: "Wait! Hold on! What is it all?"

Constance: "Oh, forgive me! I did n't mean — I did n't know it was you, sir! But where is he? Oh, take me to him! Is he dead?" She seizes his arm, and clings to it, trembling.

Bartlett: "Dead? No, he is n't dead. He was knocked over by a team coming behind him down the hill, and was slightly bruised. There's no cause for alarm. He sent me to tell you; they've carried him to your rooms."

Constance: "Oh, thank Heaven!" She bows her head with a sob upon his shoulder, and then lifts her tearful eyes to his: "Help me to get to him! I'm weak." She totters and Bartlett mechanically passes a supporting arm about her. "Help me, and don't — don't leave me!" She moves with him a few paces towards the door, her head drooping; but all at once she raises her face again, stares at him, stiffly releases herself, and with a long look of reproach walks proudly away to the other door, by which she vanishes without a word.

Bartlett, remaining planted, with a bewildered glance at his empty arm: "Well, I wonder who and what and where I am!"

W. D. Howells.

CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

V.

II. HUSBANDRY.

(1.) *Culture*. — Husbandry: the first of settled arts, though not so old as the arts of war and the chase. The Centennial Exhibition furnished us with implements in this line as crude as those in any other branch of ingenuity.

We cannot conceive of any instrument more primitive than a simple pointed stick. Curious to say, Australia and Peru

each sent one. It must not be understood that these are for cultivation in

any proper sense of the word; their owners may some of them have reached that stage of civilization, but the principal use is for digging wild roots. Figure 96 is Peruvian; the little shoulder at the bend of the stick is of some advan-



(Fig. 96.) Digging Stick. Peruvian Exhibit.

tage, as it forms a rest for the hand in pushing the stick into the ground. We need not dwell long upon this.

Figure 97 is a *lubra's* yam stick (*katta*) from Victoria, Australia. While it lacks



(Fig. 97.) Lubra's Yam Stick. Victoria, Australia Exhibit.

a certain convenience in the shoulder by which the Peruvian stick is thrust into

the soil, it shows some degree of taste in ornamentation. It is used in planting and digging yams, the nearest like work of anything pursued by the natives; a hole being made with the sharpened rod, a piece of yam is dropped into it and a stick driven in alongside for the support of the future plant. There is no fencing, no proper cultivation, but the pieces of tuber are planted in season and trusted to the rains.

The inhabitants of New Caledonia, in addition to this amount of care, sow the teeth of old women in the yam patches, to secure good crops; the toothless skulls adorn poles in the vicinity for the same purpose.

The Peruvian spade (Figure 98) is one step in advance; a piece of wood



(Fig. 98.) Wooden Spade. Peruvian Exhibit.

has been shaped so as to have a blade like a spear-head. This, of course, renders it more efficient, and gives the idea of digging rather than merely prying a hole with a round stick.

The Fijian digging-tool is a stick made from a young mangrove-tree, and is about the size and length of an ordinary hay-fork handle. One end of this is slanted off on the side, which is kept downward in digging. Three or four men drive down such sticks into the ground, inclosing a circular piece of about eighteen inches in diameter, which they then raise by united efforts, using the poles as levers. Lads follow with sticks to break the clods, which are then pulverized by hand, and made into mounds on which the yams are planted.

The digging-stick of the Kafirs and neighboring tribes is a singular tool. It is a stick thrust through a disk of stone three inches in diameter, which gives weight to the implement and also affords a rest for the hands in pushing. This is a simple addition, and it would seem that the result might have been more readily reached some other way; it is, however, the implement of vast tribes who have excellent weapons of iron and who seem

satisfied with the wooden digging-stick. One remark will explain this: it is the women alone who have to use the implement, and they are not smiths; a blacksmith works for men only. Figure 99 shows the implement complete; Figure 100, the stone on an enlarged scale. It is just possible that some of the perforated stones which have given our archaeologists so much trouble may have been thus used by our Indians.

The Hottentots use the same, a stick of hard wood, weighted by a perforated stone secured by a wedge.

The New Zealand spade (*kaheru*) is a sharpened stick with a cross-piece on which the foot is placed to force it into the ground. The ancient Greek spade had two cross-pieces for the right and left foot respectively, so as to dig with either foot. The Roman similar tool was called *bipalium*. This New Zealand tool is two degrees in advance of the Australian and one ahead of the Kafir. We should have expected better things of the Maori than to be next but one in order after the poor Australian *gin*.



(Fig. 99.) Kafir Digging Stick. Cape of Good Hope Exhibit.

These tattooed gentry have, however, one distinguishing virtue: the Maori man does the principal part of the work. Some of the New Zealand spades have been seen tipped with jade. The Maori have also a hoe.



(Fig. 100.) Digging Stone. Cape of Good Hope Exhibit.

We now reach what we may really call a *spade*, but still a clumsy and complex contrivance. Figure 101 is the Japanese spade, made of wood, with an iron shoe. It is not quite apparent whether the edge is merely ground bright or has a steel portion welded to the iron: we did not take a file to it. The wooden portion is socketed in the iron shoe. The same plan is adopted with their hoes and

plows, as we shall see presently. The Roman spade (*pala*) was also merely shod



(Fig. 101.) Iron Shod Spade. Japanese Exhibit.

with iron, and probably for the same reason, scarcity and dearth of the metal. It had the shape and long handle of our pointed shovel; the same form is used in Italy to-day and is known as *la pala*.

As the New Zealand spade carries us back to Hesiod, so the Japanese reminds us of Columella and Cincinnatus; thus by aid of the admirable collection in Philadelphia we grasp the tools of former ages.

We find genuine spades, the blades all of iron, on coming to Africa. The Dyaks are the smiths of the Upper Nile region, and the shape in which the forged metal is used as a medium of exchange is in the form of spades or spear-heads, the latter about twenty-seven inches in length. The Mari and Bali tribes of Central Africa also make an iron spade (*molote*) of a sagittate shape.

The spade of the Monbuttoos is a sort of trowel, but in their well-tended and well-stocked gardens it has a use to which the mere doura and sorghum growers of other tribes are strangers.

The spade as a digging tool does not seem to have been known in ancient Egypt. Shovels were used in mining metals and winnowing grain, but the hoe and the plow were the agricultural implements.

The hoe of ancient Egypt came nearer to the typical implement than any existing one. Imagine a letter V inverted, thus **Λ**: let one arm be the handle and the other the blade; that is the manner of the Egyptian hoe. The original was a forked limb, one end pointed to make a pick; such are shown on the Egyptian monuments. An ancient hoe of Egypt may be seen in the Abbott Collection, Museum of the New York Historical Society, New York city. Both portions

are of wood, one flat and wide to form a blade, the two limbs being united by a thong which acts as a tie.

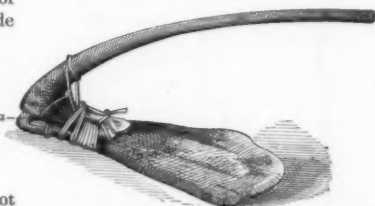
In some lands other materials are convenient, and so we find scapulæ of animals, clam or oyster shells, tortoise-shells, flint, obsidian, and even walrus teeth used as hoes when mounted upon handles. The exhibit of the National Museum furnished two illustrations.



(Fig. 102.) Bone Hoe Blade. Dakota National Museum Exhibit.

Figure 102 is a hoe blade made from the scapula of an elk and used by the Gros Ventre Indians of Dakota.

Figure 103 is an Arickaree hoe ob-



(Fig. 103.) Scapula Hoe Blade. Arickaree Indians. National Museum Exhibit.

tained from Fort Berthold, Dakota. It is made from the scapula of a buffalo, and shows the Indian mode of fitting two hard and irregular surfaces together by an intervening pad of such material as may be convenient, a folded strip of hide or soft bark, or, as in the case of the Australian weapons, a bunch of moss and a wad of "black-boy" gum.

The hoe is the universal agricultural implement among all the Central African tribes who cultivate the ground. The Batoka and Banyeti tribes obtain the iron from the ore by smelting. The Balondas of Equatorial Africa use a double-handled hoe. The Ovambo hoe

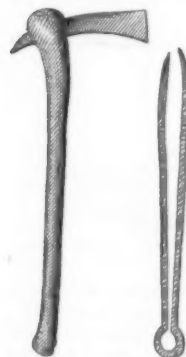
has a blade in a line with the handle, a spade, in fact.

Figure 104 represents a hoe, and Figure 105 a pick and tongs, discovered at a miner's camp in Angola when the Portuguese took possession of the country. They are made of the usual excellent native metal, but are rudely stocked. The African

hoe, pick, axe, and adze are all stocked in one manner, which is considered typical of the country. The distinction between the tools mentioned is sometimes merely one of size and purpose. The peculiarity in the mode of stocking consists in the blade having

a tang passing through a knob on the end of the handle.

The hoe of the Kafirs is oval in shape and well made; the shape is seen in Figure 104, which is from a country to the northward of Kafirland. The Kafir blade is thick in the middle and becomes thinner at the sides and point; it has an elongated tang



(Fig. 105.) Angola Mining Pick and Tongs. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

which is inserted in a hole bored in the highly polished hard wood handle.

The *zappa* of the Italian peasant is an equally clumsy implement, but has an adze shape.

The Fijian hoe is used with a thrust action, like the scuffle hoe. The blade is a bone from the back of a turtle, a plate of tortoise-shell, an oyster-shell, or

a large kind of *pinna*. The hoe of the Tonga Islands is among the best to be found in Polynesia. It has a shell or bone blade secured by lashings to a wooden handle.

Figure 106 indicates that the African method extends to Polynesia. The pick is modern but shows the persistence of the primitive method, the tang being inserted through the tough, knotty head of the helve, left large for the purpose.

The Roman *dolabra fossoria* was a pick used in mining and ditching; it had a cutting edge and a pick point.



(Fig. 106.) Pick from the Philippine Islands. Spanish Colonies Exhibit.

Figure 107 is a hoe from Manila, in the Philippines. The mode of stocking the tool is a European innovation; it is, however, native made.

The Japanese hoe (Figures 108 and 109) has a wooden head over which is a slipper of metal. It is a very inferior tool. Another of the same make is in the National Museum in Washington. Figure 108 was in the Main Building at the Centennial. Figure 109 illustrates two hoes and a pronged hoe or grubber, in the same building. The latter tool is common in Europe, and is used in the vineyards in Ohio and elsewhere. The *ligo* and *bidens* (or *sarcolum bicornis*), two-pronged hoes, were in use in Italy in old Roman times. The Greeks had, and yet have, similar tools. The *ligo* was the larger of the two. Besides these the



(Fig. 107.) Hoe of the Philippines. Spanish Colonies Exhibit.

Romans had the *sarcolum* or weeding hoe, and the *capreolus*, which had two tines and was used like the *bidens*; also

the *raster*, which had sometimes as many as four prongs (*quadridens*). The *marra*



(Fig. 108.) Japanese Hoe.

was a broad hoe with teeth. We can hardly be said to have added materially



(Fig. 109.) Japanese Hoes.

to their assortment of garden implements for hand culture.

The *páchul* or large hoe of Java serves the same purpose as the spade in Europe. The head is of wood tipped with iron; the handle is two and a half feet long, and curved.

Figure 110 is a non-descript, one might say; its purpose was clearly stated in the catalogue, but it seems droll that anybody could contrive such an implement for the purpose. Two of the objects shown in Figure 110 are used in planting *kumaras* (sweet potatoes) by



(Fig. 110.) Ko Kumara. Sweet Potato Planter. New Zealand Exhibit.

the natives of New Zealand. The Maori holds one in each hand, and we suppose he drives them into the loosened soil to make a hole in which the piece of tuber is placed.

The plow is the most necessary implement. In the order of statement it is preceded by digging tools, manual implements coming before those of draught. In many countries of large area implement-drawing by man or by beast is entirely unknown. The hand tool is thrust into the ground endwise, as with the spade, or by a circular blow, as with the hoe. When the tool is adapted to draught, it is no longer driven into the ground by a blow, but is dragged through the soil, which it displaces, leaving a trench.

Adhering to the purpose of confining the illustrations to objects actually presented at the Centennial Exhibition, we are precluded from offering even diagrams which would show how the forked limb was the original both of the hoe and of the plow; of the former we have already spoken, referring to the fact that the paternity and succession are more clearly exhibited in the ancient Egyptian hoes, in which the handle and the blade are of equal length, than in any other implement.

We are, however, fortunate in having illustrations from Malaysia, Siam, and India, in which the derivation of the plow from the forked limb is very plain: the plowman, hitching his buffalo or his cows to the end of one prong of the fork, allows the other prong to stick into the ground, takes hold of the fork in the rear of the junction of the prongs, and holds the implement upright, at the same time pressing upon it to keep it in the soil. By the selection of an appropriately shaped limb, such an implement as that shown in the upper portion of Figure 111 is obtained; this closely resembles the Roman *aratrum*, which may be seen on many *basso-rilievos* and coins. It was usually the branch of an elm, the European tree of that name yielding a very different kind of timber from the American trees,—white, red, or hickory elms. The long limb was the beam

(*temo*); when made of a natural crook (*buris*) it was known as *aratrum curvum*; an artificial bend made the *aratrum incurvum*; the part presented to the



(Fig. III.) Japanese Plow. Netherlands Colonies Exhibit.

ground was sharpened to form the share (*vomer*); another limb or an additional piece projecting behind formed the tail (*stiva*) or handle. Sometimes the *stiva* had a cross-bar (*manicula*) which was grasped by both hands and made the plow more manageable.

The yoke (*jūgum*) of the ancients was the universal means of attaching a pair of draught animals to the pole, *temo*, of a vehicle or to the beam of a plow. It rested upon the withers of the horses or the necks of the cattle, and was secured to the pole by a *thong* (*cohūm*). It was fastened to the animals by straps (*vincula*), or a pair of descending prongs (*subjuga*) on each side of the necks of the horses, or by bows beneath the necks of the oxen. When four horses were hitched abreast, each yoke horse had an outrigger (*fundalix*) to the horse on the outside. This was of rope and served as a trace to draw by. In times preceding the invention of the outrigger, the yoke went over all four of the horses and was strapped beneath their necks, forming a sort of collar for each.

The goad (*stimulus*) had a spud (*valum*) at the end to clean off the plowshare.

Not a single feature of the plows of Columella, Varro, and Pliny is absent from the plows exhibited in the buildings whereof we speak.

Millions of people with whom the plow is the principal means of obtaining their

daily bread — cultivators of rice, wheat, barley, doura, corn, millet, and what not, and who live on every continent of the world — have never seen any other plow than that which simply roots a furrow in the ground, turning a trifling amount of soil to right and left, just as the old plow of Egypt, which made a deep mark in the mud left by the retiring Nile, covered the seed which was sown broadcast on the soil in advance of the plowman.¹

Such was the plow, the emblem of Osiris, the deification of the river which was, physically, the source of all sustenance on the whole strip of land, six hundred miles long and from one to eleven miles wide, — that ribbon known as Egypt.

“Osiris taught the way and manner of tillage and good management of the fruits of the earth. Isis found out the way of cultivating wheat and barley, which before grew here and there in the fields, among the common herbs and grass, and the use of them was unknown.” (Diodorus Siculus, 60 B. C.)

Such was the plow when “in the seven plenteous years the land brought forth by handfuls,” and great store was laid up; when the Nile, rising doubtless above his ordinary height, fertilized even the desert margin of the usually cultivated area, and left more than his average deposit, which raises the cultivable soil almost six inches in a century at Elephantia, so that the land at that point has been elevated nine feet in seventeen hundred years, seven feet at Thebes, and less towards the Delta.

Arts and sciences came from Egypt, and the plow in the land was the basis of her prosperity. There, of all places in the world, a man could tell when he sowed how much he should reap. There, therefore, success being assured, leisure was possible, and a cultivated class arose. And yet the plow, judged by our standards, was a wretched affair. On this rich, moist soil it would produce its maximum effect, and the plows of the alluvial rice lands of Java and Siam, exhibited at the

¹ “Some of the Egyptians run lightly over the surface of the earth with a plow after the water has

fallen, and gain a mighty crop without any great cost or pains.” (Diodorus Siculus.)

Centennial, are of substantially similar construction. One must go to lands termed "less hospitable" to find the improved implements which the earnest and inevitable struggle for life has brought into existence.

In viewing the crude plows at the Centennial we are carried back a clear two thousand years or more, and are brought also to face a singular fact: in the very lands which formerly used the rude tools similar to those which we are now considering, the same implements are yet in vogue. Speaking in general terms, it may be said that the ancient Egyptian, Etruscan, Syrian, and Greek plows were equal to the modern plows of the south of France, part of Austria, Poland, Spain, Turkey, Arabia, India, Ceylon, China, and Japan.

Time came when, according to Pliny's account, the Gauls devised a better plow. We must recollect, however, that the Gaul of the ancient writers extended to the Po and included the wonderfully fertile region now known as Piedmont and Lombardy. There was even a little scrap of Gaul south of the Po, *Cispadana*, Padus being the river Po. The plow received a mold-board which threw side-wise the soil lifted by the share. This was the *aratrum auritum*, or plow with mold-board, — from the *auris*, or wings; it had two wings before it had a single one, seemingly. Such a plow is shown in a basso-rilievo at Magnesia, in Asia Minor, and Pliny refers to it. Varro and Columella may be consulted also.

All these modifications of the implement were exhibited at the Centennial. One might look back to the prehistoric times of his own race and see how his ancestors fared before they knew metal. All the ages were there at once, and the lowest possible to the highest known means of cultivating — from the pointed stick to the gang-plow — were presented to the spectator. The best and most elaborate do not come within our province now. It may be mentioned, however, in passing, that the wheeled plow (*currus*) and the plow colter (*cutter*) were also known to the Romans, as well as the two handles.

The Javanese plows are of several varieties: for irrigated lands, *walaku*; for hill work, *brujul*; for the garden, *luku china*, or Chinese plow. Either is readily carried on the shoulder by the husbandman. One kind has a mold-board; the point is tipped with iron, which is sometimes cast. The wood of the plow is generally teak; the yoke (*rakitan*) of bamboo. The plow shown in Figure 112 has its standard planted in the block,



(Fig. 112.) Javanese Plow. Netherlands Colonies Exhibit.

and its beam proceeding from the standard. The plow shown in Figure 111 has a standard and handle a part with the sole piece, and the beam stocked into the latter.



(Fig. 113.) Ox Yoke of Java. Netherlands Colonies Exhibit.

They are two interesting variations preserving the original features in the main.

The plow of Macassar is a rude implement with a single handle, the point of the share being a piece of hard palm wood fastened in with wedges.

A quaint description of the Oriental plow is found in Knox's Ceylon, a folio of a couple of centuries since, written by a Scotchman who was for nineteen years detained a prisoner within the limits of the Kandyan kingdom, which maintained its isolation and independence for centuries after the coast country was occupied by strangers:—

"Their [Singhalese] Plough is a crooked piece of Wood, but little bigger than a Man's Arm, one end whereof is to hold by, and the other to root up the Ground. In the hollow of this Plough is a piece of Wood fastened, some three or four Inches thick, equal with the breadth of the Plough, and at the end of the Plough is fixt an Iron Plate to keep the Wood from wearing. There is a Beam let into

that part of it that the Ploughman holds in his hand, to that they make their *Buffaloes* fast to drag it. . . . These Ploughs are proper for this Country, because they are lighter and so may be more easie for turning, the Fields being short, so that they could not turn with longer, and if heavier they would sink and be unruly in the mud. These Ploughs bury not the grass as we do, and there is no need they should. For their endeavour is only to root up the Ground, and so they overflow it with Water and this rots the Grass."

The Singhalese plow (*naguela*) is similar to the one shown in the lower portion of Figure 111. It is made of two pieces, a wedge fastening one within a mortise of the other. Two buffaloes are attached to it by the yoke (*veaga*). The



(Fig. 114.) Tunisian Plow and Yoke.

plow is directed by a single handle and leaves one hand free for the goad (*kaw-eta*).

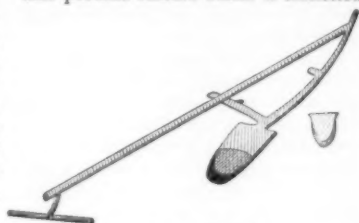
A golden plow for marking out consecrated ground is mentioned in the Singhalese annals, 306 B. C.

A plow represented on a black stone found in the Assyrian ruins opposite to Mosul is the only representation of an ancient agricultural instrument found by Layard in that country.

The plow (Figure 114) shown in the Tunisian exhibit of the Main Building is another illustration of the problem of how many forms and modes of making up can be elicited, three necessary parts being made to project in as many different directions: one for the ground, another for the team, and the third for the hand of the plowman. The yoke is light and so is the work, the cattle being usually small in size and poor in flesh; in place of bows are ties and bars to hold

beneath the throat and keep the yoke to its place on the neck.

The Japanese plow (Figure 115) has that peculiar feature which is exhibited

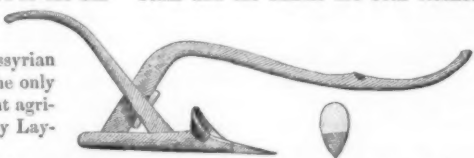


(Fig. 115.) Japanese Plow.

also in their spades and hoes; the wooden stock has a shoe or pocket of metal which slips over it. The typical tree limb which we have previously referred to is shown very clearly in this plow, and the whole is strangely like the old Egyptian hoe, but larger, of course.

It has the single handle, a strengthening brace between the beam and standard, and a single-tree for the attachment of the buffalo by which it is drawn. Almost all the other plows of our series are drawn by a pair of oxen attached to a yoke. This plow resembles our single shovel plow for tending corn and potato crops.

The Siamese plow (Figure 116) is an implement superior to all which have preceded it in our description. The bent beam and the handle are both stocked



(Fig. 116.) Siamese Plow. Tāi-de-ow.

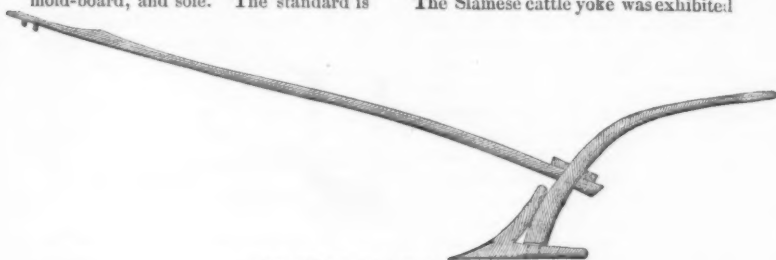
into the long sole piece, which will run steadily in the furrow, and they also mutually brace each other. The share is tipped with iron and the oval mold-board throws the soil right and left. The adaptation of three pieces, two of them natural crooks, is very ingenious.

Figure 117 is another Siamese plow which was in the Siamese exhibit, in the Government Building. It shows that no absolute rule of construction ob-

tains in that country, but that the order of structure is adapted to the material. In this case a crotch forms the share, mold-board, and sole. The standard is

stocked into the crotch, the beam is mortised into it, and the standard projects backwardly to form the handle.

The Siamese cattle yoke was exhibited



(Fig. 117.) Siamese Plow. Tai-Ku.

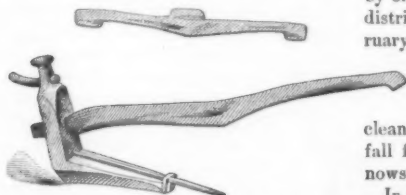
along with the plows, and has two pairs of downwardly projecting prongs which



(Fig. 118.) Ox Yoke. Siamese Exhibit.

bestride the necks of the cattle, and thongs which are lashed beneath their throats.

The native plow of Hindostan is represented in Figure 119. It is of two



(Fig. 119.) Plow and Yoke of Berar, Hindostan. British Colonies Exhibit.

massive pieces of babool wood (*acacia arabica*), one simply framed through the other. The lower piece is a natural bend. The iron bar projecting in front forms a tusk and is held to the point of the sole-piece by a square link. In many parts of India the plow is destitute of this iron point. The plow is controlled by a single handle, the other hand of the driver being employed in guiding the team. The yoke is bound to the end of

the beam by a thong, and the knot is like that tied by Gordius, king of Phrygia, the ends tucked in after the manner in which a sailor works a Turk's-head on the end of a man-rope. Alexander's patience was not as great as his resources, and so he cut it apart with his sword, — a way he had. The ox yoke of India rests on the neck in front of the hump, and is tied under the throat by a cord. The ordinary plow of India is a wretched affair, and is drawn by two cows. The team is worked from seven o'clock A. M. till noon, and then driven into the jungle to feed. The amount cultivated by one plow is five acres. In the rice districts, the *ryot* plows his fields in February and again in March or April, and in May sows the seed. The crop is cut in August, and thrashed by the tramping of oxen. It is cleaned by hand fans, one man letting it fall from his hands while another winnows it.

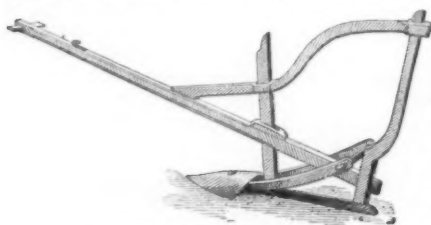
In the Bombay presidency the arable land consists of two classes: *jirayat*, the crops from which depend upon rains or irrigation; and *bagayat*, or garden lands where fruit trees and vegetables are planted. The *humbi*, or cultivator, has two crops to attend to during the year: the *kharif*, which he sows in June or July and reaps in October and November; and the *rabi*, which he sows in the latter months and reaps in January or February. For the *kharif*, or summer crop, he sows *bajori*, or spiked millet, the chief food of the people. This is

mixed with *toor* and *mutic*, two leguminous plants, and sown in rows with a drill-plow. The rabi, or winter crops, are wheat and some other cereal grains. The land is plowed once in two years.

The drill-plow is a very old affair in China and India. The Chinese drill is a wheelbarrow with a hopper for the seed, and three spouts, twenty-eight inches long, by which the grain reaches the ground. It thus sows three rows at once. Their drill-plow has two parallel iron-shod runners supported on wheels, and to each is attached a hopper to drop the seed into the furrows, which are subsequently leveled by a transverse piece of wood fixed behind and just sweeping the surface of the ground, — a curious anticipation of most of the points of our corn drills.

The elephant-plow is used to some extent in India. It has a fore-carriage like that of a wagon, on which the point of the plow-beam is supported, and to which it is attached. It has a very large share and mold-board, and throws an immense furrow slice.

Figure 120 is the native plow (*arado*) of Brazil. It is a very well made and light implement of its kind, being crude

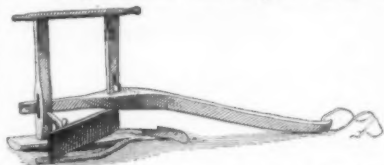


(Fig. 120.) The "Arado" of Brazil.

mainly in the use of wood almost exclusively. It has a triangular share with an upward curve, and is designed to be pulled by two persons, but has a hook on the end to which an animal may be hitched as an auxiliary.

The Norwegian plow shown in Figure 121 was exhibited by the commissioners of Norway as a specimen of the olden time, not of their present style of manufacture.

It does not differ materially from contemporary implements of other countries of two centuries since. The frame is all of wood; it has an iron share; a strip of iron forming a colter is in front of the upright breast; the wing of the share



(Fig. 121.) Old Norwegian Plow. Norwegian Exhibit.

has also an iron strip. The depth of penetration is determined by a wedge in a slot in the upright standard. The draught animal is attached to it with a hazel withe on the end of the beam.

As a companion to the Norwegian, the Pennock plow made in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1775, may be given. The share and colter are of iron, and the mold-board of wood. It was an approved implement one hundred years ago.

The "Daniel Webster plow" in the Massachusetts section of the agricultural building is probably the clumsiest implement extant in the country. The total length is thirteen feet: length of beam, nine feet one inch; of handle, six feet four inches; two feet ten inches between the handles; landside two feet four inches long; mold-board twenty inches wide; share sixteen inches wide; from point of share to rear end of mold-board, five feet four inches. It is stated on a placard to have been made in 1837, but this date is probably a mistake. Webster was

then fifty-five years of age. It is to be hoped that he was very much younger than that when he made or used such a fearful thing. Only the charm that surrounds the recollection of our youth and early manhood could inspire anybody to write of such a plow as follows:—

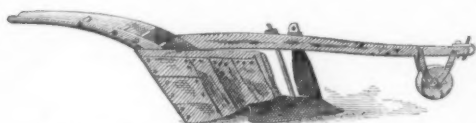
"When I have hold of the handles of my big plow with four yokes of oxen to pull it through, and hear the roots crack

and see the stumps all go under the furrow out of sight, and observe the clear



(Fig. 122.) The Pennock Plow, Chester County, Pennsylvania, 1776.

mellowed surface of the plowed land, I feel more enthusiasm over my achieve-



(Fig. 123.) Daniel Webster's Plow. Massachusetts Exhibit.

ment than comes from my encounters in public life in Washington."

Some kind of a harrow is used in almost all countries, to level the plowed ground: it is practically a rake on so large



(Fig. 124.) Japanese Harrow.

a scale as to be drawn by animal power. The *moji* of India (Dinajpoor) is a frame six feet long, made of two bamboos and



(Fig. 125.) Rakes and Leveling Boards. Japanese Exhibit.

several cross-bars. The driver stands on it as it is dragged over the ground to cover the seed. The *bidd* or *naugol* of India (Dinajpoor also) is used as a cultivator, being dragged over the growing

rice to loosen the soil. It is all of wood, is drawn by two buffaloes, and in some other parts of India has iron teeth.

The Japanese harrow for leveling the rice grounds has a single row of teeth. As these fields are irrigated, differences of a few inches in level are very important, so much so that after a harrow drawn by a buffalo has done its work, hand-rakes and leveling-boards are carefully used to make the surface perfectly flat. Figure 125 shows a number of Japanese tools for this purpose; their fields are cultivated like gardens.

The harrow of Java is similar to that of Japan: the head and teeth are of teak, the handle and bow of bamboo. The Javanese level their rice fields in the same careful manner. Figure 126 shows the rake of that Batavian colony. The *rastellus* or *raster ligneus* was the



(Fig. 126.) Javanese Rake. Netherlands Colonies Exhibit.

wooden rake used by the Romans for smoothing the ground after sowing seed.

The Singhalese harrow (*anadapooroo*) is a board on edge, drawn by buffaloes, and weighted by the driver who sits upon it.

The harrow of the Romans, for breaking the clods left by the plow, was a hurdle (*crates*) or a wooden frame set with teeth (*dentata*); in obdurate land a heavy pronged implement (*rastrium*), between a rake and a hoe, was employed.

The Roman *cylindrus* was a trunk of a tree attached to a pole and drawn over the ground to level it; it did not usually revolve, but was simply dragged; a passage in Columella, however, indicates that sometimes it was drawn by gudgeons driven into the ends, and consequently revolved.

Figure 127 is a garden rake of bent stone and Missouri, and described them in his work on the Indians of North America. Subsequent to his visit, the tribe was almost destroyed by small-pox, and their peculiar dome-shaped houses, made of saplings and covered with earth, fell into ruin. They were superior to all other Indians of the plains: it is but few of the Dakota Territory Indians that have any use for garden rakes.



(Fig. 127.) Garden Rake of Mandan Indians. National Museum Exhibit.

Fort Berthold, Dakota Territory. Mr. Catlin visited this interesting tribe of Indians at the confluence of the Yellow-

stone and Missouri, and described them in his work on the Indians of North America. Subsequent to his visit, the tribe was almost destroyed by small-pox, and their peculiar dome-shaped houses, made of saplings and covered with earth, fell into ruin. They were superior to all other Indians of the plains: it is but few of the Dakota Territory Indians that have any use for garden rakes.

Edward H. Knight.

THE TEMPTATION OF GABRIEL.

GABRIEL, high ranked amid th' angelic host,
By all his peers beloved and trusted most,
Waked from his rest within the odorous shade
Perennial bloom and fadeless foliage made,
Spread wide his glancing pinions silv'ry white,
And through the heavenly air winged his majestic flight.

Granted his wish, full leave had he to gaze
Upon the universe both near and far,
Pause where the Pleiads and Orion blaze,
Or seek the glory of some farther star;

Or cleave the space of ether, black as night,
That parts the peopled worlds and lands of bliss:
Swift comets only, with electric light,
Startle the darkness of the vast abyss.

And outward from the central heaven he sped,
Through space and darkness, till he heard no more
The legions sentinel whose measured tread
Goes up and down upon the gleaming shore;

Till far-off melodies and flute-like tones
Of heaven's myriads fade upon his ears;
Till with a solemn, deep delight he owns
The thund'rous music of the moving spheres.

Through the wide ether that before him spread,
Pregnant with latent worlds, a fitful gleam
Fell faintly shining from some distance dread,
Of suns and systems a far-wandering beam.

Onward and onward still: his weary mind
 Surveys no limit, comprehends no goal;
The light of God's omnipotence doth blind
 His aching eyes and overpower his soul.

In adoration deep, "Great God," he cried,
 "Thine every work is with perfection crowned;
And yet new glories spread on every side,
 And yet fresh harmonies afar resound!"

While thus he bowed his head and humbly spoke,
 He saw, in gloomy majesty upreared,
That angel who the peace of heaven broke
 And his high name with mad rebellion seared.

Deep was his voice as sweep of mighty wind:
 "Ha, Gabriel! Art thou banished? Come with me.
Leave all these awe-inspiring works behind,
 And some less perfect I will show to thee.

"There are strange sights for seraph eyes to see;
 I marvel thou hast liberty to roam
From that bright realm where all things lovely be.
 Oh, lost! Oh, lost! Thy heaven was once my home."

GABRIEL.

"Tempt me not, Lucifer! No power is thine
 To bend my fixed allegiance. I have seen
That perfect all God's universe doth shine
 And naught create in vain, or e'er hath been."

LUCIFER.

"Most loyal seraph, I have not the power
 To show thee Hades, or perchance thou'dst deem
It was well planned, — for us a goodly bower;
 But I can dim with doubt thy pleasing dream."

Down through that black abyss of dreary space
 That parts the worlds next heaven from such as this
They sank, exultant either angel's face,
 But yet unlike as torture is to bliss.

Lo, at their feet an orb in darkness lay,
 Ice-cold and barren, shattered, soundless, drear;
Ne'er visited by life-awakening day
 Nor changeful seasons of the moving year;

Chaotic, void, sightless, and hearing not,
 As light and sound were from its precincts fled;
Something that its creator had forgot,
 The corpse of some fair world forever dead.

LUCIFER.

"Now rest thee, Gabriel. Poise thy stainless wings.
Survey this sphere, — 'tis one of many like.
Contemplate now how beauteous all that springs
From Him whose selfish power I sought to strike."

The seraph gazed, with chilling doubt o'erwrought,
At that world damned to death's eternal doom;
And Lucifer, conceiving Gabriel's thought,
Fled like a lurid brightness through the gloom.

Mid infinite space the central heaven around
Moves all the universe, majestic, slow;
And while it circled that tremendous bound,
Did outcast Gabriel wander to and fro,

Lingering near heaven, shunning that hideous sphere;
Yet when he fain would enter heaven's light
A voice proclaimed, "Doubt cannot enter here,"
And once again he faced the desolate night.

At last how thrilled his spirit to behold
A Form from out the vacant darkness rise:
Peace like an atmosphere of lucid gold
Shone round his kingly brow and tender eyes,

And radiance like a garment wrapped him round,
The auroral radiance of a heavenly day,
Whose broad white beams reached through the dark profound
And at the seraph's feet in lustre lay.

No voice heard Gabriel, but with pinions spread,
In the effulgence of that supreme light,
He gladly followed where its splendor led,
Piercing like swords the ambient space and night.

Orion paled, Arcturus' light grew dim,
Swift-shooting comets fled like shadows east;
Suns near that glory moved unrayed and grim,
And stars were orbs of blackness as it passed.

Outward on every side the radiance spread
In lessening waves, till on the bounds remote
Of distant systems and that world erst dead
Like luminous silvery mists it seemed to float.

That world erst dead, — for still as they drew near
Gabriel beheld that it was dead no more,
But, blest with life and day, a beauteous sphere,
Whose oceans surged from peopled shore to shore.

Then spoke the Guide: "How fair did God create
This world that sin and doubt alone can mar!
Here dwells man, heir to thy immortal state,
And little lower than the angels are.

"Couldst not believe 't was an unquickened seed?
Know'st not that life proceedeth from the grave?
Speed back to heaven with faith that thou dost need, —
The faith that makes the high archangels brave.
Seraph, this is my world I died to save."

Catherine J. Schiller.

WAVERLEY OAKS.

I.

ROOTS.

In the woods the months follow each other after the manner of Indians, single file, gliding abruptly into sight, pausing, then flitting away into the thickets again, — how slowly; how swiftly! The particular April I am recalling came in that unexpected, stealthy fashion, and — moved by the instinct of a thousand ancestral Aprils — began to look for the trail that should lead towards summer. A large, persuasive warmth invaded earth and sky; civilization became hateful; nothing seemed wise but to go forth and listen for the footsteps of the maiden season shyly advancing through the trance-stilled woods. So, at least, thought the inmates of a certain microscopic household in the suburban city of Cambridge, as they drooped in the heavy atmosphere of culture and criticism. For a time, the householder struggled with his sylvan yearnings, and even so far recovered himself as to go to a coal-dealer's and order a fresh supply of fuel. "It may seem superfluous," he said to the others, "to think of fires on a day like this, but my experience of the New England climate has developed an austere conscience in the matter of weather. To fall into hopes of a balmy air before

the last of May savors of original sin: I have been guilty of it, and must expiate my fault by buying another ton of Lackawanna."

Early in the afternoon, however, the three friends yielded to the morning's impulse, and started out in search of the Waverley Oaks. There were the householder and his wife, whom we may call, in view of their romantic tendencies, Dorastus and Fawnia; and with them went one who was older than themselves and whom they therefore spoke of as the child, in order to subordinate his dignity to their own. They had just time to reach Porter's Station before the promised train came glittering and groaning up from Boston. It was short, consisting of a baggage-car and two cars for passengers, — a pert, spry, swallow-like train just fitted for summer travel. The excursionists met it in a congenial mood, flew a short distance with it, and quitted it within a few minutes, at Waverley. It must be understood that they were not the sort of persons to bungle matters by inquiring their way; nor had they procured any topographical guide. What a folly it would have been to bring out on such an expedition any device so gross as a county map! Maps are a specious imposture of modern life, for they compel us to know about all the roads we don't want to follow; exactly as we are

forced to read in the newspapers things which concern some one else much more than ourselves, or as we are expected to prattle knowingly of science and of particular books simply because another person can talk better about those things than we can. So, with a pleasant irresponsibility, we took the wrong turning at once, and set our faces in the general direction of home, without knowing that the oaks were only a few rods on the other side. When I say we, I of course mean Dorastus and Fawnia and their companion; wherever I slip into the first person plural, it should be understood as a dramatic contrivance for making it appear that I was of the party. The child gathered from the highway a handful of stones, which he threw at trees, fences, and stray animals, "to give force," as he said, to his remarks about them; and this petrified emphasis was so absorbing that we were soon misled into striking off on another false scent, through a spacious grove on the southwest flank of Wellington Hill. We followed a wide, grassy opening between the trees that contained us on either side with their cold, faded gray. The track had seemingly no object but that of serving us in our wanderings; and a mountain butterfly now guided, now pursued us, as if to insure a gentle safe-conduct through the deserted precinct. A turning to the left caused some confusion, till this little lancer of the air carried his pennant in that direction; and similarly he led us to the right again, beyond, where the path narrowed insidiously to a lessening vista between white-birch saplings crowned with purpling twigs. This, as we found, ended suddenly at a maple-tree abutting on a thick stone-wall and lifting its head to look over a broad bare field toward the Harvard Memorial and many-roofed Boston heaped upon its sea-side hill. The child at once embraced the tree-trunk and began to climb, announcing that he was "the squirrel Adjidaumo," mentioned in *Hiawatha*. "All others are counterfeit," he assured us; and in proof of this he uttered from his perch among the boughs a remarkable succession of sounds to illustrate these lines:—

"Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree."

"But the oak-tree is just what we miss, in your performance," criticised Fawnia.

"I'll soon provide that," replied the child, busily surveying the adjacent country from his tree-top. "You can't expect me to be a squirrel and an oak-tree both at once." But at this moment we espied a stout Irishwoman picturesquely dressed, standing a whitish mass among the thicket-mazes not far off, snared like a large bird in a fowler's net. Her dress was of bright printed stuff (though not the same that this essay consists of), which was drawn in rich folds across her ample breast and back; but the skirt was rolled up succinctly in a bunch behind, leaving in view the white petticoat, and she had a quaint cap on her head. As for her face, it was bewitchingly tinted the color of a newly dug potato that shows its dusky golden skin through a frank and engaging disguise of dirt. A flat, straw-matted sack with twisted, pliant handles lay near her on the ground, partly filled with sticks of dead wood gathered for fuel; but at present she was wholly absorbed in waiting to be spoken to. We thought ourselves far enough astray, by this, to make it quite safe to ask her where the oaks were. She promptly pointed to the region we had come from, and said, "Down there, in a field."

"I thought they were on a hill," said Dorastus.

"Well, yes," she assented, "I suppose it *is* a hill." She evidently understood that it made no real difference where she put the oaks just for that one day. The child, having slid down out of the maple, now advanced with Fawnia, and the old woman's mind began to work on a fresh tack. "I should think you must have been here before," she said.

"Why?" demanded the child, in a melodramatic tone, as if anticipating a "long-lost mother."

"Because so many people come this way in summer," was the answer.

I suppose the ancient, earthy dame felt as if nearly all the people in Boston must have passed before her eyes in years gone by, and was not aware that a new generation had been growing up. We concluded that she had taken her stand there to watch for the earliest summer skylarkers so as to be assured that spring had really returned, as we of the city wait to be convinced by the logic of blue-birds and robins. Satisfied with these discoveries, and remembering that as spring harbingers we ought not to linger long, we strolled off once more through the grove.

"I find," observed Dorastus, growing thoughtful, "that trees, like children, reveal peculiarities of character more frankly in their budding-time than at maturer stages." And truly it seemed more than a fancy, for the shapes all around us were almost more interesting than anything offered by a forest in perfect leaf. Fully exposed to view, the long, pensile boughs of the ash looked so much like a woman's graceful arms that we saw how natural it is to give that tree a feminine impersonation. Tennyson touches this sentiment beautifully where he speaks of a maiden who lingers to clothe her heart with love:—

"Delaying as the tender ash delays

To clothe itself, when all the woods are green."

Young oaks, too, crowded about us; but they were like athletes in the *palestra*, sinewy, yet supple, and awaiting their turn to wrestle. An oak is as radically man-like as an ash is in league with womankind. But, on the whole, the hickories were more entertaining. The oak and the ash posed themselves for our admiration with a more or less conscious grace; but the hickory has to provide directly for the feeding of men and women, and instead of trying to look like either it is all absorbed in its own arboreal activity. What a multitudinous and busy aspect it has, when seen at a little distance! Small, short branches strike out from the boughs with astonishing readiness; the twigs are a host, short, tough, curvilinear, fairly skipping from the parent stem in their excess of vitality; and the boughs, which

make sudden turns as if called by their affairs in many directions, still maintain that gracefulness that belongs to resourceful bodies. In some places they bend slightly earthward at the extremity, as if practicing how best to drop the nuts when they shall ripen; but at other times, mindful of pilfering urchins, they spring far up alongside the trunk. That precaution will not avail, of course, when the fatal hour and the barefoot boy arrive together. But in the mean time the cautious and thrifty tree has nothing to offer except buds, thick and brief in shape, at once exquisitely soft and perfectly hardy in appearance, their texture firm but fine, their color a delicate mouse-tint edged with purple where the leaf turns open.

At last we came to an edge of the hill where the timber had been slowly worn away, and where the land drops to the railroad. A view from this point grouped together the Bunker Hill granite shaft, the Old South spire, the State House dome, and the Harvard Memorial again, the tall shaft of which with its distant argillaceous glitter suggests the gleam of those forgotten weapons wielded by the brave youths whom this pile is built to honor. The landscape at our feet and just beyond was fresh and pleasant in its cold young-maidenly way. The grass-fields on the opposite hilly rise were of a pale dead yellow, like flowers left long since on a grave. Two or three unpainted fences sped in that direction, carrying rigid lines of shining yellow across the vista. Down in the intervening bottom-land the thick black earth broke up through vestiges of last year's herbage with an almost portentous air; but over it in parts was spread a plantation of birches black and white, their tops budding faintly rosy above a roof of innumerable fine, gray, thread-like shoots and twigs. Among the Belmont villas an apple orchard unrolled its square of chilly purple; the groves at a distance were like flat, dark surfaces full of closely curling lines. Some of the houses added picturesqueness to the scene, but most—as the case always is in America—were possessed of a vindictive ugliness.

But so omnipotent was the exquisite spell of spring that in spite of the houses it was delicious to sit there musing. Fawnia sketched. Dorastus said he was going to write. But it seemed that he could produce nothing original that afternoon.

At last they set out in search of the child, who had been dispatched some time before to discover a homeward route. After a considerable tramp, assisted by much hallooing, they found him serenely abiding on a stone at the roadside below the hill. He had encountered an available gate and path, of which he had been making a drawing for half an hour or so, with utter disregard for the mission on which he had been sent. Keen were the reproaches hurled at him by his youngsters; to which he replied by drawing himself up rigidly, with one hand pointing in the approved style eastward, and solemnly reciting the words: "Three miles to Cambridge." Indeed, so repentant was he that he continued to make a sign-post of himself at every available point along the whole walk back to town; and it is fair to presume that by his energy he saved us from ever getting sight of the trees we had set out to find.

II.

BRANCHES.

OUR inquiry concerning the whereabouts and character of the Waverley Oaks proved to have various branches, for Dorastus or myself made frequent attempts, and all in vain, to reach them. Once I got to the bare hill-side again, in company with a friend, and we picked columbines and saxifrage and violets, all growing together there. But some children who were also picking said: "We're getting these flowers for a little boy who fell down in Greece and got very lame, and his family, some of them, live next door to us, and they're going to send them in a letter, and"—It happened that we knew very well about the little boy, whom we identified by ques-

tions to the children; and this coincidence was so singular that we contributed some of our flowers and at once returned home, knowing that it was not well to seek the further surprise of the oaks, on that occasion.

But at last I found myself, one day, walking up the Concord road, with a professor of science at my side whom I could trust implicitly, for he was a poet as well as a mathematician,—one of those rare characters whom a prejudiced and specializing modern spirit forces to conceal their most ideal tendencies. A red-headed linnet greeted us from the bushes near the highway, as if inviting us to throw some chance loop of song over his shining neck; but he speedily vanished again; and so we came to the Waverley Oaks. This is not very explicit; but when one has got to the oaks, it is not profitable to discuss how the thing was accomplished. There is nothing mean or secretive about these great trees, but they are so peculiarly situated between railroad and highway that it is the easiest thing in the world to overlook them.

When you first catch sight of them they do not look surprisingly large. A ruined group of "bony button-woods" on the other side of the turnpike will very likely attract more of your attention to its haggard array of gaunt, white, tottering forms. A depression of the land, along which a shallow streamlet scuffles, separates us from the oaks; and though they stand in the open, being scattered on a low green ridge, the intervening hollow seems to put them out of the way. My scientific friend explained that the ridge, which runs out from higher land like a military earth-work, is thought to be the moraine of some ancient glacier. I could not see where the ice came from: but, not being particular about my glaciers, I was grateful even for an unaccountable one, and still more grateful that it had grown tired of sitting under the trees before we came there. The frigid monster has left another memento in the shape of a swampy pool sheltered by a curve of the moraine and haunted by a kingfisher, whom I have

more than once seen skimming over it with predatory haste, while the sharp notes that he let fall in flying seemed to trace his course through the air as with a dotted line. But prehistoric associations are not endearing; and it seems strange that when the mind can pierce so far into the past of this spot, the heart should be unable to find any sweet or homely reminiscence connecting these old barky existences with the human life that has so long been going on all around them.

In the trunk of one of the oaks which fell or was cut down a few years ago an eminent New England poet, who observes such matters, counted, I think, between four and five hundred annual rings. The bigger members of the group probably date back still farther, — perhaps reach the antiquity of a thousand years; so that it would have been perfectly easy for the red men to attach some wild tradition to them. They had several centuries at their disposal for developing legends. But the besottedly prosaic natives of Massachusetts allowed themselves to be nearly exterminated by small-pox just before the Pilgrims landed, and this ill-timed acquiescence of theirs has robbed us of whatever accumulations of story may have been made before that period. The only scrap that remains is a tame antiquarian rumor to the effect that Indians once used to encamp under the liberal porch of stretching boughs that arch this turfy bank. Speculating on the origin of the mighty boles I have sometimes wished that they might be referred to some forgotten order of oak-revering priests. But the honest disciple of nature soon finds it a relief and refreshment not to have any burden of age — long recollections weighing on him here. It matters little what you think of, under Waverley Oaks. Mosses and lichens, in such a place, furnish an ample history, and I have found the substance of innumerable dreams in the gray and twisted ends of limbs that have fallen to the earth and lain untouched, retaining precisely the form they had had while resting on the air. From these I learned how exactly

death may carry out and preserve the forms of life. And if life, in all its loftiest and most splendid growths, can fade so utterly into ashes, — this very power of decaying is so miraculous, that I argue from it another miracle of generation out of the ashes. The one marvel must be balanced by the other, unless the universe is top-heavy, and no better than a stone falling forever in one direction through space.

We soon found that associations of our own germinated and shot up so thickly around the venerable oaks that if I were to give an account of them all, the ramifications of this paper would push out through the covers of the magazine, ruining its classic compactness, as I remember to have seen the roof and wall of an old Mexican house perforated by a tree which the occupants had inadvertently allowed to grow up inside of their dwelling instead of outside. But it is important to notice one festal excursion for which the trees furnished a nucleus. Dorastus had been for a long while hinting that he was going to write a profound essay about the Waverley Oaks, and at last a day was appointed for a picnic on the old moraine, at which he should read his manuscript. Dorastus and Fawnia, having been given supervision over some children orphaned by an absence of their parents at the Centennial Exhibition, rescued the young creatures from the perils of school and carried them off with the excursion party. In this they were abetted by the child and by a certain friendly philosopher who had got on the right side of the Cosmos by printing a large work about it. This wise man, too, not content with solving or discussing the problems of life already extant, had provided himself with several small human problems of the most captivating kind, in the persons of his children. These likewise we took, being satisfied that however many uncertainties of existence our party comprised, a sufficient response would be yielded to all by the inarticulate oracle of the oaks. Forth, then, we went in a great vehicle technically called a "three-seater." Tel-escopically arranged on three broad seats

one behind another, we had much the same sense of power that the occupants of a Roman trireme must have felt when rowing into battle; but the peacefulness of our errand was an advantage the more on our side. It was on that lovely afternoon of summer that, having unyoked our steeds in the green covert of a light grove by the way, and formed a bivouac of the driver beside the vacant carriage, we explored the picturesque vicinity. Dorastus had informed us that the rivulet near the oaks was the same Beaver Brook which rippled into verse, years ago, as the poet Lowell stood watching it:—

"No mountain torrent's strength is here;
Sweet Beaver, child of forest still,
Heaps its small pitcher to the ear,
And gently waits the miller's will."

He fancied that the verses might have had their origin in the thickly wooded miniature glen, higher up, where, according to the poem,

"Only the little mill sends up
Its busy, never-ceasing burr."

So we made our way thither. But the mill has crumbled now into a loose heap of stones, from which a shattered and parched-looking wheel hangs suspended over the water. A sinister train of vegetation adds to the sentiment of the place, by sprinkling deadly-nightshade, with its lurking purple blooms, along the rock ledges, and the gray mill wall is mantled with poison-ivy. Just peeping into sight beyond the mill was a cottage which had been built by an artist, and we at once inferred that he had let the mill fall to pieces, in the interests of painting. It was delightful, also, to see the liveliness of the brook which he had thus set free from bondage: it poured down from a pond above and played merrily at hide-and-seek with all the rocks that it encountered. But as we walked from the pond across the cottage grounds towards a return road, a group of ferocious hounds came hotly in pursuit of us, threatening to make serious havoc with evolutionary thought, and to tear a perceptible gap in magazine literature. The women and children fled, and very dramatically got over the stone-wall, while the philosopher and Dorastus

paused and faced the furious dogs. The eye which had not quailed before Kant and Hegel and Herbert Spencer was not lacking in self-possession now. And something in the magazinist's look evidently betrayed to the four-footed assailants that he meant to turn them into "material." By the time they reached the two men, they began abjectly to fawn; philosophy and fiction had overcome brute force. But the child was disappointed; he had retired to make a safe sketch of canine forms in savage action, and could not reconcile himself to the mild event. We diverted him, nevertheless, as we went along back to the oaks, by pointing out a resemblance to England in the scenery and the excellent hard roads; for we knew he liked England. "By the way," said Dorastus, "when the English poet, Clough, was walking along this road, a few years ago, a red fox crossed his path. Was not that a graceful tribute to his nationality?"

"You should keep those interesting little facts for your essay," said the thrifty Fawnia; and Dorastus became meditative.

The lunch was various and large; but again intellect triumphed, and the substances known as bread, chicken, olives, etc., were vanquished. Some one tremblingly recalled Mr. Ruskin's indignation at people who feast in the face of nature; but on the other side was cited the tradition of the Homeric heroes, *ἐς ἥλιον καταδύντα δαίνυντ'*,—"feasting till set of sun." The poet always reminds us that on those occasions "neither did the soul suffer want;" and in order to complete the parallel, Dorastus began his essay, while the rest of us smoked. He had something to say about the early worship and the religious symbolism of trees: the cruciform *sal* of the Hindoos, the Scandinavian ash-tree *Ygdrasil*, and the sacred Egyptian peach-tree from which the goddess Athor fed the soul enfranchised by death. He touched upon the terebith of Abraham, the oak-trees of Dodona, Eliot's oak on which Longfellow has since written a sonnet. "The Persians," he went on, "figured

the life of the universe by a tree; the early Christians made it a mystic symbol; and it was deeper than mere trope in Virgil to speak of a big tree that sent its roots down to hell and its branches to the stars. How shall I reverently enough speak of the awe that invests those olives in the garden of Gethsemane? It was a beautiful superstition that made the Glastonbury Thorn to flower only at Christmas; and equally impressive was that other which told that the cross of Calvary was wrought of aspen wood, and that all trees of this kind had shuddered and trembled ever since. The pine, the palm, the sycamore have all been holy trees; and in short a volume is needed to treat this theme aright. But let us consider the simpler personal influences of trees. They differ almost as much as human beings, and there are days when they are all utterly unsympathetic. Do you remember Coleridge's verses? —

‘some love-distemper’d youth
Who never more shall see an aspen-grove
Shiver in sunshine, but his feeble heart
Shall flow away like a dissolving thing!’

So strong are one's responses to the influence of trees. But they most often fill us with immeasurable strength. Once, when Waverley Oaks put on that gray-gold beauty of their early leaves, and the dim white blood-root blossoms by the old wall were disappearing, I came hither and renewed all the noblest impulses of my life. And have they not aspects which correspond to the needs of all who come to them for counsel and benison? Then, the changes of the season! First the softly crimsoned, crinkled unfolding of budding leaves as delicate and rosy as the fingers of a baby's hand; next the summer's wildering masquerades of green; and lastly the autumn, when the year seems to meet these giants with a solitude as ancient as their own. Few human countenances give so profound a sense of age as these furrowed boles with fibres all ‘inveterately convolved,’ like those of Wordsworth's famous yews; yet they send more of youthfulness into our veins than any but the sweetest feminine face has power to give.

“The oak is the noblest of trees. It

is from this alone that the chemists can get what they call the ‘spirit of wood.’ Think, too, what a part this species has played in the history of navies. In 1839, by the way, the commissioners of land revenue in England computed that a seventy-four ship of the line required two thousand tons of oak; and as a tree yielding a ton must be about seventy-five years old, and only forty of this size can usually be found on an acre of land, the ship of the line absorbed the product of fifty acres. Both æsthetically and materially do the oak and all its fellows rank high. Why do we not more openly and generally reverence and protect such gifts? A tree is an outpost of man, getting nearer to heaven and all creatures of sky and meadow than he can. O mighty oak, huge accumulator of sunshine and companion of all weathers, you stand forth there all the year, catching the strength and grace, the various temperament, the multitudinous cadences of the seasons, and preserving them in your vast, puissant form! All these you gather for me.” What followed, Dorastus said he had written in winter. “Even now, majestic amid the snows, you rally the wasted legions of your leaves against the freezing wind, and in the cold midwinter light they flash like brandished steel. Would it were possible for you also to combat man; for, though he knows you are his ally, he is apt to fall treacherously upon you with the axe.

“Trees, we know, are the regulators of our water supply: the planting of forests in Egypt created there a brisk trade in umbrellas. They prevent drought and inundation, they shelter us and our animals from sun and rain. There was once in Labes, in Spain, an oak with a hollow in the trunk having a circumference of twenty-one feet, in which as many as thirty sheep would seek refuge during storms. Trees call the lightning away; they mitigate malarial harms, and are by some considered not merely regenerators but almost the creators of the best part of our atmosphere. They form natural conservatories where fruits can flourish that disappear when the woods

are cut down; they harbor birds which protect our crops from bugs and insects; they clothe banks of stone with rich soil, by the shedding of leaves and by sending their roots always lower to draw up life-supplying salts. Yet even these uses fail to bring them into favor with our special American barbarism, or unemotional insanity of cutting down. We ought also to consider the moral effect of trees. Greatly should I reverence the man who had passed a life-time near these oaks, and could tell me all about them during that term. I believe we must yet have an arboreal prophet, a preacher of tree-worship in a modern and Christian and poetic sense. The great appreciator of the Waverley Oaks is still to come. When he has done his work, in some future generation may be seen free man growing up amid free nature. How many virtues of strong humility and rugged self-denial these lusty wardens would encourage, how many robust men and generous women might be dedicated to ampler lives, in a community reverencing such great examples of development! When trees have their rights, man will be nobler and his own welfare more secure. Let the republic cherish its greatest."

"Men or trees?" queried the child, fastidiously. (Dorastus deigned no answer.) "I don't think your essay has the right tone: it is n't misanthropic, like Thoreau."

"That's the best of it," said the philosopher. "He has given the human side of tree-life. And really men are very much like trees: for though we may rise high by the reason, as a sort of trunk, we have to put forth the branches and leafage of faith and imagination be-

fore we can make the heavenly influences a part of our substance."

The rest seemed to concur in this opinion. What Dorastus had said about a prophet of trees, however, set me thinking. After this time I looked eagerly in the faces of men and women, expecting to find the harbinger of a new era. But all who knew the oaks seemed to have a conviction that they alone could understand them. One afternoon, I found myself again on the moraine, and sitting down beneath my favorite tree I mused upon this peculiar vanity. October had softly tanned the southern sky, and beyond the horizon great white arms of cloud uplifted themselves in outspread lines, suggesting the image of some mighty oak that had perished from the earth and taken to a ghostly existence. The real oaks balanced their sharp bronze leaves above me, and the barberry-bushes around were filled with their acrid clusters. An elm not far off formed a great sheet of orange, against which the swallows shone blue as they darted about, seeming to carry here and there a color-echo of the sky. All at once a slight sound took my attention. It came from so far up in the oak that I was uncertain whether I had really heard anything. Then there was a faint tap and a rustle, somewhat nearer; again silence, and the tap was repeated twice. Something was evidently falling through the hush, touching the boughs and grazing many a leaf as it came. At last, it cleared the final impediments, and a small object struck sharply at my shoulder. It was an acorn. Finally, then, after so much communing with the oaks, had I received from their chief a token of friendly recognition and welcome?

DICKENS'S GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

On the first of December, 1860, Dickens began the publication, in *All the Year Round*, of his novel of *Great Expectations*, and closed it in the number of that weekly which appeared on the 3d of August, 1861. His first intention, as in the case of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, was to write a short sketch or story for the periodical he edited. Forster had suggested to him that he should try something in his old way, — something which would recall to the public his youthful achievements in humorous scenes and characterizations. Dickens replied: "For a little piece I have been writing — or am writing, for I hope to finish it to-day — such a very fine, new, and grotesque idea has opened upon me that I begin to doubt whether I had not better cancel the little paper and reserve the notion for a new book. You shall judge as soon as I get it printed. But it so opens out before me that I can see the whole of a serial revolving on it in a most singular and comic manner." This grotesque idea was, doubtless, the relation established between Pip and Magwitch, which might easily have been narrated in a few charming pages, such as those in which he had disposed of the germs of many other romances, in the series of essays, sketches, and portraits of life which he was then writing under the general title of *The Uncommercial Traveller*. But the idea of an innocent boy establishing unconsciously an immense influence over the mind of a hunted felon, merely by giving him that assistance which he dared not refuse, haunted Dickens's imagination until he gathered round it a whole new world of characters and incidents. He thought at first that it might furnish the materials for a monthly serial, in twenty numbers, like *Dombey and Son*, or *Little Dorrit*; but the falling off in the circulation of *All the Year Round* induced him to publish it in that weekly, and to confine it to the dimensions of *A Tale*

of *Two Cities*. It is doubtful if he could have sustained himself in making the story double its present length. As it is, nothing could be better of its kind; but the atmosphere of Old Bailey and Newgate, which penetrates the whole tale, might have become insupportable in a romance as long as *Copperfield* or *Bleak House*. The only method by which the interest could have been sustained would have been a forced extension and development of Pip's character through scenes which might have followed the downfall of his "expectations," and which would have led him up to his eventual marriage with Estella in a less curt fashion than that which the romancer eventually employed.

To account for the conclusion of the story as it now stands, where, in a concluding chapter, "the heroine, after being married, reclaimed, and widowed, is in a page or two made love to and remarried to the hero," we must refer to a remonstrance from friends, which was more effectual in the case of Dickens than that which protested against the death of *Clarissa Harlowe*, in the case of *Richardson*. Carlyle was among the persons who listened to the reading of advanced sheets of the story, and on one occasion, at a meeting of friends in Dickens's house, called, in his boisterous, laughing way, for more of that "Pip nonsense;" and Bulwer Lytton was so strongly opposed to the conclusion of the story as originally written that Dickens reluctantly altered it. "I have changed the end of *Great Expectations*," he wrote to Forster, "from and after Pip's return to Joe's, and finding his little likeness there. Bulwer, who has been, as I think you know, extraordinarily taken by the book, so strongly urged it upon me, after reading the proofs, and supported his view with such good reasons, that I resolved to make the change. You shall have it when I come back to town. I have put in as

pretty a piece of writing as I could, and I have no doubt the story will be more acceptable through the alteration."

The original closing chapter left Pip a solitary man, as much estranged from Estella as he was from all the persons connected with her and his great expectations. He returns to England after an absence of eight years, and finds that Joe and Biddy, happily married, have given his name to their son. He learns that Estella, in marrying Drummle, has endured every outrage that could be inflicted by such a husband's pride, cruelty, and meanness; that she was relieved from her hated bonds by a merciful kick bestowed upon him by a nobler brute, namely, a horse that he had ill-treated; and that she was now married to a Shropshire doctor, who had witnessed and resented, during his professional visits to her dying husband, the outrages that he heaped upon her to the last. Pip is also informed that she and the doctor are living comfortably on her personal fortune. Then come the concluding sentences of the tale: "I was in England again—in London, and walking along Piccadilly with little Pip—when a servant came running after me to ask would I step back to a lady in a carriage, who wished to speak to me. It was a little pony carriage which the lady was driving; and the lady and I looked sadly enough on one another. 'I am greatly changed, I know; but I thought you would like to shake hands with Estella, too, Pip. Lift up that pretty child, and let me kiss it!' (She supposed the child, I think, to be my child.) I was very glad afterwards to have had the interview; for, in her face and in her voice and in her touch, she gave me assurance that suffering had been stronger than Miss Havisham's teaching, and had given her a heart to understand what my heart used to be." This was a natural and artistic conclusion of the story; but Bulwer insisted that Pip should not be left alone in desolate bachelorhood; that he should marry Estella. It must be confessed that Dickens contrived to give an unprepared, unexpected, and inartistic ending to the

romance, satisfying to Bulwer and to ordinary readers of novels, because it promised a marriage between the hero and the heroine; but how dreary, how sepulchral, is this mating of hearts never intended to be matrimonially joined! Better to have left Pip an experienced merchant emancipated from all his old delusions, and leading his little namesake by the hand along Piccadilly, than to have married him to the lady who looked out upon him from her pony carriage as she drove by. Estella had deliberately used her charms for the purpose of winning his heart only to torture it; she had deliberately married a dolt and a brute for money; and she should have been left to the Shropshire doctor, who had softened all the heart she possessed by defending her from the death-bed malignity of her savage husband. Pip, educated into a man of affairs, who had learned the value of the affections he had foolishly sacrificed in his green youth, should also have been left, as Dickens intended to leave him, calmly surveying the woman who had awakened in his youthful breast the passion of love only to deceive it merely as a matron in whom he hoped calamity had developed a heart never revealed to him.

There is much of Dickens's best writing in *Great Expectations*. The characterization is forcible even when it is least attractive. Thus the weird, ghostly Miss Havisham has more power expended on her than she deserves. Orlick is a savage of the same race as Hugh, in *Barnaby Rudge*, but is represented as more brutal than his prototype. A broad-shouldered, loose-limbed, swarthy, sullen, hulking ruffian, who "slouches into his work as he slouches out of it," his great physical strength is guided by a low cunning only to the gratification of a low malignity, and he is thoroughly dehumanized in the process by which he is strongly individualized. Magwitch is a criminal of another type, having in him human elements of gratitude and love; and his own account of his miserable life has a rude fervor and pathos which are indescribably affecting. He condenses his biography in what he

calls "a mouthful of English," namely, "In jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail. . . . I first became aware of myself, down in Essex, a-thieving turnips for my living. Summun had run away from me, — a man, a tinker, — and he'd took the fire with him, and left me very cold." How did he know his name was Magwitch? "Much as I know'd the birds' names in the hedges to be chaffinch, sparrer, thrush. I might have thought it all lies together, only as the birds' names come out true, I supposed mine did. So far as I could find, there warn't a soul that see young Abel Magwitch, *with as little on him as in him*, but wot caught fright at him, and either drove him off or took him up. I was took up, took up, took up, to that extent that I reg'larly grow'd up took up." The narrative that succeeds is a compact account of the way in which the criminal classes are constantly recruited by swarms of neglected or abandoned children. Compeyson, the greater rogue of the two, plays an important part in the story, but he is felt rather by the effect his villainy produces on the character and fortunes of others, than by his own personality. The mother of Estella and wife of Magwitch, the murderess whom Mr. Jaggers releases from the grasp of justice and, curiously enough, chooses for his housekeeper, completes the criminal group, though there is not a felon lounging around Mr. Jaggers's office who is not thoroughly individualized by a few brief, discriminating touches, from the red-eyed little Jew "performing a jig of anxiety under a lamp-post, and accompanying himself in a kind of frenzy with the words, 'Oh, Jaggerth, Jaggerth, Jaggerth!'" to the shuffling, one-eyed, weeping Mike, who always seems to have one member of his interesting family up for larceny or burglary, and who is always prepared with a witness ready to swear, "in a general way, anythink."

Mr. Jaggers himself is one of Dickens's most felicitous characterizations in the law department of what we have called Dickens-land. It is astonishing

that his limited experience as a reporter and as an apprentice in an attorney's office should have furnished him with so many sharply defined types of the English lawyer, through all the grades of the profession, from Sampson Brass, in The Old Curiosity Shop, all the way up to the bland Lord Chancellor who figures so gracefully in Bleak House. He introduces scores of lawyers into his various romances, and shows a superficial knowledge, at least, of the jargon which distinguishes their language from the English language, and of the moral qualities which distinguish their legal nature from ordinary human nature; but he also discriminates clearly between the different classes into which the profession is divided, and, while preserving the general features of each class, sharply individualizes every person included in it, — that is, every person who seems deserving of a place in his gallery of original characters. Thus Stryver, in *A Tale of Two Cities*, belongs, like Jaggers, to the class of domineering legal bullies, and they might, upon a superficial observation, be considered as pretty much alike; but, as represented by Dickens, they are very far apart in individual character, and cannot be confounded by any reader whose imagination has once been stamped with the image of either. The variation comes in great part from the fact that the idea, purpose, and atmosphere of the two romances are widely different. Stryver comes into *A Tale of Two Cities* chiefly as the advocate of an honest man accused of high treason. Jaggers comes into *Great Expectations* as the legal centre of a story which is saturated with crime, a story where the criminal or worthless characters are in the majority, and where the innocent persons are all involved in a mesh of contradictions, arising from low villainies of which they are the victims. The offenses in the one romance are political; technical crimes which are universally known to be often the highest expression of noble virtues. In the other the crimes are such as all civilized mankind repudiates, and the perpetrators of which are persons who

can be saved from death or transportation only by the interposition of such lawyers as Mr. Jaggers, exerting their force and ferocity, their ingenuity and knowledge of technical forms, on behalf of the criminal's "legal rights."

Mr. Jaggers is, indeed, the very impersonation of the Old Bailey advocate, — the guardian angel, or at least the protecting genius, of all unfortunate gentlemen afflicted with irresistible tendencies to theft, arson, forgery, and homicide, standing firmly between them and the gallows (provided always that they have previously "seen Wemmick"), and inspiring the whole swell-mob of rascaldom with the well-founded conviction that "Jaggers can do it, if it is to be done." He "always seems to me," says his clerk, Wemmick, "as if he had set a man-trap, and was watching it. Suddenly, click! you're caught!" A poor outcast woman, comforting another outcast whose "Bill" has got into trouble about some matter of house-breaking, says to her, "Jaggers is for him, 'Melia, and what more *could* you have?" Indeed, there is hardly in literature a more finished specimen of the legal bully, perfect in the art of hectoring witnesses, terrifying judges, and bamboozling juries. Even when there is no case to be tried he cannot get rid of the contentiousness of mind and manner he has acquired in the criminal courts. In private conversation, where no point is to be gained, he refuses to admit anything, and cross-examines everything and everybody. When he drops into the village ale-house to inquire after Pip, and inform him of his great expectations, he cannot resist, before proceeding to business, the temptation to demolish poor Mr. Wopsle, who is reading, in his grandest elocutionary tones, to a wondering audience, a thrilling newspaper account of "the last highly popular murder." By a few crushing Socratic interrogatories, as insolent as they are searching, he cross-examines that village luminary into utter silence and insignificance, so that even the rustics around the tavern fire, over whom he has long domineered, feel

and see that he is utterly discomfited by this intruding stranger with the big head, deep-set eyes, and bushy, black eyebrows, who lowers upon him from the back of the settle on which Mr. Jaggers is contemptuously leaning. Throughout the book he appears impregnable in every defensive position he takes, and overwhelming whenever he assumes the offensive. He penetrates into the heart of every person with whom he comes in contact or collision, while he himself remains impenetrable. Even Dickens only catches glimpses here and there of his inner self. The one occasion in which he exhibits feeling is that in which Pip implores him to state the facts regarding the parentage of Estella, and then he only gives the information in the form of an imagined case. Both he and Wemmick are so much mortified that they have been betrayed into an expression of sentiment which they consider unprofessional that they become hard and harsh toward each other, and are only prevented from falling into a quarrel by the opportune arrival of Mike, who enters to announce that his eldest daughter is arrested on suspicion of theft. Wemmick detects a tear "twinkling in his eye," and asks him roughly, "What do you come sniveling here for?" "A man can't help his feelings," pleads Mike. "His what?" Wemmick savagely exclaims. "Say that again!" Then Mr. Jaggers advances, points to the door, and, in a voice of thunder, bids this father of an unfortunate family to leave the office. "I'll have no feelings here," he says; "get out." And Pip observes that, after Mike humbly withdraws, "Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick appeared to have re-established their good understanding, and went to work again with an air of refreshment upon them, as if they had just had lunch."

Joe Gargery is one of a large class of characters which Dickens delighted to create, — men in whom solid integrity of heart and conduct can find no adequate expression through the brain and the tongue. Generally the tongue is but too glib in uttering fine sentiments and ideas

which have no root in feeling or character; if a man has nothing really to say, he finds little difficulty in saying it fluently, coherently, and charmingly; and no hypocrite, conscious or unconscious, would suffer from the impediments which obstruct the utterance of the stalwart Joe, when his great heart stumbles over the usual phrases of affection or disinterestedness in a sort of hopeless confusion. His brain can only stutter when his heart swells to its utmost capacity; and his favorite expression, "which I mean to say," is more eloquent than the lucid sayings of less simple and noble natures. Dickens was so captivated by Joe Gargery that he undertook the task of devising a new language for him, governed by a novel grammar, and with rules for the construction of sentences which must naturally surprise the student of Blair, Kaimes, Campbell, or Whately. The creator of Joe felt that Christian civilization was based on the real existence of persons resembling Joe in kind; and that political, fashionable, literary, and scientific "society," adorned with any number of fluent, graceful, and highly cultivated men and women, would crumble unless sustained by sturdy workmen of which Gargery is the type. The solid nobility of his nature is all the more apparent when we reflect that the circumstances of his early life were almost as unpropitious as those of Magwitch. In apologizing to Pip for his lack of schooling, this tongue-tied hero — a man whom Carlyle would have rapturously hugged as a realization of his ideal of silent fortitude — gives a pathetic account of his childhood and youth: "My father, Pip, he were given to drink, and when he was overtook with drink, he hammered away at my mother, most onmerciful. It were a'most the only hammering he did, indeed, 'cepting at myself. . . . Consequence, my mother and me we ran away from my father several times; and then my mother she 'd go out to work, and she 'd say, 'Joe,' she 'd say, 'now, please God, you shall have some schooling, child,' and she 'd put me to school. But my father were that good in his hart that he could n't abear to be

without us. So he 'd come with a most tremenjus crowd, and make such a row at the doors of the houses where we was that they used to be obligated to have no more to do with us and to give us up to him. And then he took us home and hammered us. Which, you see, Pip, were a drawback on my learning." Joe, under these circumstances, was set hard to work to support the drunken father; and "I kep' him," he adds, "till he went off in a purple'leptic fit. And it were my intentions to have had put upon his tombstone that Whatsume'er the failings on his part, Remember, reader, he were that good in his hart. . . . As I was saying, Pip, it were my intentions to have had it cut over him; but poetry costs money, cut it how you will, small or large, and it were not done. Not to mention bearers, all the money that could be spared were wanted for my mother. She were in poor 'elth, and quite broke. She were n't long of following, poor soul, and her share of peace come round at last." And he then goes on to give the reason why he submits to be so atrociously hespecked by his wife: "I see so much in my poor mother of a woman drudging and slaving and breaking her honest hart, and never getting no peace in her mortal days, that I'm dead afeard of going wrong in the way of not doing what 's right to a woman, and I'd fur rather of the two go wrong the t'other way, and be a little ill-convenienced myself." There is something almost sublime in the patience of this tender-hearted Vulcan, toiling day after day to support such a vixen Venus, neither expecting nor receiving the slightest recognition of his services, scorned, scolded, derided, and tormented by his termagant wife, and anxious only to save her brother Philip from the worst consequences of her senseless anger when she was on "the rampage." What can be better than his account of his courtship and marriage? "She was a fine figure of a woman, Pip, — a little redness, or a little matter of bone, here or there; what does it signify to me? . . . But when I got acquainted with your sister, it were the talk how she was bringing you

up by hand. . . . If you could have been aware how small and flabby and mean you was, dear me, you'd have formed the most contemptible opinions of yourself. . . . And when I offered to your sister to keep company, and be asked in church at such times as she was willing and ready to come to the forge, I said to her, 'And bring the poor little child. God bless the poor little child,' I said to your sister, 'there's room for *him* at the forge.' " The essential peculiarity and originality of Joe Gargery is that he is contented with the mere exercise of goodwill toward others. However unworthy may be the objects of his instinctive beneficence, and with whatever ingratitude his service may be requited, he is blind to everything except that the inborn necessity of his nature has found vent in some blundering words or efficient acts which rudely express his benevolent feelings. He is as perfectly unconscious of merit in saying and doing these grand things as he is of merit in breathing, in swinging his arms at his forge, or in exercising any other bodily function. The more the character is studied, the more profound and beautiful in essence it is found to be.

Among the many characters of the book, the uncle of Joe Gargery, the selfish, solemn, windy old donkey, Pumblechook, is deserving of special mention. He is asinine in soul,—a jackass who swindles humanity by assuming the human form, feloniously disregarding the gradual stages which the theory of development exacts in the structural transformation of species. Yet how delicious an ass Pumblechook is! Before Pip comes into his fortune, he is a tyrant; afterwards a sycophant; then again a hypocritical pretender; but always and ever an ass! The different members of the Pocket family who assemble in Miss Havisham's mansion, each toady anxious to excel the other in the grand object of being prominently named in that lady's will, are all well drawn; but we think there is one touch which is original in humorous nomenclature. Camilla is the sentimental lady among the numerous toadies gathered around the ghastly old

maid; she suffers, according to her own statement, immense agonies, by night and by day, in thinking of the unhappiness of Miss Havisham; and she constantly appeals to a husband, kept in the background, to sustain her asseverations of the distressing effects on her physical system occasioned by the intensity of her sympathies with the afflicted woman of whom she is ambitious to be the heir. The husband's name is Raymond, and she is legally Mrs. Raymond; but, as she is the dominant force in their domestic establishment, Dickens calls the husband Mr. Camilla. Is not this an entirely original stroke of humor, on a subject which has exercised the humorists of all generations? Certainly no satirist that we can call to mind, in indicating the (doubtless proper) subordination of the husband to the wife, has ever hit before on calling the male animal Mr. Jane, or Mr. Mary, or Mr. Betsy. Then there is Miss Sarah Pocket, "a little dry, brown, corrugated old woman, with a small face that might have been made of walnut-shells, and a large mouth like a cat's, without the whiskers." Mr. Wopsle is another marked character, a man magnificently impotent, with a resounding voice that proclaims his imbecility over a wider area than is reached by the lungs of other fools, and whose performance of Hamlet forms one of the most richly humorous of the many scenes in which Dickens has ridiculed the theatre and the actors of his time. And, finally, there is the father of Herbert Pocket's Clara, old Bill Barley, a bed-ridden, covetous, swearing scamp, who seeks to allay the torments of the gout by copious libations of rum flavored with pepper, and who is naturally indignant that this fiery medicine does not have the curative qualities which might reasonably be expected of it.

But it is needless to call further attention to the felicity with which Dickens instantly individualizes his least important characters. His power of imaginative description is exhibited in this romance in two quite remarkable instances: the first is in the opening chapters, where the boy Pip comes into rela-

tion with the escaped convict; the second is the account of the defeated attempt, in the fifty-fourth chapter, to get the convict safely out of England. Both are masterly. The incidental remarks, arising naturally in the course of the story, are frequently striking, in their quaint humor of pathos. Thus: "Mrs. Joe was a very clean housekeeper, but had an exquisite art of making her cleanliness more uncomfortable and unacceptable than dirt itself." Pip says: "I was always treated as if I had insisted on being born, in opposition to the dictates of reason, religion, and morality, and against the dissuading arguments of my best friends." Again: "I had seen the damp lying on the outside of my little window, as if some goblin had been crying there all night, and using the window for a pocket-handkerchief." Pip, as a boy, is surprised at the chalk scores against toppers on the wall at the side of the door of the village tavern. "They had been there," he says, "ever since I could remember, and had grown more than I had. But there was a quantity of chalk about our country, and perhaps the people neglected no opportunity of turning it to account." Everybody has heard of the rank which the great brewers of England obtain, from the husband of Dr. Johnson's Mrs. Thrale to the present Sir Something Bass. "I don't know," says Herbert Pocket, "why it should be a crack thing to be a brewer, but it is indisputable that while you cannot be genteel and bake, you may be as genteel as never was and brew." Indeed, all the eminent brewers are invariably members of Parliament. Bentley Drummle is described as a fellow so sulky that "he even took up a book as if its writer had done him an injury," a very admirable characterization of a whole class of critics. Pip fears that when Joe Gargery visits him in London the rustic may be seen in his company by Drummle, a person for whom he has the most profound contempt. "So," he says, "throughout our life, our worst weaknesses and meannesses are usually committed for the sake of people whom we most despise." This last remark

may have been stated before, but we remember no moralist who has given such pointed expression to a fact of universal experience. A large portion of the comedies and tragedies of life spring from our tendency to live beyond our means; and we live beyond our means merely to keep up a visiting acquaintance with persons whom we either positively hate or for whom we have not the slightest sympathy.

The plot of *Great Expectations* is more ingeniously complicated than any other of Dickens's novels except *Bleak House*. As the story came out in weekly installments, the general impression was that the concealed benefactor bent on enriching Pip was Miss Havisham; and when Magwitch, the convicted felon, announced himself as the person who had supplied the funds by which the blacksmith's apprentice had been converted into a fine young gentleman, he surprised most readers of the narrative as much as he surprised, horrified, and disgusted the recipient of his favors. When Dickens was once asked if those who met him daily in society guessed the secret of the story before it was disclosed, he answered that he had succeeded in putting every gentleman of his acquaintance on a false track, but that all the women with whom he conversed divined his purpose before the narrative had gone much beyond the introductory chapters, and were sure, in spite of his denials, that the escaped convict, whom Pip had supplied with a file and with meat and drink, was more likely to be his benefactor than the weird old maid, who used him as a plaything and as a victim. When the novel is read as a whole, we perceive how carefully the author had prepared us for the catastrophe; but it required feminine sagacity and insight to detect the secret on which the plot turns, as the novel first appeared in weekly parts. It is a pity that some woman has not solved the Mystery of Edwin Drood — a mystery which the author carried with him to the grave — as easily as all women, according to Dickens, solved the mystery of Pip's *Great Expectations*.

Edwin P. Whipple.

THE CHILD OF THE STATE.

JOSIE WELCH's mother was a widow, who worked in a cotton factory. Josie was six years old, and her brother Tommy was eight. All this meant that Mrs. Welch rose at half-past five in the morning, lit a hasty fire in the kitchen, made some tea and drank it, set some bread and butter on the table, in cold weather arranged the fire so it would keep along till noon, and then hurried to her work, leaving the children still in bed.

An hour or two later, Tommy, who was a methodical little soul, routed his sister and himself out of bed, when, without washing, they fell upon the bread and butter and devoured it. They then dressed themselves quite leisurely, although their toilet was a meagre one and included very little in the way of ablutions. Afterwards, Tommy took some of the bread and butter and carried it into the mill to his mother, for her breakfast. At the same time he took her a tin pail, filled the night before. She warmed the contents of this on the steam-pipes in the mill, and at twelve o'clock the children came to the factory and shared with her this made-over dinner, since the brief "nooning" did not give Mrs. Welch time to go home and warm her dinner there. A neighbor, at the widow's request, used to go into the house in the afternoon and replenish the fire, that the place might be warm when the children came home from school. Tommy and Josie went pretty regularly to school in cold weather, because it was warmer there than at home, where the fire their mother left often went out before the neighbor came in. They could not get at the cellar, where the fuel was kept, but sometimes they picked up sticks in a grove hard by, or stole from somebody's unguarded wood-pile, and kept up a very nice fire for themselves. However, there were not many unguarded wood-piles in that village.

The neighbors were kind, and welcomed the shivering little creatures to

their own firesides, in those families whose prosperity permitted that the mother or some elder daughter should stay at home from the mill.

At night, Mrs. Welch came home, gave the children their supper, swept and cleaned, washed dishes and clothes, and cooked far into the night; and then lay down for a few hours of heavy sleep.

Tommy and Josie were as good children as could be expected under the circumstances; but Josie had, even then, a restless and nervous organization. In a happier home her peculiarities would perhaps have been carefully studied, and all this fine, nervous force might have been trained and utilized. But Josie belonged to a stratum of society far below those in which exists the practice of such study and consideration. She often ran away from home and school, and got herself into endless scrapes.

A year or two of this sort of life went by, and Mrs. Welch suddenly died. A brother of her husband's took the children. Tommy, of course, prospered in his new home, and when he had nearly attained the age at which the law would allow him to work in the mill, being a well-grown lad, his uncle took him to the overseer, said he was old enough, and obtained employment for him.

Josie, equally of course, did not prosper in the keeping of her aunt. She did not love to tend her aunt's babies. She hated to wash dishes, with a hatred more intense, and perhaps not really more culpable, than that which is felt for this task by some more fortunate daughters of our common race. She did not enjoy the restrictions suddenly placed about her. They irked her greatly after the free street life she had led while her mother lived.

Josie had the instincts that in higher ranks of society are called Bohemian, and for which our many-sided civilization now begins to find respectable chance for action. In the lower strata of this

civilization, however, the pressure of circumstances and of life itself is so great that it bears down heavily on all such instincts, and frequently crushes and distorts them till they become impulses towards crime and outrage. The conscientious student of social life, and of the actual forces of nature and character which shape or deform social life, must often halt between two opinions, and be thankful if the horns of his dilemma are only two, as he questions whether the sovereign cure for many of the ills of humanity would be more liberty or more restraint, always meaning by restraint a control whose sources shall be inward, not outward.

It is the old problem which besets also the individual life. Are obstacles set in our way to warn us back from any special path, or that we may grow stronger by overcoming them as we go forward? Some there are who may decide whether they will go back or go on. Men and women who, like Mrs. Welch, labor eleven hours a day, in the stifling air of a great factory, have limitations to their freedom of will. Those men must eat and sleep away most of their leisure hours. Those women must often toil on in the home after the mill work is done. They cannot spend time and money to go out in search of healthful recreation. The devil surrounds them with sensual enjoyments only. Their jaded nerves respond most readily to such, and in factory villages but little effort is made, by what calls itself Christianity, to compete with Satan in his struggles for souls, or to prove his choice of pleasures an unwise one to the multitude.

So, in her new surroundings, Josie fared ill, and looked forward, in her childish brain, to faring worse. She had, perhaps, at best, a rather weak moral nature, and she experienced no dutiful desires to grow older, take her place in the factory, and do her part towards the support of herself and of her uncle's numerous progeny. She ran away very frequently, and would stay away for hours and cause endless trouble. Finally, one morning she disappeared and was not found till the next day. The child had

not yet got into any real harm, but she was certainly on the high road to ruin.

Her aunt, scandalized, provoked, and worn out, complained of her, had her arrested, poor little mite, taken before a magistrate, and sentenced to the Reform School. It was thus that, before she was ten years old, this unfortunate waif became the child of the State.

The institution in which Josie found herself contained generally about a hundred boys and from thirty to fifty girls, from seven or eight years old to twenty. The girls were sent there for all offenses, short of flagrant crime, which girls can commit. There was very little effort made at this time to classify or separate the older and more depraved inmates from those childish sinners who had drifted thither from sheer ill luck rather than through any fault of their own. At a later period, it became the custom, in that State, to send to an institution designed more especially for such characters all girls over sixteen, arrested for certain vices. When Josie Welch entered the Reform School, such offenders, if under twenty, were often confined there, to spread the contagion of their own polluted lives among the younger children. Yet among these little ones, even, were sometimes to be found strange and abnormal tendencies to evil, developed, generally, by an utterly uncared-for childhood.

Josie was but an innocent, excitable, restless child, with no moral training, when she was dropped into this hot-bed of vice. What were the means which the State provided to cure these soul-sick little children? An account of the daily routine of the school will suffice to tell the story of several years of Josie's life.

The girls rose at five. Their sleeping accommodations were pretty good, since never more than two occupied a room together, and in some cases separate apartments were provided. Nothing can be said in praise of the arrangements for bathing.

At half past five the girls went to school, sleepy and hungry. In the summer it was not so bad, with the dawning

light shining through the eastern windows and waking them up; but in winter doors and windows were shut, because the room was never very warm at that hour, the atmosphere was both chilly and close, and the children were stupid with sleepiness. At seven, the girls went to breakfast. At eight, they began to work. The older ones did the housework. One or two servants were employed in the immediate family of the superintendent, but all the rest of the work in that immense establishment, except, of course, the actual care of the part of the house which was occupied by the boys, was done by the girls. The little children and such of the larger ones as were not needed in the other household departments sewed and knit.

Since girls who have spent their minority in a Reform School are just the ones whom families are naturally and often rightly unwilling to take into service, the State kindly teaches these girls to do nothing well but domestic labor; the sewing and knitting which they learn being too coarse to serve as a resource to them in the struggle for a living which awaits them. The boys in the Reform School which we are describing are taught a trade. The girls are only qualified to do housework; but at the expiration of their term it is difficult for them to obtain places in families, and they are generally so demoralized that they cannot safely be admitted to households where there are children.

To return to the daily routine. The girls had a short recess in the forenoon, just long enough for them to move about a little, or, if they wished, to run out-of-doors. At noon they had dinner, and then began work again, which lasted till four, when they had supper. At five, they went into school and remained there till seven; and then were sent to bed. Thus, all their schooling came between supper and breakfast, and left time for a full day's work besides.

Josie did not learn much at school. She hated it, and she hated the long whitewashed corridors, and the little cooped-up yard where all the drying of clothes for the whole establishment was

done, so that the girls could seldom move freely about in it.

The boys had a large play ground. Josie could see it through a knot-hole she discovered in the fence. This knot-hole was her own peculiar property, her one great possession and secret. She told none of the other girls about it. She seldom looked through it lest they should see her. It was half hidden by one of the posts to the fence. The poor child had a great pride in this little secret of hers, and never dreamed what a fatal thing this knot-hole, with its outlook on forbidden grounds, was yet to be.

Josie hated the slow pace at which she always felt obliged to walk about the house and yard. The girls never ran there. The boys, on the other side of the fence, ran and tumbled each other about and shouted; but the girls, on their side, were always silent and slow of motion and sad of face, except when they quarreled among themselves. Even Josie, young as she was, felt that a doom was on them all, and could perceive the settled hopelessness which brooded over the faces of all the girls, whether they were otherwise bright or stupid.

One day a lady came to visit the school, and brought a dainty little girl with her. As they stood in the hall, Josie came in from recess.

The two children stared, open-eyed, at each other. The fair, curled darling of her mother looked at the close-cropped head, the dark, wild eyes, the sulky mouth, of the child of the State. Then, with a little pout of aversion and fear, the golden-haired one turned away, and an angry look came into Josie's face.

The mother, bending over her darling, coaxed and murmured to her a moment, till the little one turned back, with a sweet smile ran towards Josie, and pushed into her hand a tiny china doll, new that day and not yet dressed.

Josie took it awkwardly, but looked her wonder and delight, till the matron who stood near bade her thank the lady and the little girl; at which Josie, overcome with bashfulness, fled away to the sewing-room, tightly clutching her doll.

The matron would have followed and forced her to return, had not the lady mother interposed a smiling plea for the childish terror she well understood. Nevertheless, Josie was held for several days in high disgrace, and was frequently reminded of her bad manners "to that kind lady and sweet little girl." She was rather sorry when she reflected on her behavior, but she consoled herself by petting and playing with her doll, and teaching to it the polite methods of action in which she herself had failed.

She was very much afraid that the doll would take cold, as it had no clothes, and she tore off a strip from her only flannel petticoat to wrap it in. She was very happy when, soon after this, the day came for sorting over the rags of the household.

Through the year, all the rags which accumulated in the establishment were stuffed into great bags kept in the attic. Once a year these bags were brought down into the room which served as sewing and school room for the girls. They were emptied on the floor, and the girls were set to picking them over and sorting out the woolen and cotton pieces.

The regular daily routine was broken on this occasion, and the girls enjoyed the work hugely. Smiles lit up their heavy faces, and a visitor on that day might have been beguiled into a belief that the inmates of this Reform School were tolerably happy.

Josie's vagabond instincts reveled in this companionship of rags. She made precious discoveries in these motley heaps, such discoveries as can be made only by the eyes of childhood.

Here she found a bit of bright, new calico. How it contrasted with her own dingy, oft-washed, and faded gown! What tales it seemed to tell the child, whispering of possible luxury and of new dresses!— forever unattainable for her. Now she came across a tiny bit of red silk, and now a faded blue necktie was discerned among the rough débris of half a dozen gray cloth jackets, such as the boys wore.

Josie's soul burned within her. Her little heart throbbed with longing. She

thought of her gownless doll, and she grew bold. She went up to the matron in charge, and asked her if she might have some of these little pieces for herself. Fortunately, the matron knew not that the child had torn her petticoat, and was so touched by this seeming honesty that she gave permission, but told the little girl to bring for her inspection all the coveted pieces. Poor Josie brought so many that the matron, fearful of giving her too great happiness, was forced to tell her to choose six pieces from all, and put the rest in the common stock.

Such a time as the little girl had to choose! But at last she heaved a great sigh of mingled satisfaction and regret that the pleasant but puzzling task of choice was over. As she did so she heard some one speak to her, and looking up she saw with affright the superintendent of the school standing by her. He was an immense man, with an oily smile which played over a cruel mouth. Josie's fears were assuaged a little when she perceived that the voice which had addressed her came not from him, but from the lips of a lady by his side, — a lady with a tender face and sweet, deep eyes.

She bent over the startled child, and asked her gently what she meant to do with those pieces. Josie stammered something about dressing her doll. The lady smiled pleasantly, but the matron drawing near said that Josie would have to pay more attention to her sewing in the school before she would be able to sew very well for herself. Josie shrank away and sat down by a heap of rags, and turned it over with her little hands.

The lady looked at the soft, wild eyes of the child till a moist tenderness came into her own, and turning suddenly away she walked out into the corridor, and stood gazing out of the window over the yard, where the girls could not play because it was filled with clothes hung out to dry.

The superintendent followed her, and coming up said blandly, "You have now seen the whole of the institution, Mrs. Keyes."

"Yes," she answered, absently; then, after a moment's pause, she spoke quickly: "And I have seen many others like it. I have spent ten years studying the classes from which our reform schools, our houses of correction, and our jails are filled, and this is my conviction: that you take the children who are the worst born and bred in the world, and put them under circumstances which would render desperate, and consequently depraved, the best natures you could find. Your system is a failure, and you know it is."

The eyes of the superintendent contracted savagely for an instant. Then he said, as mildly as ever, "On the contrary, madam, a large proportion of the boys who leave this school go to earning their living honestly, and lead respectable lives."

"And the girls?"

"Oh, the girls! Well—the girls are a great deal worse. Women always are worse than men, you know, when they are bad. There's a peculiar devil in women, somehow, begging your pardon."

"You mean that you do not reform the girls," said the lady, curtly.

"No; there is no possibility of reforming the girls. It is merely a house of correction for them, and serves a very good purpose in keeping them out of mischief for a few years, at least."

"And you only reform more boys than girls," said Mrs. Keyes, with some indignant passion in her voice, "because you don't undertake to cure the girls of the same faults, and it is no matter, when they go out into the world, whether they have or acquire vices or not. No, there is another reason why you reform more boys. You treat them better, with more respect, and thus you inculcate self-respect in them. You teach them a useful trade. You give them a decent vocation to play in. You give them good seats at chapel. But what do you give to the girls to reform them? Vacant minds, a dismal present, and despair for the future. There's a peculiar devil in women, is there? You remember what the Bible says. You may sweep that chamber empty of devils as many times as you please, and they will come back, if

you put nothing else in the place. Take that child, in there, who had the rags for her doll. Anybody can see what a nervous, impressible, restless creature she is. If she is chained down to this life of hopeless monotony, without change and without chance, of course her feverish feelings will find an outlet in some wrong way."

The superintendent's face had grown black with anger as the lady went vehemently on, unheeding his wrath, and he spoke quickly and irritably: "They find it now. She's one of the worst and most unmanageable children we have in the school."

"I don't doubt it. What was she sent here for?"

"For running away from home."

"Poor little thing! Mr. Brewster, why should n't you take these girls out, one or two at a time, once in a while, to walk, as a reward of good behavior? You'd see if they would n't try to earn the privilege."

Whether the superintendent's anger would, at this juncture, have overcome his politeness, it is impossible to say, for just then he was called away by one of the officers to attend to some new guests, and Mrs. Keyes, meanwhile, having finished her visit, went her way sorrowfully and indignantly.

When the superintendent had finished with the later visitors he returned to the sewing-room and ordered Josie to put her cherished rags among the others. The child, in a furious passion, refused to do so. The matron interposed, rather fearfully. Mr. Brewster seized what pieces he could discover on the struggling girl's person, threw them into the general heap, and then dragged Josie away to one of the dormitories, where she was locked up for the rest of the day. She had, however, saved the blue necktie and a couple of bits of calico; and after she had regained her freedom she clothed her doll with these.

A few days later the torn state of her petticoat was discovered, and the missing fragment of flannel was traced to her doll's wardrobe. Josie managed to secrete and save the doll in the storm that

followed, but she herself suffered fresh disgrace and punishment. Her character seemed somewhat altered after this, and marks of desperation showed in her moods.

After Josie had been in the Reform School a year or two, she was taken out by a farmer's wife to help take care of the babies of the family. She could be returned at any time when Mrs. Faber saw fit. It was a happy, healthful season in Josie's life. She went to school part of the time, she tended the baby, she washed the dishes, and she rambled over the farm so much that she did not care to run away. But after a year and a half of this pleasant life, Mrs. Faber's oldest daughter came home from school to stay, and the mother had no more need of the services of the little alien.

The next place to which she was sent was in the city, and she did not do well there. At Mrs. Faber's she had been treated as a child of the house might have been. Here she was only a servant, and one to be specially watched and suspected, because she came from the Reform School. She soon merited all this suspicion, and in six months she was returned to the school with a character which caused the superintendent and teachers to watch her in their turn.

When she was fifteen she was once more launched out in life. Again she had a place on a farm. It was one of those sterile, hilly farms which abound in New England, where rocky pastures afford a scanty sustenance to the few cattle or sheep who wander among their gray, stony hillocks, and where huckleberry bushes grow in rampant profusion. There were old orchards scattered over this farm, where gnarled and aged apple-trees sprouted innumerable new shoots, which no careful hand ever pruned away. They were dark, twisted, uncanny trees, that in the spring-time of "apple years" burst forth into strange beauty, when rose-tinted blossoms covered every living twig and branch, and threw into dark shadow the dead, massive limbs that coiled about among the flowers, themselves ungarnished by green leaf, pink bud, or full white bloom.

But it was not in the beauty of the spring-time that Josie came to the farm. It was in the autumn, when golden-rod waved in every nook and cranny of the stony fields, and lined the wild, wandering roads with glory. Far round the farm stretched blue hills drenched deep with color in the autumnal haze, and the roads that traversed the valley and climbed the distant slopes seemed to lead straight up to heaven.

Josie was driven to the farm-house in the market-wagon in which Mr. Jacobs had come to the school for her. She got down at the door of the house and meekly followed her new master into the kitchen.

Mrs. Jacobs stood by the stove, frying doughnuts, and just as she turned round to look Josie over, the door from the woodshed beyond the kitchen opened, and a tall young fellow came in. His eyes fell on Josie, and she returned his glance boldly for a moment; then her lids drooped shyly, and she stood staring at the floor, while Mrs. Jacobs, the farmer, and the young man all brutally inspected her. Alas! Josie had not been educated in a school of refinement, and Charley Manton's rude gaze charmed while it abashed her.

What need to tell the story of the weeks that followed? Flossy Jacobs, a colorless blonde, was in love with Charley Manton, and had fancied her passion returned—as probably it was—till this girl from the Reform School crossed their path.

Charley was a minister's son, an orphan, now working for his board on Mr. Jacobs's farm. He was only eighteen, but he had lived a long life already; familiar with vice, he still paused on the threshold of crime. Some sudden fancy, perhaps for Flossy Jacobs's blue eyes, had prompted him to spend these weeks of the harvest season in honest labor; but he had begun to tire of it, and he had wild visions of an adventurous career in California or Mexico, upon which he meant soon to enter. He was cruelly selfish, but he possessed all the charm which sometimes belongs to strong, heartless natures.

I never saw Josie Welch but once, and

it was about this time. She was hardly full grown then, but she had a lithe, graceful form, masses of dark, waving hair, good features and complexion, cheeks and chin rounded, and lips a little full. Out from this immature, girlish face looked the saddest, softest, wildest dark eyes I ever saw. They haunted me for years. They have followed me ever since, seeming to beseech me to give language to their dumbness and tell their story. They seemed to understand so little, to want so much; but when I came to know the whole of Josie's life, they took upon themselves a new character, and to my imagination there was something awful and accusing in their remembered gaze. I could not put the memory of them away from me, and I learned, at last, that they were not meant to be forgotten.

Flossy Jacobs hated Josie, and in a few weeks this unfortunate girl was sent back to the Reform School. The morning the wretched outcast was to go, Flossy kept persistently by her side, to prevent the possibility of any sentimental leave-taking with Charley Manton. This young man, however, marched boldly up, where the two girls stood, at last, in the doorway, waiting for the farmer to come and unhitch the horse and drive Josie away over the wild roads, where the golden-rod had faded and fallen before the first frosts of winter.

Josie shivered with the cold and with the passion of pain and hatred in her tortured heart. Charley turned to Flossy and said, roughly, "Go in and get your blanket shawl, and lend it to Josie for the ride. She can send it back in the wagon. You've made a pretty mess, you have, but you need n't kill her with the cold. Go in, I say."

There was a blaze that boded evil in his eyes, and Flossy dared not, for her life, disobey him. He took Josie's hand and laughed a little bitterly. "You poor little wretch!" he said; "no more good times for you. Run away, if you get a chance, and I'll take you to Mexico with me." Then he stooped and kissed her, and, as he lifted his head, he saw Flossy's angry eyes behind Josie, as

she came along the entry with the shawl. He stepped forward to take the wrap, when she threw it at him in a fury. He laughed as he caught it, and took her firmly by the wrist.

"Mind what you say and do," he said in a fierce whisper. "I've stood all I will stand. There's two can play at telling. And your pa and your mam might not like all they'd hear."

Flossy turned away cowed, and Charley wrapped Josie up, half tenderly, and helped her ostentatiously into the wagon when the farmer came.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that when Mr. Jacobs returned that night from the city, he informed Charley that his services were no longer needed on the farm.

Josie went back to be watched and suspected, and to hate the whitewashed walls and the long corridors and the monotonous daily routine, the silent meals, the morning and the evening schools, the sense of suffocation everywhere, as she had never hated them before.

She was desperate, and yet she was nearer salvation than ever before in her life. Her love purified her, as love must purify. She had not been a bad girl, hitherto, but she had grown up among girls many of whom were of bad lives and vicious propensities. She had listened to their talk, she had laughed at their jokes, and had been contaminated by them. Now she shrank from their coarseness. She had read some pure stories of love and marriage while at Mr. Jacobs's. All the passion and all the purity of which she had read now filled her heart. She formed to herself an ideal that she would gladly be like for Charley Manton's sake. She believed he would marry her if he could, if she were free to go out to him in that wide, beautiful world of which, since her childhood, she had had such few glimpses. She would have given her life for him. She wanted at least to give him a pure heart. He was a minister's son, she knew; she had wild, foolish notions that he belonged to some half princely race; so high above her, alas, seemed any respectability of blood and breeding. She

felt that she must strain every nerve to be worthy of him.

It would, perhaps, have been a wiser effort of the conscience if she had tried to attain this worthiness by a strict compliance with the rules of the institution of which she was a member, and by a faithful service therein. But, possibly because her moral nature was weak, it never occurred to Josie that the Reform School really had any claim on her obedience or her loyal devotion. Certainly she never yielded any which she could avoid. She simply hated it all,—the routine, the superintendent, the teachers, the girls and their coarseness.

Many a night, when things had gone more wrong than usual through the day, when her unsubdued temper had shown itself in sulky looks, in muttered words, and impatient flashes of those dark eyes, when the matrons had been cross, when the washing—for Josie worked now in the laundry—had made her back ache intolerably, and when "marks" had crowded against her record, the unhappy child cried away long hours before she slept, smothering her sobs in the bed-clothes, so that her room mate should never guess her trouble.

The chapel of the school was a long, pleasant room, with a low platform at one end, having the speaker's desk on it. The boys, during services, sat in settees on the floor, facing this platform. Behind them, at the extreme end of the hall, was an elevated gallery shut off by a wooden fence rising some three or four feet. Into this pen the girls were marshaled on Sundays. The boys came into the hall first, from their part of the house, and took their seats on the floor, directly before the speaker. After they were seated, the door from the other side of the house, which led into the gallery, was opened, and the girls filed in. They were forbidden to look at the boys as they entered. When they sat down, those in the front rows could see the speaker over the fence if they took pains to look, but he could see little of them but the tops of their heads. The speakers who came there were sometimes ministers, sometimes gentlemen from the

city, who were interested in the school or in the classes of juvenile offenders from whose ranks it was recruited. They generally addressed their remarks to the boys. It was difficult for them to realize that those half-unseen girls thus set aside behind that wooden fence made part of their audience. They encouraged the boys to do well, and promised them an honorable future if they did. These gentlemen were usually too well informed to hold out to these boys the possibility of possessing the presidential office; still, the careers of Abraham Lincoln and Henry Wilson were sometimes too tempting to be wholly ignored. There was not much said to the girls. It was difficult for the most sanguine believer in the reformation wrought in the school, or the most hopeful observer of social phenomena, to picture any very bright future as attainable by these pariahs. Sometimes the speaker would remember that half-hidden audience behind the fence, and amid his exhortations to the boys would helplessly add, "and girls," and feel that his duty was done. The girls, in a vague way, knew and felt all these things. They rather liked the singing, but otherwise cared very little for the chapel services. One reason they liked the singing was that then they stood up and could look round among the boys,—though, of course, they were forbidden to,—and could even sometimes make stealthy signals to them. Whether those boys and girls could ever have been taught to behave quite properly in each other's presence may be a question; but certain it is that in the institution described here the only effort made was to keep the sexes apart, and no attempt whatever was put forth to teach them how to behave when they did come in contact.

It was thus, one Sunday morning, that, standing up to sing, Josie Welch saw Charley Manton in the chapel below her. His face was turned from her, of course. She saw only the back of his head and his broad shoulders, but she knew him. She felt a great dizzy throb. She grew faint and white, but happily there was no one near who cared enough for her to

notice her agitation. She watched him as a drowning man might watch a nearing sail. She looked at him as the rich man in hell might have looked into heaven when its gates opened before him, and heaven, safety, hope and happiness, all grew possible to her. She sang no more that day. She only looked. Even when they sat down again, and she could see him no more, she kept her eyes turned towards the part of the hall where he sat. She fancied the face she had not seen. She dreamed a thousand dreams in the short half hour before the service was over. Afterwards she began to wonder how Charley Manton, a minister's son, her imagined prince, came to be in the Reform School.

The facts were very simple. He had come to the city and eked out his living for some time by his wits, till he was finally arrested for some petty larceny. The judge before whom he was brought remembered his father, and sent him to the Reform School, although he was older than most boys when first condemned there. The judge hoped thereby to save his old friend's son from the disgrace of imprisonment in jail, and perhaps to break up in its beginning the career of crime on which the youth seemed about to enter.

Charley doubtless remembered that Josie was an inmate of this house, when he came there, but he made no effort to renew his acquaintance with her.

Josie, on her part, had recourse to the knot-hole she had found when a child. She spent all the minutes she could snatch from the vigilance of the teachers and the coarse observation of the girls staring through that hole into the boys' yard, hoping to see Charley pass. Several days elapsed before she saw him. When she did it was at a most favorable moment. He was absolutely alone on his side of the fence, and she on hers, and he was passing very near her. She put her lips to the hole and softly called, "Charley!" He heard her, sent his quick eyes roving round the yard, and in an instant spied the tiny opening. He went up to it.

"Who are you?" he said.

"Oh, don't you know me? I'm Josie."

"Yes, I thought so. Well, I don't see as I can shake hands with you or kiss you through this fence; but never mind; I'm glad to hear you, since I can't see you. I've been expecting you to make some demonstration."

Josie trembled at the sound of his voice. They whispered a moment more, and made some arrangement for talking there occasionally, and for slipping letters through when they dared not speak to each other. Then each turned back to the house, which, of course, they entered at different sides. Josie went to her work in the laundry, as happy a girl as ever lived.

Two weeks after this, the superintendent passed Charley Manton as at noon time he stood slouching in the door of the workshop. Mr. Brewster, though a very large man, had a soft, noiseless step, and for once Charley's vigilant senses were off their guard. The young man held a bit of paper in his hand, and was reading it, while a smile half-pleased, half-scornful, curved his handsome lips. The superintendent stepped suddenly up behind him and snatched the paper from him.

Charley turned with the spring of a tiger and with a loud oath; but when he saw who it was he stopped and stood still. The rage in the boy's eyes was matched by the triumphant and mocking glare in the master's orbs. Charley did not speak while the superintendent glanced rapidly over the paper. It was a letter signed "Josie."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Mr. Brewster. "Josie Welch! I knew that girl was up to something by her looks, and I've been on the watch for her. I heard you were at Mr. Jacobs's farm with her last fall, and I suspected her excitement was about you. Making love to her, are you? What do you want to do it for? It's pretty business for you."

"Oh, she does well enough to pass away the time here," answered Charley, with the look of a devil in his young face. "If I were out of here, I would n't take her to wipe my shoes."

The superintendent smiled appreciatively, pocketed the letter, and left Charley, who, as soon as he found himself alone, gave a long, sharp whistle, and said in a low tone, "So, you think that's up, do you, sir? We'll see."

This is a literal copy of Josie's letter, spelling, capital letters, and all, and it may serve to show the extent of the education likely to be acquired in the Reform School:—

DEER CHARLEY, — I got the pictures safe, thank you dont come heer never enny more. i shall cry all nite if i dont get letters or see you thru the hole but it is nt safe, i know the super is looking out for us. I can feel myself get red whenever i see him. I dont care what he does to me if he finds out but he would flog you dredfully and i dont want to get you in enny trouble. i love you all the same deer Charley, so no more at present from
JOSIE.

With this epistle in his pocket, the superintendent marched directly to the laundry, and waited a few minutes till the girls came in with the matron to begin their afternoon work. Josie started guiltily when she saw Mr. Brewster, but proceeded quietly to the ironing-table, where she took out one of his shirts and began to press it. He loitered about the room a moment, spoke to one or two of the other girls, and exchanged a few words with the matron, and then said suddenly, in a loud, clear voice, "Josie Welch, come here with me."

She set down her iron, threw one frightened glance at the matron, turned violently red, then grew white as a corpse, placed one hand on the ironing-board and steadied herself a second, and then followed him without a word.

He led her through one or two entries to a large empty room, sometimes used to store wood. Like the laundry they had just left it was in the basement, and it had whitewashed walls and a stone floor. When they had entered the room he locked both the doors leading from it, and then looked at the girl with cruel steadiness and said, "I want you to

give me the letter you have had from Charley Manton."

"I have not had any letter."

"Oh," he sneered, "perhaps you don't know who Charley Manton is!"

"I knew somebody named that when I was out on trial."

"You did n't know he was in the school?"

"No, sir."

"Well, he is. Birds of a feather flock together, you know. And I want the letter he's sent you."

"He has n't sent me none."

"And you have n't seen him or spoken to him since he's been here?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Before God, I have n't!" cried Josie. Her face was dogged and hopeless, but determined.

The superintendent drew from under his coat a rattan, and struck her three or four times. She winced horribly, and grew whiter still with pain and fear, but she did not cry out. Then he crunched his teeth, and brought his lower jaw forward, while a murderous look came into his eyes, and catching her hand he said, "I know you've got a letter from Charley Manton. I've got your letter to him in my pocket. If you don't give me the one you have, I'll get a larger rattan and flog you till you do."

She put her hand in her bosom and drew out a little package. He seized it from her, and turned it over contemptuously. There were three or four little colored prints wrapped in a bit of white paper, but no writing anywhere. If Josie had any letters from Charley she had hidden them. The superintendent tore the pictures, which were innocent enough, into pieces, and stuffed the bits into his pocket. Josie could willingly have murdered him that moment, and she looked so.

"You need n't make a fool of yourself over that fellow," said he, meeting her furious dark eyes with his own. "He does n't care anything about you; he told me so. He said if he were out of this place, he would n't take you to wipe his shoes."

"I don't believe," answered the girl, "that he said any such thing."

Mr. Brewster stared at her for a moment, and he picked up the rattan which had dropped on the floor; but then he gave a short laugh, and said, "Go back to your work now, and mind what you do after this."

A few days later, the judge who had sentenced Charley Manton to the Reform School prevailed on the authorities to consent that he should go out on trial, with far less restriction placed about him than was usual in the cases of inmates of the Reform School sent out before the expiration of their term of sentence. But the influence of Charley's friends and the fact that he was of such good family operated powerfully in his favor. He was put at work in a machine-shop, a few miles from the city, and he boarded in a respectable family.

Josie, disgraced and suspected, remained in the school, undergoing many physical hardships and a mental torture which strained her nerves to their utmost, till at last an outbreak came.

It was a chilly morning in March, when Josie took down to the laundry a plant which Charley Manton had given her at the farm, the fall before. The pot which contained it was too small for it, and she delayed her work a few minutes to transplant it into a little box she had found in the yard. The laundry matron came in just then, and, happening to feel cross herself, as she passed Josie she caught the plant from the girl's hand, and flung it into the stove. Josie gave a cry like that of some wild beast in pain, and darting forward seized it from the flames, put it back in the box and smoothed the earth around its roots, her hands trembling with excitement. The matron pushed her aside, took box and plant, opened the window, and tossed them out into the frosty air. "Go to work, Josie Welch!" she said.

Josie stood still one second, then, panting and struggling as with some unseen evil spirit, she rained forth curses. She grew dark in the face, her breath came hard, and she sprang furiously at the matron, who darted aside and called out,

"Susy Jones, go for Mr. Brewster!" Then Josie burst into a peal of laughter more horrible than her ravings; scream followed scream, after her laughter died away; she made no further attack on the matron.

"Susy," cried that woman again, as she saw the other girls, Susy among them, standing motionless around.

Josie's own cries brought the superintendent there. He came up to her and attempted to take her arm. She dashed herself on him, like a wild cat. He seized a basin that stood near a tub of cold water, and filling it again and again threw the chilly flood over her. She broke loose from his grasp. He pursued and caught her, dragged her back to the tub, and poured the water over her while she gasped and struggled. Choked and breathless, her sight growing dim, a horrible agony in all her frame, she groped in blind fury, while the icy water still dashed relentlessly over her, until she caught hold of the basin and threw her whole weight upon it, to drag it from her tormentor. He pulled it back and hit her under the chin with such force that she nearly bit her tongue off. Her mouth filled with blood, which poured out and stained his hands. He saw his advantage over the dizzy, half-stunned girl, and followed it up. Josie fell reeling to the floor. He said, afterwards, that she fell down herself. The frightened girls who witnessed the scene always said he struck her again with the basin and knocked her down.

They took her to her room and locked her up for three days. For a week she could not talk, because of the blood which poured into her mouth, and she was able to eat only enough to keep her alive.

One day before she was released from her room, two of the matrons came in and told her to sit down, for they were going to cut her hair off. She looked imploringly at them, and saw that entreaty and protest would be alike vain. She submitted, and they sheared her beautiful dark hair short, and then made a clumsy attempt to shingle it. No reason was assigned for this act, but Josie

supposed it was intended for punishment. She wept bitterly at first for the loss of her lovely hair, but her shorn head soon suggested to her a daring idea.

She went back to her work in the laundry, and began to secrete occasional articles of male clothing. She had ripped open the mattress of her bed and she hid them in that. One day she found a large heap of clothing brought into the sewing-room to be mended. She was alone, and she stole from the pile a pair of trousers. She coveted a jacket, but dared not take that also, lest she should be discovered.

It happened that she had then a room by herself. She rose at twelve o'clock that night, dressed herself rapidly, and stood in the starlight at last, in shirt and trousers, looking like a delicate, pretty boy. She took the sheets from her bed and tossed them through the transom over the locked door of her chamber. She stuffed her shoes into her shirt, climbed out herself, and glided like a shadow past the doors of the other dormitories, and reached the window at the end of the corridor. She pushed up the sash and looked out. Fifteen feet below was the roof of the front porch.

She looked down till she felt dizzy, then took the sheets, tied them securely together, fastened one end to the blind, and, without stopping to think, swung herself out. The blind creaked horribly. She dropped close by the window of the superintendent's room, and, as she gathered herself up, she heard sounds within as of some one stirring in sleep, — waking, perhaps, at the noise she had made!

She stood up, and stared with her beautiful wild eyes into his room. A low light burned there, and she saw him tossing on his bed. What kept him from fully waking, God only knows. Perhaps it would have been better, even, for hapless Josie, if he had awakened.

She threw her arm up as she turned away, and in a low murmur called down a dreadful curse upon the sleeper's head. She went to the edge of the piazza and again looked down. The pillars that supported the roof of the porch were too

large for her to clasp. The sheets dangled helplessly in front of that window behind her. She saw, at last, the pipe — a large, strong one — which drained the eaves. It ran down by the column. She swung herself over, and clinging desperately to the pipe, and bracing herself against the pillar, after some dizzy, desperate struggles she found herself on the ground in the front yard. She easily made her escape from this small inclosure; climbing a low fence, and dropping into the street, she ran out into the free, horrible darkness of the night.

The gray, chilly dawn was close at hand when, shivering and faint, Josie crouched by the roadside, in the suburbs of a large manufacturing town, in the neighborhood of the city she had left. After a night of terror and excitement, the early morning often brings to jaded nerves and brain a peculiar sense of suffering and discouragement. Josie felt that the broadening light was creeping on solely to discover her to all the lingering police, who would be, she knew, on her track that day; she was bitterly cold, and, covering her face with her hands, she crept yet closer to the fence, and sobbed and cried. Her hour of heroism was over, and the hour of despair had struck. Just then she heard a quick step sounding near her, and, starting up, she saw Charley Manton. She flung herself toward him with a cry of unutterable gladness.

"Hulloa!" he exclaimed. "What's all this?"

"Oh, Charley!" sobbing wildly and clinging to him.

"Well, this is a pretty piece of work. You've run away, I suppose. Plucky, on my word, and you've turned into a boy." He pushed her off half roughly, so he could look at her. "Well, you don't act much like a boy. You need n't flatter yourself. You'd better get into petticoats again. Your disguise is not a success. You poor little fool!"

"I want to go somewhere and get work, where they can't find me," sobbed she, with a desperate effort to assert a maidenly pride, and act as if she did not mean to throw herself wholly on his

protection. Poor child, where had she learned maidenliness, among the bold young boys and girls at the Reform School!

"How can you get work till you've got a dress? It's no use for you to try to get a place as a boy. You could n't deceive anybody twenty-four hours."

"I'll go to my uncle," she said.

"Do you know where he is? And do you think your aunt will be glad to see you back again? Have they taken much pains about you these six years?"

"I've got a brother."

"Yes, I know it. He did work here. He enlisted in the navy a month ago, and his ship has sailed."

"You know that? Then," she cried, "you know where my uncle is?"

"Your uncle, Josie, is dead. Your aunt has married again."

"Why did n't you tell me this before?"

"Oh," he laughed, "I wanted to see what your ideas of action were."

"Oh, Charley, what can I do?"

"Why, I guess we can manage you. Come with me; I'll take care of you."

She drew back a little, and said, "I don't want to go with you unless" —

"Unless what?"

"You know what," she stammered. "I ain't a bad girl. You know I ain't, Charley. You would n't have liked me if I had been."

"Well, is it going to make you a bad girl to go with me? Come, don't be too stuck-up."

"I'd rather get work."

"Try it, and see if you can. You're a Reform School girl. That's enough against you."

"They won't ask where I'm from, at a factory."

"And you understand factory work?"

"No, but I can learn."

"Do you mean to ask for a girl's work, or a boy's?"

Josie was silent. Why had she not brought her dress with her from the Reform School? It might have saved her now.

"You know," went on Charley, "that if you're found out you'll be taken back

to the school, and you know what'll happen to you then; and you'll be found out, as sure as you try for work."

"Oh," said Josie shuddering, "the superintendent has used me awful."

"I don't doubt it, the old brute! Come with me, and I'll fix it. Why should n't you come with me? Ain't I your best friend?"

His eyes were magnetic as he fixed them on her, and this faint touch of tenderness in his speech set her to sobbing afresh. In a moment, she raised her head, fixed on him her lovely eyes, from which looked forth a soul's last appeal, and with a sweet, steady sadness she said, "Will you marry me, Charley?"

He laughed: "Oh, may be so. Come on, there's a good girl. Hurry up, midget. There'll be a *million* people in the street in a few minutes! The whole town is waking up. There'll be a devil of a row if you're caught here."

She heaved a long, shivering sigh, and followed him.

Seven years afterwards, Mrs. Faber visited the house of correction. It was Sunday, and the inmates were assembled in the chapel, — vagrants, drunkards, prostitutes, men and women out of whom debauchery seemed to have stamped the last spark of divinity, almost of humanity. The good country woman shuddered as she glanced around. She had come to see the institution from mere curiosity, but that feeling shrank back abashed before the horrible reality of what she saw. As she looked around she perceived, at last, among the women, a girl in whose face was something strangely familiar. Those dusky eyes seemed to start up from some cloudy past and stare at her through clearing mists. Mrs. Faber beckoned to one of the officials, who came to her during some pause in the services.

"What is that girl's name?" she asked, "the dark one who sits third on the second seat from the front. The one with a scarlet ribbon at her throat."

"Oh, Josie Burns she calls herself. I don't suppose it is her real name."

"Do you know anything about her?"

"Not much. She grew up in the Reform School at —, she says. She's rather refined and gentle in her ways, except when she's angry. She has a quick temper, and I guess she's quite a desperate character. She says she has one or two children, and sometimes she says she's had to live as she has to support them, but I presume that's all lies. You can't tell much by what any of these women say."

"What will become of her children, if she has any?"

"It's rather sad to think of, but the girls will grow up like her, probably, and the boys will become thieves and tramps, most likely. Such women are the mothers of criminals."

"Is she here for long?"

"Six months, and she's been here three. It's quite a story. She threw herself under the railroad train as it was coming out of the station, and was just pulled off the track in time to save her, and then, as there did n't seem to be anything else to do with her, she was sent here."

"And where can her children be?"

"I don't believe she has any; but she says she had got them places, and thought she'd take herself out of the way. Do you know her?"

"She reminds me of a little girl I took once from that Reform School, but it's not the same name."

"I dare say it is she. They change their names a dozen times, and sometimes they really get married besides."

"I should like to speak to her after the services are over."

"Oh, certainly."

As the women were about to leave the chapel, Mrs. Faber went up to the one who had roused her interest, and said to her simply, "Are n't you Josie Welch?"

"Yes," answered the girl, "and you are Mrs. Faber, that I used to live with. I had a very good time at your house, and you were very kind to me."

"Oh, Josie," said Mrs. Faber, half crying, "I am so sorry to see you here. Such a nice little girl as you were."

No tears stood in Josie's hopeless eyes, even when she saw the kindly drops in the other's eyes.

"Thank you," she said. "It would have been better for me if I could have stayed with you always."

"I wish you had," sobbed Mrs. Faber. Josie smiled slowly; it was so many ages too late for such a wish!

"Oh, Josie!" cried Mrs. Faber, after a moment more, "they tell me you threw yourself under the train. How could you?"

"I was drunk," answered the girl in a hard, cold voice, "and I thought, besides, if I did so, may be Charley Mantion would hear of it some day."

S. A. L. E. M.

ARE TITLES AND DEBTS PROPERTY?

EVERY one who has had any experience knows that nothing is more difficult than to attempt to excite popular interest in any question involving social, political, or moral reforms by presenting and arguing the matter abstractly. People in general act very much like the crows in the fable. So long as the wood-chopper and his sons talked about cutting down the trees, the crows did

not much concern themselves; but when the blows of the axe began to be heard in their immediate vicinity, the question of changing their roosting-place became a matter of practical individual importance. For centuries the church has denounced war, and yet there was really no effectual obstacle interposed to war until the mercantile interests found out by experience that it was for their

pocket interests to have peace. Slavery, also, so long as it was maintained at a distance, moved but comparatively few in the free States to active efforts for its abolition; but slavery practically illustrated by men and women fleeing from bondage and appealing personally to individual sympathies for succor and protection soon roused a nation to irresistible indignation and opposition. And so in respect to the evils of injudicious taxation. That there are evils, that their toleration makes sinners faster than the pulpit can make saints, that they sap the foundations alike of public morality and national prosperity, and unequally affect the distribution of the results of industry is not disputed. But the difficulty here, as with other similar moral and economic questions, is that actual illustrations, involving time and place, and specific details and effects, are not readily obtainable; and without them argument goes for little. It is a matter of congratulation, therefore, that in the course of events a case has recently occurred which practically and clearly brings before the public the full bearing and effect of the present generally accepted theory of state taxation, and involves at the same time details of interest adequate, it would seem, to command the attention of all interested in having good government, just laws, and continuous economic progress. In what this case consists, it is now proposed to tell; and then to consider what inferences in the way of economic principle, law, and equity are deducible from it.

STATEMENT OF THE CASE.

In 1869, or previous, Charles W. Kirtland, a citizen of Woodbury, Litchfield County, Connecticut, loaned money, through an agent, a resident and citizen of Illinois, on bonds secured by deeds of trust on real estate in the city of Chicago. Each of these bonds declared "that it was made under and is in all respects to be construed by the laws of the State of Illinois;" and that the principal and interest of the obligation were payable in the city of Chicago. The deed of trust

also contained a provision that all taxes and assessments on the property conveyed should be paid by the obligor (borrower) without abatement on account of the mortgage lien; that the property might be sold at auction, in Chicago, by the trustee, in case of any default of payment, and that a good title, free from any right of redemption, on the part of the obligor, might in that case be given by the trustee. Another interesting feature of the case, not to be overlooked, was, that pending the proceedings to be next related, the loans as originally made became due and were paid; when the proceeds, without being removed from Illinois and returned to Mr. Kirtland in Connecticut, were reinvested in Chicago by his agent, under terms and conditions as before.

These facts becoming known to the tax officials of the town of Woodbury, they added in 1869 to the list of property returned by Kirtland for the purpose of taxation, as situated within the State, the sum of eighteen thousand dollars; and in 1870 the sum of twenty thousand dollars, to represent the amount of property owned and loaned by Kirtland, in each of these years, as was conceded, without the territory of the State. The sums thus added were subsequently assessed in the town of Woodbury in the same manner and at the same rate as was other property which Mr. Kirtland owned within the State and there situated.

Payment of the taxes thus assessed on the amount of these Illinois loans being refused by Kirtland, the tax collector (Hotchkiss), in April, 1873, levied his tax warrants on the real estate of the alleged delinquent in Woodbury, and advertised the same for sale; and on petition for injunction to restrain the collector from such proceedings, on the ground of the illegality of the tax in question and its assessment, the case came for the first time before one of the inferior courts (the superior) of Connecticut. There, upon hearing, it being agreed by all parties concerned that the only question in the case was whether the bonds owned by Kirtland, drawn in

the form and secured in the manner stated, were liable to taxation in Connecticut, the cause, by agreement, was referred (for advice) to the court of last appeal in the State, known as the Supreme Court of Errors, a temporary injunction, in accordance with the prayer of the petitioner, being at the same time granted. After further hearing and argument, this latter court, in June, 1875, dismissed the petition and dissolved the injunction, one judge (Foster) out of a full bench of five alone dissenting. Sent back to the superior court, the record of the case was then on motion transmitted again to the Court of Errors for revision of errors in respect to involved questions of constitutional law; and the decision being here again adverse (the judges dividing as before), the case was next appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, on the docket of which it now stands entered for trial in order. With this brief statement of the origin of a case (*Kirtland v. Hotchkiss*) which is certain to become historical, inasmuch as according to the future decision of the United States Supreme Court in respect to it, the arbitrary, unjust, and economically unsound system of taxation at present existing in most of the States will either receive a new lease of life and continuance, or else be so far broken in upon and changed as to necessitate a new and better system, attention is next asked to the economic and constitutional questions involved in the case, and to the light which their discussion sheds upon the general principles of taxation and upon the sphere within which the several States of the Union, under the federal compact, are limited in their exercise of this function. And in this discussion, little more can be attempted or achieved than to follow and enlarge upon the opinion of the single dissenting judge of the Connecticut Court of Errors (Hon. L. F. S. Foster, formerly president of the senate and acting vice-president of the United States), which in point of legal and economic wisdom, and cogency and clearness of reasoning, is confessedly equal to any

similar opinion that has heretofore emanated from the Connecticut bench. (See Connecticut Reports, 1876, vol. xlii., part ii.)

THE QUESTIONS OF INTEREST INVOLVED.

A very cursory examination will satisfy that the questions of interest and importance involved in this case are mainly as follows: *First*, Was the debt due Kirtland from a citizen of Illinois property; or is any debt—abstract or particular—ever entitled, from a rational and politico-economic point of view, to be thus considered and treated? We say from a rational and economic point of view, because a complete sovereignty may, if it please, enact that black is white, and compel all persons within its jurisdiction to act in conformity with the enactment. *Second*, Did jurisdiction over the person of Kirtland by the State of Connecticut warrant the assumption that the State had jurisdiction over his transactions in Illinois, and that a debt due him from a citizen of Illinois had its *situs* in Connecticut and was so made subject to such laws as that State might enact in respect to taxation?

The first of these questions in turn involves a discussion of some interesting points in political economy; and the second, of the nature and sphere, under the federal compact, of state sovereignty and jurisdiction.

The Connecticut Court of Errors, with these questions clearly before them, decided first, that a debt was property; second, that the statutes of Connecticut, so naming and defining them, expressly subjected to taxation within the State all debts due citizens of Connecticut from parties without the State; and finally, reasoning, as the court expressed it,—“in the absence of any provision limiting and defining taxation in the constitution of Connecticut,”—from “principles of natural right and justice,” that the power to thus tax was legitimately inherent in the legislature of the State, and was by them lawfully exercised.

Following the path which the Con-

necticut court said should be taken, it is now proposed to inquire whether the conclusions the court arrived at were really in consonance, as claimed, with the principles of "natural right and justice;" and for this purpose consideration is first asked to the question, *Are debts property?* And, as helping to its correct answer, it is important to attempt to obtain at the outset what courts, legislators, lawyers, many writers on economic subjects, and the public generally, as proved by their decisions, enactments, and reasonings, do not now possess, namely, a clear conception and idea of the exact nature of property, or rather of what property consists.

WHAT IS PROPERTY?

All investigation on this subject can, it is believed, lead to but one conclusion, and that is that *property is always a physical actuality, with inhering rights or titles, the product solely of labor, and is always measured in respect to value and for exchange by labor.* Thus, for example, a fish free in the ocean is not property; but when it has been caught through the instrumentality of labor, it becomes property. Property, furthermore, cannot be created, except by an application of labor of some kind to material substances, which because they are substances and in order to be substances must have both a *corpus*, or an entity, and a *situs*, or a situation. It is interesting also to note in this connection how the etymology of the Latin words *possessus* and *possideo*, namely, *po* and *sideo*, to sit by or on, and from which in turn we have the English word *possession*, — the common definition of property being something possessed, — curiously harmonize with and confirm the conclusion that property must be always a physical actuality. For it is clear that it is only a material something, a visible and tangible entity, that one can sit down on, and not an invisible, intangible nothing, the fiction of law or of the imagination.

Property, therefore, is not only always a physical actuality, but, to borrow

the language of Judge Foster, is also always "*embodied or accumulated labor.*" And as political economy does not, and jurisprudence ought not, take cognizance of *chateaux en Espagne*, these are the only senses in which political economy and the law can legitimately reason about property.

Examples of property which is apparently not the result of accumulated or of any labor, and so militating against these conclusions, will doubtless suggest themselves: such, for instance, as a diamond found upon the sea-shore, land squatted upon and obtained by preëmption, bank-stock, patent rights, copyrights, annuities obtained by gift or purchase, franchises, monopolies, and debts; but an examination will soon prove that the objections embodied in them are more specious than real. Thus, in the case of the diamond accidentally picked up, which is perhaps one of the most striking of all the examples that can be adduced in favor of the position that property can come into existence without the agency of labor, it may be said: first, that an exceptional fact like this cannot constitute an adequate basis for the enunciation of a principle; and, next, that the value of this accidental diamond is solely determined by and represents the value of the labor which has been required to obtain all other existing diamonds. The moment the fact ceases to be exceptional, the moment diamonds can be had in abundance by merely picking them up, that moment their value will simply represent the cost of the physical effort requisite to pick them up. Again, if land squatted upon has any value as property whatever in the first instance, it is because it is the embodiment of the labor required to discover it, to conquer it, to defend and protect it; to effect all of which, taxes, which are the results of labor, may have been paid for centuries. If it acquires any additional value beyond this, after it has been squatted upon, it will be simply because the results of labor have become connected with it, or the value of other land or other property the products of labor, for the

use of which labor competes, are reflected upon it. In 1620 the land upon which the city of Boston stands could have been bought for a string of sea-shells. In 1877 its value as property was possibly six hundred million dollars. But in both instances the valuation was determined by one and the same standard: in the first, by the amount of labor required to collect and string the shells; and in the second, by the amount of labor and capital — which is the result of labor — which has been embodied in the land or become connected with it. Take away the labor and its accumulated results, and the site of Boston will be worth no more in 1877 than it was in 1628, when William Blackstone first obtained it.

Analyze next the alleged property in bank-stock. The coin in the vaults of the bank, the vaults, the building, the books, the furniture, and other physical actualities — the results of labor — employed in transacting the business of banking are the real property of the bank. The bank-stock, so long as the bank exists, is merely a right to receive dividends. The creation of a bank obviously does not create any property. The notes discounted by the bank over its counter are inchoate titles to the debtor's property or to his equitable rights to property; and the notes issued by the bank are inchoate titles to the bank's property or to its equitable rights to property. The bank, apart from its physical actualities and machinery, is simply a ledger recording credits and debits. But credits and debits are only convenient forms of book-keeping, or the records of transfers of property and of rights, titles, and interests in property preëxisting. Credits and debits, moreover, stand to each other in the relation of an equation. There can be no credit without a debit, and no debit without a credit; strike out one side of the equation, and the other disappears of necessity. If there were no creditors there could be no debtors, and, *vice versa*, the moment debtors cease to be debtors, that same moment creditors cease to be creditors.

Copyrights and patents are simply leg-

islative enactments to protect preëxisting property. A manuscript, a painting, or an invention is the joint product of physical and intellectual labor, which the copyright or patent right protects, the same as other forms of law protect other visible and tangible property from robbery and spoliation. The relation which these instrumentalities sustain to property is clearly indicated by asking the question whether there can be such a thing as a patent granted for what has never been reduced to a physical actuality; or a copyright given for the flight of fancy of a poet not embodied in the materiality of a manuscript or in the pages of a printed book? John Milton sold *Paradise Lost* to Samuel Simmons, bookseller, for *five* pounds ready money; but Gray's "mute, inglorious Miltons," who only imagined and never wrote, could never have obtained a copyright or any money offer whatever, no, not even reputation, for their imaginings, though for all that the world knows they might have been infinitely superior to the Milton who became glorious because he was not mute, in all that relates to mental attainment. It is also exceedingly curious to note how Shakespeare, whose range and accuracy of knowledge were so wonderful, clearly perceived and as clearly expressed the whole essence of modern political economy and jurisprudence in respect to this immediate problem when in the following lines from *Midsummer's-Night's Dream* he says: —

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

In other words, according to Shakespeare, as well as according to political economy and common sense, however brilliant may be the imagination of the poet or inventor, he has no property in his ideas or imaginings until he has reduced them through labor to an actuality. And then the value of the actuality produced for the purpose of exchange or sale will, provided there is a copyright or a patent to prevent use without compen-

sation, be just in proportion to the effectiveness or desirability of the labor exerted. The standard for measuring the value of the work of a Shakespeare, a James Watt, and a street sweeper is one and the same.

Again, an annuity, like a bank-stock, is a right to receive property, the result of previously accumulated labor, and its transfer by sale or bequest is simply a transfer of an equitable right; and a right of this character, in turn, is not property, but a title to preëxisting property. So, also, in respect to *franchises*, which although often spoken of and regarded as property are clearly nothing but rights. Thus, for example, a franchise of a railroad is simply a right to operate a road in a particular manner; and a legislature cannot and does not create a railroad by creating or granting a franchise. At the same time, the value of a physical actuality may undoubtedly be increased by a franchise which gives a right to use such actuality in a particular way. A monopoly, also, like a franchise, is valuable, but its value consists in the fact that it gives to certain persons privileges that are taken from others, and the making of a monopoly no more creates property than does the making of a franchise.

Some persons, whose opinions are worthy of respect, have raised a point in discussing this question, that there is a distinction to be recognized between property and capital; and that both in law and political economy the latter does not necessarily conform to the definition that has been here given to the former. But can there be such a thing as capital which does not represent a physical actuality in the sense of embodied labor? Capital is the interest of a person in embodied labor over and above his debts, or his interest in legal or equitable rights to embodied labor, and can have no value, and is merely imaginary, except it has the right, title, or power to command embodied labor, or to exercise dominion over property the result of labor. All that we labor and toil for is embodied labor. We will not give our labor for the "baseless fabric of a vision," or our accumulated labor for the dreamy crea-

tions of a Berkeley or the imaginary castles of poets, except so far as they make them manifest in material forms or writings.

By some, also, the forces of nature are regarded as property; but they are not so until dominated over and subjugated by man; and then only do they acquire value and become negotiable and subject to proprietorship. Gravity and electricity, as free forces, are incapable of sale and taxation; nor can they in any rational view be considered as property.

WHAT ARE TITLES TO PROPERTY?

But while political economy recognizes nothing as property except physical actualities, the law, for the sake of convenience, has so long treated titles as conveying the same ideas as property that the profession and the public have very generally come to regard the two as equivalent or identical. Consideration is, therefore, next asked to this point.

Property being embodied and accumulated labor, it becomes endowed in all places where the rights of labor are recognized with the attributes and incidents of titles or evidence of just ownership or possession — inchoate, legal or equitable — which inhere in the property, follow it, and form a component part of it wherever found. The fact that the ownership, interest, or title of a non-resident, as, for example, Mr. Kirtland's bond and mortgage title to his debtor's property in Illinois, can be extinguished in the real and personal property of the debtor by attachment or other process of law in the State where the debtor resides, and where his visible, tangible property has a situs, also leads up to and establishes as a principle of law that *titles or incumbrances are connected with the owner, but inhere in the property, where the property is actually situated, as incidents, form a part and are inseparable from it, and include the equitable title or right of the creditor in the debtor's unsold and unincumbered property, but are not themselves property.* Some economists begot themselves on this subject by first defining property as anything that can be bought and sold,

and then, since a title — as, for example, a deed — can be bought and sold, accept the inference that a title is necessarily property. But let us analyze this definition and assumption. We can, without doubt, sell and deliver a deed to a farm; but what is sold in such instances is the farm, including a right, — a right to dominion over it. But it may be rejoined that a right of dominion is property. Let us, therefore, carry the analysis a little further. If a farm in Illinois is property in the State where it is and where it is taxed, any right or title to the same farm, held in Connecticut, be it in the nature of a deed, a mortgage, a partnership interest, or any other form of title, cannot be the property; for the same thing certainly cannot be property in two separate States and jurisdictions, and in two distinct forms and manifestations, at the same time. On the other hand, if it be assumed that the title to the farm, whatever it may be, is the property, and as such can rightfully be taxed where it is, then it stands to reason that the subject of the title — the farm in Illinois — ought not to be also regarded as property and taxed in Illinois. In other words, if the title to the farm is property, then the farm is not really in Illinois at all, unless the owner of the title resides there, but, "wonderful to relate," goes out of that State in the pocket of the individual who walks off with the title to it. We have all heard of such concentration of meat that all that is valuable in an ox for food can be put into a quart can; but such a concentration of property as is here supposed is something far more remarkable, and admits of a man having a drove of oxen in his hand, ten acres of woodland in the crown of his hat, a church with a long steeple in one coat pocket, and a four-story brick block, with possibly a mill privilege, in the other. It is also important to note that while a deed to realty, properly executed and recorded, is regarded as the highest form of title, we have the decision of our highest court (*Fletcher v. Peck*, 6 Cranch, 87) that a deed is but an "executed contract" on the part of the grantor

not to resume his right in the thing granted; and therefore if Connecticut can tax extra-territorial contracts, she may tax her citizens on deeds of land in other States.

Call titles property if we like, experience, when we come to deal with them as matters of business, will nevertheless soon satisfy that the making of no form of title creates or produces any new property, but simply indicates the rights and interests of parties in preëxisting property. Enact such laws, also, in respect to taxing titles as we may, experience will also prove that taxes cannot be practically levied on imaginary things or legal fictions, because it is some physical actuality in the sense of embodied labor that must after all, and in the end, pay all taxes. If legislatures have the power of creating *fiat* property, — that is, imaginary or fictitious property, — it is beyond their power to make it pay taxes, for nothing less than omnipotence can make something out of nothing. These views, it should be understood, are, however, heresies to some of the best thinkers and writers on political economy and law in this country. One of them, in answer to the assertion that "rights and titles are not property, for if they were we might make property by making rights and titles," rejoins, "But we do make property that way every day! We cannot make it so indefinitely because we cannot sell the titles indefinitely. The whole question is a question of the limits of credit, that is all." But will Mr. Oldschool stop and think why we cannot sell titles and credits indefinitely? We can, till the millennium comes, when everybody is to have everything he wants without toil, sell property in the sense of embodied labor indefinitely. Why not titles and credits? The answer is simply that when we buy a title or credit we pay for and in a legal and economic effect buy the physical actuality or right of dominion over it which the credit or title represents, and nothing more. The moment one undertakes to sell titles or credits in excess of or separate from the embodied labor they are supposed to represent, we call the act

bankruptcy or swindling, and the actor, a Jeremy Diddler. Fancy Mr. Oldschool appearing in court to defend such a person for selling a title, separate from an actuality, on the ground that such a title was property because he was able to sell it, and that somebody, not keen, was persuaded to buy it. Would the plea *caveat emptor* avail in such a transaction? In other words, when the title does not inhere in the physical actuality, we give it a bad name, and the most imaginative do not call it property. A title which is really a title is never suspended or in abeyance. If a thing is embodied labor, some one, or a number of persons, has some form of title or dominion over it, and the title is inseparably allied to the thing; and therefore the sale of the title is the sale of the thing, because they are one and inseparable. Embodied labor, therefore, embodies all forms of title to the embodied labor. The thing (embodied labor) embodies the incidents (titles), for the reason that the whole contains the parts. The moment we accept the proposition, established most clearly by Adam Smith and other economists, that labor exercised on material elements can alone produce property, that moment it would seem to be apparent that giving a definition to a small piece of paper (credit or title) which has not cost five minutes of labor, will not invest it with the character of property which has cost years, perchance, of the most skillful labor to produce. If some other name be given to embodied labor than *property*, it will not diminish its power to satisfy human wants; and if, on the other hand, we will call credits and titles property, they cannot be eaten, or made of themselves in any form to satisfy wants, but they can represent things which will satisfy wants. Credits and titles of themselves, *per se*, have no value, and separated from the things they represent, they cannot honestly be sold at all. Who will buy them? We know the character of the men who will sell them. Their representatives permanently reside at Weathersfield, Charlestown, Sing Sing, and Auburn.

As further elucidating this subject,

attention is next asked to the consideration of what constitutes a debt, and more especially of

THE RELATION OF DEBTS TO PROPERTY.

A debt is an evidence of a transfer of property or of services, and an equitable right to property itself or to other equitable rights to property; but the value of a debt as a right rests entirely on the circumstance that it is a power to appropriate the results of embodied labor or physical actualities. A debt payable in merely imaginary things would be an imaginary debt. As between debtor and creditor, debts are inchoate or equitable titles, superior and paramount to the debtor's titles; for they will finally absorb by legal process the entire estate and interest of the debtor in the subject of the title, to the extent of the money due. The debtor usually holds the legal title to the property with a power to sell, but he nevertheless always holds it as a trustee for his creditor; that is, subject to the equitable right or title of the creditor to the same property.

Debts, again, are the titles or the representatives of property or of money due. A warehouse receipt given for wheat is a title to the wheat, but it is not the wheat itself; nor is the debt the property it represents. There is no value in the debt except in the property which it represents or to which it is an equitable title. If the debt is non-negotiable, — as were Mr. Kirtland's bonds and mortgage, — it can be stolen, lost, or destroyed, leaving the property itself intact, and for the reason that the debt is a title or a right, and not property. The evidence of a debt when lost, stolen, or destroyed may, however, necessitate the production of secondary evidence to establish the rights of a creditor. Admiralty courts allow no salvage for saving bills of exchange or other identified evidences of indebtedness, or titles to property, from wrecks; and for the reason that none of these things are property and their destruction is not a loss; nor can a debt be treated as an import

following the owner when he comes from another country to make his permanent abode in this country; and if it were property under such circumstances, it would be free from state taxation as an import.

Debts in any estimates of property are also negative quantities, to be eliminated from nominal values in accurate appraisements of aggregate property. Every one can see, without studying political economy, that we cannot by creating debts create embodied labor, which alone is property; but it almost requires a surgical operation to get the idea into some men's brains that the act of paying a debt is not an annihilation or extinguishment of some preëxisting property. If all national, state, and individual indebtedness were to be extinguished by payment, does any one suppose that the people would be worth less than before, or that any property would be destroyed? Or does any one suppose that any increase of national or state indebtedness would increase the wealth of the country? If so, a national debt would not only be a national blessing, but an individual debt would be an individual blessing. Yet there are some persons so wedded to the theory that debts are property that they logically feel alarmed at the liquidation of debts as a great destruction of property. They feel that debt, national and private, is wealth, and payment poverty; and these ideas have been and are yet in harmony with our national currency system and our generally accepted systems of state taxation.

These reasonings on the nature and origin of property, and the relation it sustains to titles and debts, would, therefore, seem to invest the following conclusion of Judge Foster, which alone would have compelled him to dissent from his associates, with the force of a politico-economic and legal axiom, namely, "that property and a debt [considered as a representative of the property pledged for its payment] constitute together but one subject for the purpose of taxation. The tax being paid on the property without diminution on account of the debt, nothing remains to be taxed.

The debt indeed, aside from the property behind it, and of which it is the representative, is simply worthless."

WHAT THE CONNECTICUT COURT DECIDED.

The first question involved in the Kirtland case which came before the Connecticut court for decision was therefore a joint politico-economic and legal question, and may be thus comprehensively stated: *Are titles, having regard to the principles of natural right and justice, and to the provisions and restrictions of the federal compact and constitution, capable of being severed from the property or physical actuality from whence they are derived, and made subject, separately and independently and under another sovereignty, to taxation?* The Connecticut court conceded that in the case of real and tangible property the title is not capable of being severed from the property and taxed separately in different jurisdictions. The Massachusetts law-makers and law-interpreters have not, however, got so far ahead in liberality as this; for in that State taxes, under penalty of imprisonment for default of payment, are still wrung from citizens for property in the nature of visible, tangible movables, as cattle and stocks of goods and the like, admitted to be in other States and jurisdictions. But the Connecticut court, in respect to titles in the nature of notes, bonds and mortgages, and debts, decided that there was some other principle involved, and refused to concede to such titles what they conceded in respect to titles to realty, and to visible, tangible personal property. But in conceding that titles cannot be separated from realty, they conceded the whole point at issue; for certainly no one can dispute that Mr. Kirtland's mortgage was anything other than an equitable or inchoate title to visible, tangible property in Illinois. Consider also the inconsistencies and absurdities of adopting any other conclusion. If Mr. Kirtland had sent his money to Chicago and had invested it by purchase in a cattle-yard, the title to the actuality, in the

form of a deed, would not have been considered property in Connecticut and would not have been there taxable. But if he had united with others, two, three, or more, and forming a corporation had bought the same property, then note how, according to the principle adopted by the Connecticut court, this same property would have increased and multiplied, and become ubiquitous, by merely varying its method of purchase and incident of title. Thus there would be, first, the physical actuality, in the form of the cattle-yard, as before, no more and no less, which Illinois would tax as real estate; then, there would be the legal title to the property held by the directors of the corporation; next, the equitable interest vested in the stockholders, one of whom, in the person of Mr. Kirtland, lives in Connecticut; and if, perchance, the actuality should be subsequently mortgaged, say for its full value, to Mr. Kirtland's brother in Connecticut, there would be still another and paramount title, at least to the extent of the debt, to the other two. The judgment of the Connecticut court was to the effect, practically, that in such a case there were two properties, the actuality in Illinois, the existence of which could not well be denied, and the mortgage title in Connecticut. The courts of Massachusetts (in which State the offset of debts is not allowed in enumerations for assessment), following precedent and practice, would have decided that there were three: the actuality, the equitable title of the share-holders, in the form of stock certificates, and the mortgage title. But if there are two properties and one actuality in Connecticut, and three properties and no increase in actuality in Massachusetts, and if popular judgment is correct that it is desirable to comprehend as many subjects for assessment in a tax system as possible, why not include the legal title, and make four properties? and if the cattle-yard happened to be leased, the leasehold title, and make it five properties?

Now all this confusion and misunderstanding in law, all these conflicting decisions of courts, and much of the pres-

ent injustice wrought in state taxation will disappear by abandoning, as contrary to all logical reasoning and the principles of common sense, the popular and to some extent legal idea that debts equitable titles, and rights to property are in the nature of entities or material things, and as such are capable of having and being assigned a definite situs. On this matter the reasoning of Judge Foster is so clear and cogent that it is difficult to see how even an attempt can be made to refute it. "A debt," he says, "has no situs," and obviously so, for a debt is simply an obligation resulting from a conclusion of law, and "is neither visible, tangible, nor ponderable." "Only a material thing can have a corpus, and only a corpus can have a situs, for it is the location of the corpus that constitutes a situs." It is a misnomer, therefore, to call a debt property. It is only "an equitable title in the property of the debtor, and it inheres as a title in the property it represents. It does not follow the person of the owner in his domicile, though he may transfer it there." The United States Supreme Court has not as yet passed *directly* upon this involved question, but so far as it has considered it indirectly, it has decided Judge Foster's common sense to be, as it ought to be, good and supreme law. Thus, in the case of *Brown v. Kennedy* (15 Wallace) this court rejected the theory that a credit has a situs and follows the owner, when it held that a bond and mortgage form of "credit" was subject to confiscation by the United States in the State where the mortgage debtor resided, and on whom notice was served, "though in point of fact the bond and mortgage were never in the judicial district of the United States where the proceedings in forfeiture took place, but were with the owner, within the rebel lines in the State of Virginia, during the entire war, and where the confiscation proceedings occurred, and where the federal courts, for the time being, had no power or jurisdiction over either persons or property." Can it now be claimed, in face of this decision, that a mortgage credit made and made payable in one

State has a situs, and follows the person of the owner into another State, the State of his domicile? Again, the same court, in the case of *Miller v. United States* (11 Wallace), held that stock or shares in the Michigan Southern Railroad could be confiscated in Michigan by notice upon the railroad company, although both the owner and the certificate of the stock were beyond the jurisdiction of the court. The court said: "A corporation holds its stock as a quasi-trustee for its stockholders. The service of an attachment, though it is but a notice, finds the debt or the stock in the hands of the garnishee from the time of the service, and thenceforth it is potentially in *gremio legis*." These and other decisions enforcing garnishment of debtors can only be understood and reconciled with recognized principles of law by considering (as the United States Supreme Court in the cases quoted undoubtedly did consider) debts and all *choses in action* as equitable rights in the debtor's property, inherent in the property where located, and not as property having a situs with the owner in another jurisdiction.

It cannot, also, it would seem, fail to be recognized that the decision of the Connecticut court in this Kirtland case in effect affirms the rightfulness and of course the desirableness (for whatever is rightful is desirable) of contemporaneous multiple taxation of one and the same property. For if the physical actuality called the property is taxed as a whole, in the place where it is located, all the joint and separate titles and interests—equitable or legal, creditors' or debtors' interests, individual or partnership interests—will of necessity be taxed also; for it is impossible to tax the whole of any given thing without taxing all its parts.

CAN CONNECTICUT TAX THE INCIDENTS OF BUSINESS TRANSACTED IN ILLINOIS?

But apart from these curious and novel politico-economic and legal features, this Kirtland case involves constitution-

al questions of the highest interest and importance, as much so, perhaps, as any case ever brought to judicial arbitrament since the formation of the federal constitution. To this point, therefore, let us next give attention.

A State can, undoubtedly, — if the tax is not discriminating but uniform, — impose a multiplicity of taxes on one and the same property within its territory by taxing the property as an actuality, and at the same time the various titles or rights to it. Yet, constitutionally considered, the Kirtland case does not involve a question of amount or of multiplication of taxation, but a question whether Connecticut can tax at all property or business not within her dominion. It is a pure question of jurisdiction, whether property and the titles to it can be taxed separately and in different States at the same time, and whether business and its incidents can be taxed separately at the same time by two of our States of the federal union.

The legal fiction that personal property follows the person could not and never was intended to have any extra-territorial effect. It has been adopted by comity, and may be revoked by legislation at any time; and was adopted for the single purpose of facilitating the transfer of property. If real estate were made subject to the same rule or fiction of law, it would not withdraw it from the dominion of the State where it was located, and it would be still subject to taxation at the place of location. A share-holder's interest in the real estate and other property of a corporation is now made subject, in most of the States, to this fiction, but nevertheless the property—real and personal—can be and usually is taxed at the place where located. Most, if not all, of the States of the Union now tax — and with the approval of all courts — the real and personal property of non-residents, where found, and their business where transacted, within their dominion. Whatever rule may have existed at a former time, it is now settled law, by decisions of the United States Supreme Court, that personal property and business do *not* fol-

low the owner for the purpose of taxation, if the business transacted or the situs of the property is not in the State where the owner resides. But this, it will be observed, is simply affirming that the title to a property is not capable of being severed from the property itself.¹

If we now examine the facts in this case, it will be found that Mr. Kirtland produced no new value and did no business in Connecticut; and, so far as relates to this litigation, neither introduced, owned, nor came into possession of any property within the State. When Connecticut, therefore, taxed him, she did so with reference either to business done in Illinois (where he loaned his money), or with reference to a title or a debt, the representative of property already taxed or liable to be taxed in Illinois at the time the debt was contracted, by stamp-tax or otherwise. And it is here a matter worthy of consideration, as one of the important collateral issues in this case, whether any debt can be taxed after it is made, either in the State where it is made or in the State where the person resides who owes the debt, without impairing the obligations of contracts. The question has never been settled, but at no distant day will undoubtedly come before the United States Supreme Court for a decision.²

It did not appear, furthermore, from the record that even the evidence of any debt due Mr. Kirtland—the bond and the mortgage deed—was ever held in Connecticut. Under such circumstances, it is curious to note, as Judge Foster points out, to what a singular and absurd hypothesis and procedure the

Connecticut authorities, as if conscious that they had abandoned reason and were dealing with sentiment, had recourse in order to get a basis and a warrant for their action. They first assumed that there was an imaginary property, separate and distinct from the material property; and then gave to such imaginary property an imaginary situs, thus "going far into the domain of the sentimental and spiritual for the purpose of taxation." Bishop Berkeley, it will be remembered, held to the opinion that matter does not exist, and that we only imagine that it exists; but it is not at all probable that he ever hoped, when alive, that his views would be so practically indorsed, and at so early a day, in the State of his literary adoption. He would have made, moreover, a desirable tax assessor and tax collector under the present Connecticut tax laws; for being logical, even if he was sentimental, he would doubtless have been willing to take the taxes in the pure product of the imagination. His successors, however, are not only sentimental but illogical; for, not content with assuming that the imaginary is the real, they try to do what the good bishop never would have sanctioned, namely, take something out of nothing. But, seriously, such a procedure as was had in Kirtland's case had in it no element of taxation. It assessed and taxed him in respect to business or interests beyond the territory and jurisdiction of Connecticut, and which the laws of the State could in no way reach or protect; and in so doing it ignored the fundamental principle that protection to that portion of property not taken or absorbed

¹ In the case of *Green v. Van Buskirk* (7 Wallace) Mr. Justice Davis, in discussing this fiction of law, that the domicile of the owner draws to it his personal estate, quotes approvingly from Judge Story the opinion that "this fiction always yields when it is necessary for the purpose of justice that the actual situs of the thing should be examined."

² When the celebrated *foreign-held bond* case was before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, the late state Chief-Justice Woodward expressed himself in reference to this interesting question as follows: "How far modern tax laws shall be permitted to impair and alter private contracts is a great question which must be decided ultimately by the Supreme Court of the United States. I have my own private views, which would probably be found to differ from a majority of this court."

Undoubtedly Illinois can tax to any extent contracts made within her limits at the time when made. Virginia imposes a registry tax on mortgages in proportion to the amount of the mortgage. All the States also possess the power to impose stamp duties on all evidences of debt; and Illinois imposes a tax on resident agents and attorneys loaning money for non-residents on a valuation of the sum loaned. Every State can regulate the loaning of money, or the transfer of other property or rights to property within her borders, at the time when the loaning or the transfer may be made; and whoever loans money or transfers property implicitly submits to the laws existing in the State, which enter into and form a part of every contract.

by the tax is the consideration or compensation for all legitimate taxation. In short, the procedure was nothing but an arbitrary exaction, without due process of law, and, as such, a plain violation of the Fourteenth Amendment to the constitution of the United States. Furthermore, if this fiction made operative for the purpose of taxation in Mr. Kirtland's case in Connecticut be constitutional and applicable to extra-territorial property and business in *any degree*, it is difficult to see why it may not be extended to real estate and to all conceivable business, titles, and transactions of the citizens of Connecticut in other States and countries, or how there can be any limit assigned to the arbitrary taxation of the extra-territorial property and business of the citizens of Connecticut, except in the want or exhaustion of the imaginative powers of the members of its legislature. But the assumption of such a power is the assumption of universal dominion; and what, under such assumption and procedure, becomes of the question of independent state sovereignty?

If each State has dominion over the property and business transacted within its territory for the purpose of taxation, that dominion must from its very nature be absolute and exclude the dominion of any other State over the same property and business. Again, the sovereignty of co-equal States involves a full recognition of the dominion and sovereignty of all sister States; and hence section one, Article IV., of the federal constitution requires that "full faith and credit shall be given to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of other States." Each State, then, in entering the federal union, entered into a contract of non-interference with the dominion and prerogatives of other States; and it will not be disputed that the power of taxation is an incident of sovereignty or dominion. The dominion, therefore, of one State for the purpose of taxation over persons, property, business, or the incidents of business, must exclude the dominion of other States over the same persons, property, business, and in-

cidents of business, at the same time. Neither in constitutional law in this country, nor in mathematics, can the same property, persons, business, or incidents of business, occupy two places and two sovereignties at the same time. Hence, the taxation by Connecticut of credits, choses in action, bonds, notes, book-accounts, verbal and other contracts, the incidents of actual business transacted in Illinois, must be in legal effect extra-territorial taxation of such business, and so an infringement and violation of the sovereignty of Illinois; or else it must be assumed that business does not include its incidents, or the whole its parts.

To most minds that examine this case, and apparently also to the court, the taxation of Kirtland for the money loaned by him in Illinois would seem to have been in respect to property, namely, the debt due him and represented by bonds and mortgage. As the bonds and mortgage were, however, but the necessary incidents and evidence of money-lending performed by Kirtland, or through his agent in Illinois, the taxation in question was rather in respect to business than to property, even conceding, for the sake of argument, that the debt and the paper evidences of it were property. It is worth while, therefore, to consider a little more fully, before concluding this review, what is embraced in the assumption by Connecticut of the right to tax the business and contracts of its citizens transacted or made extra-territorially. Was the business performed by Kirtland in any sense business in Connecticut? And in answer, it may be first remarked that the making of contracts is of itself a business, in the strictest sense, nor can any business exist without the power to make contracts, written or verbal. Money cannot be loaned unless there is a business of lending money, and, for the time being, the vocation of a money-lender. The amount or duration of a business in a State can have no influence on the question of the jurisdiction of the State over the business or transaction. A State can tax all sales at auction, including the sale of goods in unbroken packages owned

by non-residents, and just brought into the State and sold by non-residents or resident agents (*Woodruff v. Perham*, 8 Wallace). In New York mere wandering peddlers are taxable on money invested in business in every town in which they peddle. If actually assessed in more than one town the same year, the remedy is to apply to the assessors (*Hill v. Crosby*, 26 Howard, 413). It would seem, therefore, that business—occasional, transient, or permanent—transacted in a State by a resident or a non-resident may by the force of state sovereignty be made subject to a uniform rule of taxation. "Every obligation," says Savigny, "arises out of visible facts; every obligation is fulfilled by visible facts. Both of these must happen at some place or another." Again, it is the joint effect of the law existing at the time in the State, and the visible facts which we call business, which makes a legal contract, and binds the parties to the performance of their agreement. The law and the visible facts in this case of Kirtland are acknowledged to have been Illinois laws and facts, or acts performed in Illinois. And if this be so, was not, then, the taxation of Mr. Kirtland in Connecticut extra-territorial taxation, or taxation of business done by Mr. Kirtland and those who elected to deal with him in Illinois?

CAN EASTERN STATES CONSTITUTIONALLY TAX THE BORROWING POWER OF CITIZENS OF WESTERN STATES?

United States stocks and bonds have been held by the United States Supreme

Court to be exempt from state taxation by reason of an entire want of jurisdiction, on the part of the State, over the credit, contracts, business, or borrowing power of the federal government; and for the further reason that such stock and bonds are not property, in the sense of land or other visible, tangible things once owned and sold by the federal government, but mere incidents of the business or borrowing power of the government.¹ The United States Supreme Court, in the case of *Weston v. City of Charleston* (2 Peters, 449), said, "The tax on government stock is thought by the court to be a tax on the power to borrow money on the credit of the United States;" and the court further added: "The right to tax the contract to any extent when made must operate on the power to borrow before it is exercised, and have a sensible influence on the contract." This decision, therefore, settles, as a principle of law, that if a borrower or borrowing power is not within the jurisdiction of a State, the incidents or instrumentalities by which alone the business or borrowing power can be exercised are likewise not within the jurisdiction of a State, and cannot be subject to its taxation. Was now the borrowing power of the individuals who borrowed money of Mr. Kirtland in Illinois within the jurisdiction of Connecticut? It is a law of human nature, affirmed in the case just cited in the United States Supreme Court, that such a borrower must pay the tax, and that it is on him that the burden must fall, at the time when the contract is made, in the form of an additional rate of interest; which increase obviously operates as a restraint

¹ As curiously illustrative of the limited acquaintance of our best jurists with the law and principles of taxation, it may be here mentioned that the majority of the Connecticut Court of Errors, in giving their opinion in this case of Kirtland, said that had it not been for the act of Congress of March, 1863, the bonds of the United States could have been taxed under state or municipal authority; all of which is equivalent to saying that, in the absence of specific restraining law, States and municipalities could, if they would, destroy the federal government. The following politico-economic as well as legal axiom, enunciated by Chief-Justice Marshall in 1828, when there was no law of Congress prohibiting the taxation of United States

bonds, however, effectually and forever settles this question. "The power to tax," he said, "involves the power to destroy;" and he might have added as a corollary, if it did not at once suggest itself, that the power to destroy the federal government was something that could not be delegated by Congress or exercised by States or municipalities.

It is also a notable circumstance that, soon after the breaking out of the war, in 1861, when the subject of the proposed issue of United States bonds came up for consideration before a meeting of a bar association of one of the Northern States, there was, when the point was first raised, but one dissenting opinion to the proposition that such bonds, if issued, would be taxable by state and municipal authorities.

upon his borrowing power in Illinois, for, as the court declared it, "*the right to tax the contract to any extent when made must operate on the power to borrow before it is exercised.*" It is evident, then, that the borrowers of Mr. Kirtland in Illinois will pay a higher rate of interest, or they will be unable to obtain the money, if Mr. Kirtland may be constitutionally subject to a tax in Connecticut, the place of his residence, on his transactions of loaning money in Illinois. There cannot be different rules determining the incidents of taxation on the borrowing power of government and the borrowing power of individuals in Illinois. If the tax is a burden on the borrowing power in one instance, it is equally so in the other. Does it not also follow that if the borrowing power of the United States, its credit, is exempt from state taxation, from want of jurisdiction, that the borrowing power, the credit of citizens of Illinois (as to transactions in Illinois) is likewise free from taxation in Connecticut, from the want of jurisdiction of Connecticut over transactions in Illinois? It cannot be seriously assumed that citizens of Illinois, or their business transactions in Illinois, are in any sense within the jurisdiction of Connecticut, any more than the borrowing power of the United States is within the jurisdiction of Connecticut. The United States Supreme Court, in the "*State Freight*" case (15 Wallace), further helps to a conclusion in this matter by saying, "It has repeatedly been held that the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of a state tax is to be determined, not by the form or agency through which it is to be collected, but by the subject upon which the burden falls." And the same court has determined, as before shown, that the burden in case of a contract of loan falls on the borrower. Apart from this, however, it needs no argument to prove that the lender will, under all ordinary circumstances, add the tax to the rate of interest; for he must and will have the average remuneration of other investments. Therefore, every Western borrower is directly interested in the condemnation and rejection of

the Eastern judicial and arbitrary exactions imposed on extra-territorial contracts, over which the usurping States have no dominion or control, or power to protect. The reversal of the Connecticut decision by the United States Supreme Court will undoubtedly lower the rate of interest immediately in the Western States to the extent of *more than one per cent.*, and give a new life there to trade, business, and transactions now obstructed by a feudal and arbitrary edict.

Furthermore, if Connecticut has the power of taxing extra-territorial contracts for the loan of money, she has the power to fix any rate and to discriminate as to the States upon whose citizens the burden shall fall; or she may adopt a rate that shall be prohibitory on contracts made by her citizens with citizens of designated States, or citizens of all the States, as her caprice may dictate.

Before concluding this review, it will be interesting to call attention to another element of confusion and inconsistency certain to arise from the assumption that titles and rights are property, and can properly be regarded and treated as such in law and legislation. The Connecticut court held that titles owned in Connecticut to real estate situated in other jurisdictions were not property in Connecticut for the purpose of taxation, but that titles and rights, in the nature of evidence of indebtedness, — notes, bonds, mortgages, choses in action, — created and owed by citizens of other States but owned and in possession of citizens of Connecticut, were property in Connecticut legitimately subject to taxation. But the Connecticut court would have found itself sorely puzzled if it had attempted to lay down any clear line of demarkation and distinction between a title to realty and a title in the nature of a chose in action; for the reason that there is none, and because the distinction between real and personal property is founded on artificial rather than on natural laws, and the artificial laws are constantly liable to change. Thus, in Scotland, there is a class of bonds,

called "*heritable bonds*," secured on real estate, and almost identical in character with the bonds and mortgage which Mr. Kirtland held, which descend to the heir as real estate, and by Scotch law and legislation are so regarded. In France, shares in the national debt and stock in the Bank of France, which the Connecticut court would undoubtedly regard as personal property in its most typical form, and having a situs at the domicile of the owner, can by the laws of France be made real estate at the option of the holder, and as such be actually mortgaged and administered upon. Again, before emancipation, slaves in the United States—which by the federal constitution were recognized as persons—were in some of the States declared to be real estate. In 1871, also, the Supreme Court of Kentucky decided that railroad stock was real estate and subject to distribution according to the laws of real estate (7 Bush, 349); while today, in Wisconsin, the one species of property which is especially typical of mobility, and is of no value apart from its capability of motion, namely, the rolling stock of railroads, is by law made realty. Now, can forms of credit and of titles, made real estate by the law of their creation, be made personal property by some other country or State; and through such fiction of law can they be reached for distribution as personal property, having a situs in the country or State of their owner? or can they be taxed in a State other than where and when the credit or title has been created by operation of law?

From these considerations, reasonings, and precedents, the conclusion of Judge Foster, although he stood but one against four in his court, would seem to be incontrovertible; namely, that "the plaintiff," Kirtland, "was not liable to taxation" in Connecticut "for debts owing to him in Illinois;" and inferentially, that, although possibly warranted by the letter of the statute, the act was an attempt on the part of Connecticut to exercise extra-territorial dominion over persons, contracts, or business, and was, therefore, unconstitutional and void. It

would also seem to be clear that if property in action (choses in action) can be made by fiction of law an *entirety*, having a situs in one State separate from the property which it represents in another State, the grossest inconsistencies will be perpetrated, and that the most inharmonious, arbitrary, and capricious tax laws and other laws will be enforced by conflicting legislation of States, required by constitutional obligations to "give full faith and credit to the public acts of other States."

The function of the legislative branch of every government is to enact the law, and of the judiciary to interpret it; and in general the judge cannot be too careful in refraining from trenching upon the function of the legislator. But there are occasions when, if the law is to continue to be what Lord Coke said it was, "the perfection of reason," it is necessary for courts in making their decisions to inquire into the relation of things covered by the statute; and if, through the progress of ideas or events, the original relation has changed, then to make the interpretation of the law conform to such change, rather than by interpreting too closely to the letter, make the law, in place of being the perfection of reasoning, the perfection of absurdity, and so an obstacle to all free and progressive society. The Connecticut Court of Errors in this Kirtland case had an opportunity presented them to add one more to the memorable instances in which, through the law of judicial decision, government has been elevated, the science of jurisprudence enlarged, a system of wrong made a system of right, and society benefited morally and materially. But in place of rising to the occasion, they held before their faces the absurdities of precedents founded on want of knowledge, and walked backwards. The Supreme Court of California acted differently in 1873, when, with a similar question before them,—the taxation of mortgages,—they swept away the whole system of taxing debts in that State by deciding, in consonance with the spirit and larger knowledge of the age, that debts were not included in the clause of the consti-

tution of California which subjects all property to uniform taxation, inasmuch as a debt, "a cause in action, cannot pay the tax, because it has and can have no value independent of the tangible wealth out of which it may be satisfied;" and further, that it was not possible at the same time to attempt to tax a debt and the property it represented without imposing a double tax on the property, and so unequally burdening property that was incumbered as compared with property free from incumbrance.

The United States is a country fitted by nature to be a country of abundance. A given amount of labor under existing circumstances will here produce more, on the average, of the essentials for a comfortable livelihood than any similar area on the earth's surface. All the world ought, therefore, to come to the United States to buy, or what is the same thing to exchange; and all the world would come if they were not hindered. But all the world does not come, and the cry is everywhere that in the midst of abundance there is no demand for our abun-

dance; and because there is no demand, production is suspended. The obstacles which interfere and prevent this demand are various in their nature and multiple in their number; and among them, important, if not foremost, in their restrictive influence, are laws like that to which the Connecticut Court of Errors has recently given renewed sanction in the Kirtland case; which make costly the work of production by making difficult the transaction of business and the movements of capital. Such laws do not exist in other countries, our compeers in wealth and civilization. Such a case as this Kirtland case could not have come up before any of the courts of England, France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, or Lower Canada; for in none of these countries are debts regarded in the light of property, subject to taxation. And until, as a nation, we cease to overburden ourselves in the race for commercial and industrial supremacy, we cannot legitimately expect to win the first place or the great prizes, or hope that our labor and capital will be used to yield to us the greatest abundance.

David A. Wells.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Few readers of the Club papers, I imagine, are aware that Mr. H. James, Jr., has been enthusiastically translated into German, and that his *Passionate Pilgrim* may now be read in that language under the attractive title of *Der Leidenschaftliche Erdenpilger*. The Transatlantic Sketches and Roderick Hudson, though not so susceptible to polysyllabic treatment, have still been liberally endowed with German text, and the Fatherlandish critics bestow much praise upon the author. Julian Schmidt, whose name is a powerful prop to book advertisements, says, "He does not, in-

deed, introduce us to the more characteristic life, but shows one side of it which deserves attention, namely, the impulse of young America toward culture, and its longing for the Old World;" and he accords to him a remarkable artistic faculty. But the latest act of appreciation is a little peculiar. The publishing house of Auerbach has issued *The American* in translation, accompanied by a prospectus full of laudatory phrases, setting forth that Bret Harte and H. James, Jr., go hand in hand as the exponents of contemporary American life in fiction, that Mr. James takes

a place quite above the level of ordinary *Uebersetzungs literatur* (a word suggestive, to the uninitiated, of *Massachusetts*), and that he has become the *Mode-Liebbling* or "fashionable darling" of the Teuton public. All this is very well, but the prospectus neglects to explain that the fastidious translator, despite his high opinion of Mr. James, has written an entirely new ending to the story. He declares that The American is a magnificent exhibition of democracy, and this belief it may be that inspired him to expunge the ignominious catastrophe which closes the original work, and substitute a scene in which Mr. James comes on to the stage in his own person, saying, substantially, "Some time after these events, I met Newman in San Francisco, with a graceful, foreign-looking lady at his side. A golden-haired child was playing near them," etc. Newman is glad to see him: "Sit down, Mr. James. Have a cigar and a glass of wine," etc. He then turns to the lady, formerly Madame de Cintré, and asks her to step out into the garden with their daughter; whereupon he proceeds to narrate to Mr. James how he came to marry Madame de Cintré, after all. This narrative it would hardly be just for me to report. What I most wish to call attention to is the development of a new sort of literature here involved. The German editor, as I have noticed, alludes to a special order of "translation - literature," to which he reckons The American much superior. Does the superiority consist in the fact that it need not be translated at all, and is fair prey for all sorts of tampering, without acknowledgment? Has the doctrine of Elongated Classics found a following in Germany? Or is this innovation a new move in the direction of international copyright?

— Certain of us are getting up, with great care and small expense, a decoration for the gifted statesman who devised the postal law concerning authors' MSS. It is considered that a decoration of some sort is also due to the Congress which passed the law, provided it can be shown that that Congress meant the

law to be understood as the postmasters now understand it: to wit, as covering MSS. for books alone. There is nothing in the dictionary, or in the law, which decides that there is but one kind of authors' MSS., namely, that which is written for a book. Yet a luminous postmaster-general has at some time or other decided that the law meant books, and books alone, when it said "authors' MSS." Where do you suppose that postmaster-general was educated? Here is a law which pretends on its face to be a charity to poor scribblers; it tells them that authors' MSS. shall be carried through the mails for mere newspaper postage. Now, where is the value of this law, thus construed? No man has ever yet sent the manuscript of a book through the mail since expresses existed; no man ever will intrust so precious a thing as the manuscript of a book to the United States mail while expresses continue to exist. The mail would convey such a package for ten or twenty cents, and probably lose it on the way; the express will convey it for double the money, and take it through safely. Do you imagine that that "author" lives who is poor enough to be willing to accept ten cents' worth of this charity of the United States government, with its burden of insecurity, when for a few cents added he can have the trusty services of the express companies? No, indeed. The fact is as I have stated it before: no one ever sends a book manuscript by mail.

That law is a dead letter. One cannot send an article to a magazine under it; no, the crystal intellects of the postal service have decreed that nothing but books are written by authors. Mr. Longfellow is often and innocently referred to as the author of the Psalm of Life, but he could not send that poem through the mails on reduced postage, because the department knows that a little thing like that has no author, authorship being determined by bulk and not otherwise. He would have to pay letter postage on it, because post-office law—which is as noble in its way, and as clear as crowner's quest law—has

decided that every manuscript that is not a book is a letter. The department knows perfectly well that there are only two kinds of manuscripts, — books and letters. Poe is spoken of as the author of that long and curious tale called *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*. Author is a false title in this case, likewise. The department has so decided, for that tale lacks the essential qualities of authorship, — bulk and weight.

If you were going to print but a single copy of a book, the gifted department would let you mail the MS. for it at the reduced rate. But if you mentioned the fact that your magazine article would infallibly be bound along with other articles into hundreds of bulky volumes of the magazine at the end of the year, and that it was therefore author's MS., since it was going to be part of a book, what do you suppose the department would say? I solemnly believe that so intricate a question as this would unseat the reason of the most powerful-minded postal department we ever have had.

We authors write about twenty-five magazine articles each, a year. Postage, letter rates, averages forty cents on each article: ten dollars a year for each of us. There are eight hundred and forty-eight authors in the country who write for magazines. Most of our articles are not accepted, but are returned to us. We pay postage just the same, though, — both ways. Considering, for the sake of argument, that we use the mail and not the express, our postage on matter sent aggregates eight thousand four hundred and eighty dollars in a year; return postage on upwards of two thirds of our work hurled back upon our hands, say six thousand dollars. Aggregate for the year, fourteen thousand four hundred and eighty dollars. Aggregate for three years, say, in round numbers, forty-three thousand five hundred dollars. Among us, in this country, there are four hundred and forty-one who write books as well as magazine articles. But we do not write a book every year; we are not quite so prolific as that. We average a book each, every three years. That is an aggregate of four

hundred and forty-one books in three years. Postage on each book (as authors' MS.), an average of twenty cents. Now observe: aggregate postage (letter rates) on three years' magazine manuscripts, forty-three thousand five hundred dollars; aggregate postage on three years' book manuscripts (authors' MS. rates), *eighty-eight dollars and twenty cents!*

And, after all, we do not trust more than about three dollars and fifteen cents' worth of those book manuscripts to the mails in the course of eleven years.

Now I suggest that the postal alms be taken away from books, and conferred upon magazine articles, or, better still, that the whole law be routed and scouted from the statutes, to the end that the United States government may be estopped from glorifying itself any longer over its charity to authors, — a charity, indeed, which is, like all its generousities toward literature, a sham.

— I once heard an old novel-reader say, impatiently, "Whenever I open a book and see 'Hoot, mon!' I always close it immediately." Something of the same feeling comes over one on reading *That Lass o' Lowrie's*; there is a weariness in continually changing "reet" into "right," "yo" into "you," and, at last, an impatience even as to the treasure-trove itself, "graidely." The localisms of rural England are hard reading for us Americans; we understand something of Scotch pronunciations, thanks to long familiarity with Walter Scott and Burns, but we labor heavily among the English dialects, and are inclined to be as impatient over them as we are over the slow Lancashire man himself when he comes to dig in our gardens or to carry our messages to a neighbor.

When, however, we have at length translated this story of Mrs. Burnett's into our own tongue, what do we find? Simply the old, long-mooted question, Can an educated man marry an inferior, lift to the position of wife a woman destitute of cultivation and without knowledge of the smaller refinements of life, — can he do this with any chance of hap-

pininess? All the educated and refined women will instantly arise and answer, "No;" for a woman knows so well that, leaving mere education apart, no after-training can ever eradicate entirely the habits of the common working-girl, or supply the exquisite little personal refinements which cannot be bought, or taught, or even made tangible enough to be fixed in words, but which are yet the most powerful adjuncts of the lady.

But, on the other hand, educated men are sometimes found who arise and answer, "Yes;" and prove their belief by their marriages.

Dickens attacked this question in *Our Mutual Friend*, where Eugene marries Lizzie, the boat-girl; but he gave her every aid he could think of, — striking beauty, intense devotion, and the chance to save her lover's life. Reade took up the point in *Christie Johnstone*, giving Christie the same wonderful loveliness, devotion, and the saved life of the little painter; but Reade, great master of fiction, withdrew before the end the hardest part of the dose by placing Gatty nearer Christie after all, his mother turning out to have been only a cook. Mrs. Burnett's heroine has the same beauty, devotion, and life-saving opportunities of her predecessors; in fact, it needs all these to make the thing go down. And, in this case, has it gone down? Extraordinary loveliness, like Joan's, can do a great deal; still, in the long course of married life, can it make up for other deficiencies? Will not Derrick sometimes feel like fleeing away from his wife into the old atmosphere where ease and refinement are known already without the learning? And then, will he not call himself a brute, and return to her with a determined effort which she will see, and feel, like a knife in her loving heart? In the case of Eugene and Lizzie, in this of Joan and Derrick, and in the few instances we see in real life, the marriage at the last is a dramatic tableau which we accept because it is striking, and also because it touches in our hearts something which is deeper than conventionality. But, when the chimes have ceased ringing and all the

people have gone home, when the personages in the tableau have stepped down to common life, how then? Can any one look forward five years, ten, and not feel sure that the husband has gone through — whether with good grace or ill — scenes of mortification and deep annoyance almost beyond numbering?

Women of refinement are always at heart intensely severe upon men who fall in love — seriously, I mean — with pretty chambermaids, lovely laundresses, or astonishing collier-girls. They ask themselves how it would be if they should set about discovering ideal qualities in handsome coachmen, cooks, and restaurant-waiters. May they not have "good hearts" and all sorts of capacities? Might they not be "grand creatures," too, if brought out and educated and given a chance? Certainly they might, being human. But here is the difference: in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, a lady *could* not endure the personal manners of the son of the soil for one moment, no matter if he was as handsome as an Apollo, and had saved her life a hundred times.

Mrs. Burnett's book as a whole seems to me very well done; we do not come from it empty-handed, but bear away with us a clear image of Joan, grandly-shaped, majestic creature, with her deep, inarticulate love for the engineer. Derrick himself is not much more than a figure-head; but he is big and strong, self-possessed and good-looking, and that is sufficient. How few modern novels add distinct personages to the galleries of our memory! They add paintings of society and manners, of events, or odd corners of unfamiliar scenery; but personages — how few! Grandcourt is the latest in my collection. I tried hard to get in Gabriel Conroy, but he kept dissolving. I am almost inclined to think that this Joan is going to win a place, however; she keeps standing at the door in a haunting kind of way, and looking in. But ah! if she had only died down there in the mine, how much more impressive and convenient it would have been for herself and Derrick, and the reader, also!

—Mr. Stedman in his Victorian Poets has clearly presented and illustrated with much care the relation between the poet laureate of England and the idyllic Alexandrian school. But, so far as I know, neither he nor any one else has called attention to the influence exercised upon Tennyson by some of the older English poets.

Compare, for example, the Talking Oak (that cross, to speak profanely, between the pastoral and the *vers de société*) with Drayton's Quest of Cynthia, the finest poem of its kind, as I think, in the language. Not only is the metre the same, but there is a marked similarity in the topics, the style of treatment, the selection of epithets, and even in the music of the two pieces. Each turns upon the subject of a fair one, fancifully worshiped and somewhat extravagantly described. In each, the tree with the names carved upon it is pressed early into service. In each, inanimate objects are compelled to render their tribute of eulogy. But it is hardly necessary to pursue the parallel further.

Tennyson opens with a modernization:—

"The city's bulk behind me lies
Beneath its drift of smoke.
But ah! with what delighted eyes
I turn to yonder oak!"

Now, there is a certain quality of this versification that recalls very readily Drayton's first lines:—

"What time the trees were clad in green,
The fields dressed all in flowers,
And that the sleek-haired nymphs were seen
To seek them summer bowers,

"Forth went I by the sliding rills
To find where Cynthia sat,
Whose name so often from the hills
The echoes wondered at."

There is a peculiar attractiveness (with perhaps a spice of surprise in it) in these abrupt terminations in short syllables. Of course, it would disappear on much repetition, and such sounds as "at" certainly have no great melody in themselves; but the general effect when they follow rhymes of long syllables is often quite exquisite and piquant. We have the device over and over again in both poems; and Drayton especially presents a stanza or two of this sort, whose deli-

cate sweetness has very seldom been rivaled. For instance:—

"The winds were hushed; no leaf so small
At all was seen to stir.
While, tuning to the water's fall,
The small birds sang to her."

Tennyson's fastidious choice of epithets has often been remarked upon; but you will find the same in Drayton:—

"And laugh to see the lusty deer
Come bounding o'er the brake."

"The gentle spring yet never bore
That sweet nor tender flower
That damasked not the checkered floor
Of Cynthia's summer bower."

"The drops that in the footprints stood
Of that delicious girl
The nymphs upon their dainty food
Drank for dissolved pearl."

Also the "sliding rills" and "sleek-haired nymphs" already mentioned, and a number of other instances which might be given.

Tennyson's good taste, however, has kept him quite free from any of the grotesque conceits into which a superlative love for the fanciful and the mode of an earlier day combined to hurry his model. For instance, you would never find him declaring that the bank upon which his sweetheart had rested on leaving her bath became straightway so fragrant and precious that the "mold" was removed

"For pomander and sold."

A young lady having such Midas-like properties would make a good partner for a druggist. Even more preposterous things are told of the effect of the water (after her person had left it) upon subsequent bathers of less exalted purity.

But if the earlier poem has the greater number of blemishes, it also excels in beauties. The Talking Oak does not anywhere reach the highest point of the Quest either as regards originality of illustration and adornment, or richness and delicacy of verbal music. There is more equality of merit about Tennyson's work, but as a whole it must nevertheless take a lower place.

—It is an old subject of complaint that our country is all spotted over and discolored by wretched local names. But the worst of it is that in altering them we seldom make any improvement.

Some of the names, given on a casual impulse, are very suggestive. I have been looking over the list of places set down in the Postal Guide, and have come to the conclusion that if Niagara had been a torrent of words, and we had sprinkled it with a garden-hose through all the States, we could not have got more bizarre results than are now to be found. North Hero, in Vermont, and Green Tree, in Pennsylvania, assume a classic and every-day air by the side of the Western inventions in town names; for example, Orodelfan and Ni Wot, in Colorado. California retains its Bret Harte-ish atmosphere in Slide and Big Pine. Iowa and Wyoming come still nearer the mark, each having a Last Chance. Even Illinois retains some novelties, as East Paw Paw, Teutopolis, and Samsville. One place shows traces of a wandering Latin grammar, the verb *Amo* having been fixed upon to designate the locality where the whitening bones of the volume were probably found by a train of emigrants. Nevada, of course, has its Bullion, Diamond, Treasure City, and Mineral City, about which there is a slight monotony. But there is something inspiring about these fabrics from Nebraska, namely: Wild Cat, Rescue, Gazelle, Centennial. And alliteration has seldom been more strikingly used than in the title of Verdigris Valley. Slaughter (Dakota) cannot be a place altogether pleasant to refer one's youthful memories to; but I find something really interesting in names like Big Bone Lick and Wagon Wheel Gap. Often the choice of early settlers in these matters is determined by circumstances that are too trivial and irremediably sordid; but for all that, they often have a genuineness that is wanting to our more ambitious Eastern nomenclature. We are forever pulling up the most fortunate of our names, and trying new ones, as if these were something like city pavements, — the only real use of which is to be made the source of lucrative experiments in tearing up and restoring. Killingworth, for example, in Connecticut, which appears in Longfellow's delightful poem, *The Birds of*

Killingworth, has since been changed to Clinton; and a village known as Nine Partners, where Fitz-Greene Halleck's father lived, is now stupidly called Washington Hollow. Think of Washington being *hollow*, — all the pith taken out of him! Sawpits, in New York, which formerly meant something, though it did not sound pretty, has become Port Chester, which means nothing. I might cite a good many instances, but there are two which have especially annoyed me of late. In Newport there was a street which ended in broad, green fields, and had thus won the delicious appellation of the Green End Road. But because some rich people, without taste, built villas there, the fresh informality of the name had to be discarded for that of Lafayette Avenue. In the other case, a spot near Boston, on the road along which the British retreated from Concord, was called Percy's Ring, which certainly reminded one of the young Percy who was in that memorable retreat, whether it actually referred to him or not. In any case, there was a pleasant little romantic hint in the words, Percy's Ring. But a land company went to work putting up houses there, and having some idea that the name of a place is like the "To Let" bill in the window of a vacant house, they rechristened it Arlington Heights. The people who do this sort of thing seem to me to answer exactly to that adjective which country-folk have charged with so much contempt — "cityfied." Being an absurdly hybrid word, it is admirably suited to the crude and hybrid notions that lie at the bottom of our foolish names, sometimes so prosaic, and at other times so sentimental. I therefore offer for public use, through your Club, this word "cityfier," to point out the people who represent that kind of civilization which removes simplicity and wholesome naturalness, to make way for artificiality, "stuck-up-iveness," and so on. You will find that it describes elements in our art, literature, society, and religion, also; and I believe it will be as useful as the German term of Philistine.

— What right have literary scaven-

gers to arrogate to themselves the exclusive name of "realists"? I deny that the dark and foul side of life is any more real than the bright and pleasing. A rose is just as real as a poison vine; a perfume-bottle is as real as a dunghill; a spring of clear water is as real as a cess-pool. It seems to be taken for granted that "reality" means nastiness, and the more of the hideous rottenness of the lowest depths of life a writer can rake up, the more real and natural his descriptions must be. I deny this utterly. M. Zola and his far-off comrades only describe one half of life, just like the "romantic" writers they decry; the only difference is that the former give the worst and the latter the best half. Reality ought at least to demand an equal division of labor between the good and the bad, between misery and happiness, vice and virtue; it might be granted that no preference should be shown the latter; but when the former is given sole possession and the latter wholly excluded, the writer forfeits his claim to impartial description of real life as much as if he picked out the golden grains and left the others. Even allowing that the choice of subjects is not to weigh at all, this bears as much for my argument as its opposite; for a less revolting subject could be chosen, and its faithful depiction would be as well entitled to the name of "realism" as the other. This is not at all a question of art versus morality; it is a question as to whether art working in comparatively clean material is not as truly art as that which seeks out specially the foulest material. Granting that the chemist must analyze alike spices and ordure, why should the selection for study exclusively of the latter entitle him to call himself a more *thorough* chemist than one who devoted himself to the former?

—I sometimes wonder whether the present generation, especially the younger portion of it, sufficiently reads and appreciates the works of the man who has just gone from us, an irreparable loss to the world in general, but to ourselves in particular, — regretted I feel sure by hundreds, I would like to think, thou-

sands. I mean John Lothrop Motley and his great histories. I wonder also whether those who are possibly frightened by the several large volumes know how much they lose, what a mine of treasures, what an immortal panorama of all that is noblest and highest and most divine in human nature, they pass coldly by. For myself, I can mention nothing that is more inspiring, elevating, and truly "heart-strengthening" than these books. To me The Rise of the Dutch Republic was the source of perhaps the deepest and purest enthusiasm of my life; and, though it is but too true that the years are in nothing so mercilessly cruel to us as in the dampening chill — it seems inevitable and inexorable as fate, and none "of woman born" can wholly escape it — which they cast upon the fervency and intensity of our more youthful sentiments, a warm after-glow of that first enthusiasm lingers with me still. Mr. Motley's recent death has vividly brought back to me the happy days when my own life seemed bound up in the fortunes of the great people whose story he has told with such consummate ability.

I cannot, of course, go into detail here, but, to mention only a single period, who that has "a living soul within him to be stirred" can read, for instance, his *Siege of Leyden* without trembling and tears and heart-throbs of sorrow and joy? To be sure, his subject here, and indeed throughout, is a very fine one, but perhaps he alone was thus capable of doing it full justice, bringing out its whole beauty and grandeur, and I cannot but rejoice that it was reserved for an American to depict the successful struggles of another great people for freedom. Mr. Motley has a most happy dramatic faculty of grouping scenes and minor personages round one great central figure, which, combined with his extraordinary powers of description, makes us fancy that, in spite of the two unsuccessful novels of his youth, he might sometime have taken high rank as a writer of fiction, had not a certain leaning in his nature towards absolute truth and scientific fact marked out his career in another direction. His style, always particularly racy

and strong, — indeed, there breathes from his pages an atmosphere as fresh and pure and grateful as that of "salt-sea air" or the odor of pine woods, — often rises into impassioned eloquence and pathos, and carries us easily and without fatigue even through the barren sands of diplomatic negotiations, which he is sometimes obliged to traverse. Occasionally, too, the severity of the narrative is lit up by a gleam of most delightful humor or quiet satire, which has all the charm of a smile on a grave, noble countenance; or it is colored by a striking bit of delicate and poetical description, — the picture of some landscape, city, or church. His account of Antwerp Cathedral, for instance, is as fine a piece of writing in prose — I am almost tempted to call it a poem — as I have read.

I find in him so rare a combination of high and great qualities, and those in such rare perfection, he came to his task so fully and peculiarly fitted, so richly and completely equipped for the great undertaking, that, take him for all in all, I am sure we shall indeed not soon "look upon his like again!" He was cut off before the labor of his life was completed, but let us be profoundly grateful for the precious legacy he has left us.

— It was at the theatre the other evening. The curtain had fallen on the second act. The play was stupid. The chevalier is not stupid, so he did n't talk about the play. He said, —

"I have been reading a criticism of Lowell, to-day. Is it true, as this critic says, that Lowell is didactic?"

"In the sense that Pope is didactic, and Young, and — Mr. Tupper? No!"

"Ah! Well?"

"His thought always underlies his music, and beats through it with no uncertain sound; his poems are, some of them, whole philosophies. What then? Plato was a poet, too. Pope's Essay, for instance, is thought 'done into' poetry. Lowell's, like all pure poetry, is truth translating itself through imagery, because it is too high or too subtle for literal language. The theme controls him as it does Händel."

"Should the theme control him? Does it measure the sky-lark's song?"

"Yes, or it would, save that he is immeasurably glad."

"He has never been before the foot-lights when a crew of tepid wretches were behind them. But after all, is there not too much Yankee self-assertion in Lowell's best, a positiveness equally in his doubts and beliefs that belongs to the professor and not to the poet?"

"There is Yankee self-assertion in The Biglow Papers, but Lowell found it in Hosea. He did not put it there. There are also such lines as those of A New England Spring: —

'Afore you think
Young oak-leaves mist the hill-side woods with
pink;
The cat-bird in the lay-lock bush is loud,
The orchards turn to heaps of rosy cloud;
Red cedars blossom, too, tho' few folks know it,
And look all dipt in sunshine like a poet.
The lime-trees pile their solid stacks o' shade,
An' drows'y simmer with the bee's sweet trade.
Nuff said. June's brides-man poet of the year,
Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here:
Half-hid in tip-top apple blooms he swings,
Or climbs against the breeze with quivering wings,
Or, giving way to 't in a mock despair,
Runs down a brook of laughter thro' the air.'

What more did you say? Your sentences are so long to carry."

"Quite unlike your own! I think I said he was too positive."

"Oh, certainly; that was precisely what you said. There spoke the over-new school. We are wise only when we know nothing, we are singers only when we are incoherent, we only are poets who are faithless. Because a man finds no undiscovered country while he is moored, he is to put to sea without rudder or compass. What has high art to do with ethics?"

"Don't sneer, my friend. Swinburne would not like it. The Lorelei never sneered."

"No; I beg his pardon. Portia and Katharine and Beatrice are capable of a fine scorn, but the world was young then, and Laus Veneris sleeping under some cocoa-tree, in the brain of an orang-outang, let us suppose."

"Yet Swinburne can sing."

"Sing! I think so. So matchlessly that I can shut my eyes and chant his

verse to myself until I hear the swelling of waves on some tropic shore, and the warm, heavy winds that blow over it. Oh, well for the lotus-eaters if they had one such aboard! Wonderful growths are there, too, but nothing is growing. You know Lowell's Commemoration Ode:—

'Blow, trumpets, all your exultations, blow!
For never shall their aureoled presence lack.
We find in our dull road their shining track;
In every nobler mood
They come transfigured back
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore.'

Set that over against this:—

'All are as one now, roses and lovers,
Not known of the cliffs and the hills and the
sea.
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
In the air now soft with a summer to be;
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons here-
after
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or
weep,
While as they that are free now of weeping and
laughter
We shall sleep.'

"Very fair poetry, — that last."

"Very noble poetry, — that first."

"How, then, is it that we care most — for we do in all art — for that which is simply beautiful, and resent the moral element as an intrusion? Is Hogarth a great comfort to you?"

"You have answered yourself. Most of the truth-tellers are ambitious to give you the whole round truth instead of that small section which their stand-point shows them; but they must guess at the other side of the sphere, and hence the failure for them, and the sense of incompleteness for us. When Hogarth starts out with his 'dreadful examples of universal application,' we only smile. We know very well that the end of that man who has for the first time thrown his dice is very likely to be a seat in the senate. Not the truth, which is always beauty with Lowell and Whittier and the Brownings, but a lack in their inferiors of conscience in the telling it makes us impatient."

"Yet, my dear Miss Dorothea," —
And the curtain rose.

— Quiet people, a long way out of the markets, in libraries or cheerful little

living-rooms with a few well-worn books on the shelf or the table, rejoiced much more the other day to hear that the long-lost poems of Charles and Mary Lamb had been found in an Australian farmhouse, than over all of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries. Unburied Troy is but the dead bones of history, after all. But word from Charles Lamb! It is just as if news had come from some member of the family, absent and silent for many years, but not dead, — certainly not dead. It is a curious point of inquiry, by the way, why it seems to us all natural and fitting that certain men and authors should die, and that we should mourn for them, while we utterly refuse the fact of death for others. They are living people always, for us, in a living world. The quality of endurance in their work has nothing to do with this matter. Nor is it the most energetic, forcible souls which thus keep their vitality among men, in spite of nature. Nobody now thinks of Dickens as alive, with all his geniality and full-blooded ardor. It would be cruel, perhaps, to say precisely how inexorable the grave was for him, or how suddenly, when the pen fell from his fingers, the man ceased to be a man among us, and nothing was left but the pictures he had painted, — pictures in which, like Sir Joshua's, the carmines and lakes are already beginning to coarsen and blur. How absolutely, too, Shakespeare's personality died, so that some of us are not sure whether he ever lived at all! while we are all certain that Doctor Johnson is drinking his twentieth cup of tea somewhere, with little Mrs. Thrale at his elbow, and can see him as distinctly as if we had just passed the big, hunched old man, standing bare-headed in the market-place, the rain drenching him.

Thackeray is no ghost to us, nor Lamb, and I am quite sure my children's children will strike hands with them both, over a pipe or bowl of *bouillabaisse*. They will not seem to them old-fashioned or out of date, inestimable specimens of bric-à-brac, as the youngsters of to-day secretly regard Scott and his novels. They belong to no day or date; their jokes and their humor and their human-

ity will be as real and present to my grandson as the pipe he smokes or the meal he eats with a friend. There is Hawthorne, too, who hid in the outskirts of the real world while he was here. He cannot go a step farther from it now. Not all his critics, or disciples, or time can make the man himself dead to the reader in the next generation who lays down one of his books. The shadowy, gray-haired figure will appear just as when he walked the hill-path in Concord, with the covert smile in the eyes, half weird and half shrewd, and remain thereafter, actual in his life, a man that one knows as one does one's neighbor.

Of course, we all know that this peculiar sort of immortality, this effect which certain men produce on the world, is the result of the kind of work which they have done. One man looks into his own heart and writes; most likely the very man, too, who would be least willing to bare himself before the public, as in the case of Hawthorne. But he does it. He cannot do otherwise. Thenceforward he is a real man to all men. His poem or his novel is but the medium through which we look at him, or at humanity through him. He does not die for us when he goes into his coffin; he may be weak, partial, whimsical, but he is long-lived as humanity. Another worker paints men for us: he has insight, the dramatic eye, a reporter's talent. The glimpses he gives us of truth and human life may be deeper and broader than those of the man who colors his drawing with his own blood, but there is all the difference between their work that there is between the studies of trees in a landscape of Claude's and the single tree rustling above us, with the thrush in the branches and the beetles in the bark; or between the presentment of a tragedy by Salvini or Janauschek and our neighbor beside his dead, when we can go into

the darkened house and touch his hand to comfort him.

The large majority of men and women crowding into authorship, nowadays, belong to the latter class. They may have skill, talent, even that actual force called genius, but it is a motor which has not yet compelled them to write. They do not wait for that. The first necessity which clever young people in this country usually feel is the necessity for bread and butter. So they look about for material, backgrounds, studies, and go to work. There is every degree of success attainable by their cult, — from Dickens's place to that of the reporter for an illustrated paper. By the time they have wrested the secret of life from their own particular sphinx, in their own particular chasm, they are quite too shrewd or self-conscious to utter it.

No more curious study, on the other hand, is to be found in literature than the course of many living authors who have reached middle age, in passing from the one kind of utterance to the other. Their first book or poem was wrung out of the slow, actual experience of years; they were startled, almost shocked, when the world stood still to listen. Then came the pleasant conviction that this utterance of theirs was a marketable commodity; and then the attempt to express other men's lives by it, and the surprise when the world began to treat them, not as oracles, as at first, but as its other hired singers or preachers.

As far as I can see, there are but two chances by which this world may command the best work of either kind from men who handle the pen: either let publishers pay nothing at all for their copy, or let authors all be placed on a pension list. In either case the element of bread and butter would be eliminated from the problem, and humanity and its teachers would meet on level ground.

RECENT LITERATURE.

WHEN Edgar Poe ended his troubled career so drearily in a Baltimore hospital, at the age of forty, two antagonistic but equally decided opinions of him were left behind in the public mind, as if in order that the struggles and misunderstandings of his life might be prolonged in the popular discussion of him after death. It seems to us that the holders of both opinions have been wrong in maintaining that Poe must be painted either all in one color or all in another; must be set down as very bad, or else regarded as a remarkably praiseworthy being, with slight faults, who has been the victim of wholly unaccountable criticism. In a measure, Mr. Gill, in his new life of the poet,¹ has followed the same method. He says frankly, in his preface, that he means to be "to his [Poe's] faults a little kind," without shrinking from the duty of a biographer;" but he omits part of the duty of a biographer, we think, in giving no satisfactory explanation of Poe's doubtful repute. Dr. Griswold's calumnies he refutes in most particulars; and he even convicts that disingenuous editor of actually making alterations in Poe's paper on Thomas Dunn English before inserting it in the collected works, in order to sustain his (Griswold's) remarks about the offensiveness of the article, though we notice that nothing is said about the charge that Poe several times sold the same or nearly the same poem to more than one magazine. The misdemeanors of Dr. Griswold, every one will agree, were censurable enough; and yet it is not a finality to assert that they were the product of fiendish and inexplicable malice. We hardly see how any one can read his curious, self-contradictory memoir without discovering that — besides the evil *animus*, which is quite obvious — there was present a considerable proportion of stupidity, and also some ground for adverse judgment in the subject himself. Mr. George R. Graham, who published a criticism of Griswold's story soon after its appearance, gives the reason for this, in saying: "The opportunities afforded Mr. Griswold to estimate the character of Poe occurred, in the main, after his stability had

been wrecked, his *whole nature in a degree changed*, and with all his prejudices aroused and active." Mr. Graham himself says that Poe, during his relation with him, "was always the same polished gentleman, the quiet, unobtrusive, thoughtful scholar, the devoted husband, frugal in his personal expenses, punctual and unwearied in his industry, and the soul of honor in all his transactions. This, of course, was in his better days, and by them we judge the man." A Mr. Clarke, proprietor of The Museum, a Philadelphia publication, who saw much of Poe in 1840, writes that he "was a pattern of domestic worth." Mr. Gill seems to be persuaded that the poet's health was not, as commonly supposed, undermined by frequent intoxication, but by the effects of grief for the death of his wife and the action of his morbid imagination; and he also contends, with good reason, as we think, that Poe was a man of chaste habits and at heart of scrupulous nicety of feeling. Yet it is within the memory of probably a good many persons that a gentleman closely connected with Poe in a periodical publication in New York, and not known to have any unworthy motive for the report, retained always afterward the opinion that he was one of the worst of men. To multiply instances of these conflicting impressions is only to run off into the worn-out gossip of the subject; and we may content ourselves with noticing how Mr. Gill has laid open the sources of discordant opinion without showing the relation between cause and effect.

It is worth while to review the facts of Poe's life as here given, for they have not been presented before so fully and so well. The poet's ancestry Mr. Gill traces back to a noble Italian family, De la Poe, some of whom, wandering into France and through England and Wales into Ireland, either changed their title to Le Poer or preserved the original form and anglicized it to Poe. The Chevalier le Poer, friend of the Marquis de Grammont, is mentioned as having been of the family of David Poe, the grandfather of the poet. This grandfather was a patriot and a general in our war of the

¹ *The Life of Edgar Allan Poe.* By WILLIAM F. GILL. Illustrated. New York: C. T. Dillingham.

Chicago: Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger. Boston: William F. Gill & Co. 1877.

Revolution, but his son was degenerate, and it is probable that Edgar Poe owed many of his misfortunes to his father's proclivity for drink. Edgar Poe, it is maintained, did not drink brandy at Lexington and West Point, but Mr. Gill shows us that, soon after the engagement with the Southern Literary Messenger, when his prospects were greatly improved, he was overwhelmed with a despairing melancholy, like that which "in later years wrought upon him the direst effects,"—doubtless a direct inheritance from his father, complicated with the nature which had come down to him from that high-spirited ancestry. It seems quite probable that this depression drove him sometimes to take stimulants. What else does the expression in Poe's letter to Mr. Kennedy mean? "I am suffering under a depression of spirits which will ruin me should it be long continued. Write me, then, and quickly; urge me to do what is right." Towards the last of his life, his engagement of marriage with Mrs. Whitman, which has been the source of a good deal of discussion, seems to have been conditional on his abstaining from liquor,—a condition which he could not fulfill. Something of this sort must, of course, have been at the bottom of that great change in his character which Mr. Graham mentions as one cause of Griswold's errors. Poe had a brother who wrote verse, but fell into bad habits and died early. The poetic temperament had existed far back in the family, one of the Poes being the author of that song of Gramachree which Burns thought so highly of; and with it was combined the strong animal nature, the turbulence, of the old Irish and Italian lords. Mr. Gill describes at length Poe's terrible condition of mania during his last visit to Mr. Sartain, in Philadelphia, shortly before his death; and, however small the quantity of wine may have been which produced these fits, they must not only have sapped the unhappy victim's vital forces, but also have made it as impossible for unsympathetic people to understand his condition as if he had taken a quart of rum at a sitting. In various degrees of insanity of this sort, he probably at times said things utterly unfounded, most damaging to himself, and of which he could have not the slightest remembrance when restored to his senses.

Mr. Gill says justly that, "sensitive to a degree altogether incomprehensible to prac-

tical minds," Poe "yet was so unfortunate as to live among the practical-minded only, and at a time when temperament as such was essentially omitted in society's estimate of a man." But it is rather loose to say that Poe's "temperament was totally at variance with the spirit of the age in which he lived," for it is at variance with that of any age.

There is hardly a question of moral responsibility in the case at all. Men like Poe are illustrations of how far certain irreconcilable traits may be developed and actually embodied in a human career,—the career, too, of a remarkable genius; but such men are predestined to misfortune and disappointment, as Alfred de Musset was. Poe is almost the only representative of this class whom our literature contains, and public opinion has been shocked by the sharp contrast between his career and that of our more symmetrical masters. But it is impossible to read, without a deep sense of pathos, the narrative of his hap-hazard bringing up, his rash yet in many ways happy marriage; of his drifting from magazine to magazine, and his wretched poverty; his continual hope of establishing a magazine of his own to be called *The Stylus*; and finally of his utter defeat, and the constant devotion of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Clemm, who was wont to soothe him to sleep in his unstrung and over-excited condition as one does a timid child. Then, too, Poe's personal appearance and manners, his fondness for domestic pets, and all that was attractive about him are agreeably brought out; and we are enabled to sympathize with him in the spirit of the author of this generous and excellent memoir. We must refer all who are interested in Poe's poetry to the volume itself for an analysis of the *Raven* and its composition which is as penetrating as it is new. Mr. Gill has certainly performed a service in the preparation of this biography, for which he deserves serious thanks.

—Mr. Morgan's *Ancient Society*¹ is a valuable contribution to the discussion of a subject which, since the establishment of the comparative method of study,—“the greatest intellectual achievement of our time,”—has been of paramount interest among all students of universal history. Stated briefly, the purpose of the work is to show, by a comparison of the development of social and political institutions among

¹ *Ancient Society; or, Researches in the Lines of Human Progress from Savagery, through Barba-*

rism, to Civilization. By LEWIS H. MORGAN, LL.D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

different tribes, or clans, occupying different portions of the earth, that "the history of the human race is one in source, one in experience, and one in progress."

The author starts with the assumption that the discoveries of the last thirty years have established, by a body of evidence sufficient to convince unprejudiced minds, the antiquity of mankind upon the earth. The existence of the race goes back definitely to the glacial period in Europe; and one hundred or two hundred thousand years would not be an extravagant estimate of the lapse of time since the disappearance of the glaciers in the northern hemisphere. On the theory of the geometrical progression of our race, the period of savagery was necessarily longer in duration than the period of barbarism, as the latter was longer than the period of civilization. Recent investigations tend to the conclusion that mankind began their career "at the bottom of the scale, and worked their way up from savagery to civilization through the slow accumulations of experimental knowledge." It is this conclusion, or this proposition rather, which Mr. Morgan seeks to enforce, in contravention of the assumption which has for centuries been generally accepted,—the assumption of human degradation to explain the existence of barbarians and of savages who were found, physically and mentally, too far below the conceived standard of a supposed original man.

In order to furnish a basis for comparing the different branches of the human family at different stages of their growth, the following divisions and subdivisions are substituted for the "age of stone," "of bronze," and "of iron" introduced by the Danish archaeologists, namely: I. Savagery, subdivided as follows: (i.) lower status of savagery, beginning with the infancy of the human race, and ending with the acquisition of a fish subsistence and a knowledge of fire; (ii.) middle status of savagery, ending with the invention of the bow and arrow; (iii.) upper status of savagery, ending with the invention of the art of pottery. II. Barbarism, subdivided as follows: (i.) lower status of barbarism, beginning with the invention of the art of pottery, and ending with the domestication of animals in the eastern hemisphere, and with cultivation by irrigation, and the use of adobe brick and stone architecture, in the western hemisphere; (ii.) middle status of barbarism, ending with the smelting of iron ore; (iii.) upper status of barbarism, ending with the

invention of a phonetic alphabet and the use of writing in literary composition. III. Civilization, subdivided into ancient and modern. The arts, institutions, and mode of life in the same status are found to be essentially identical upon all portions of the globe. And the germs of the institutions and arts of life were developed while man was still a savage.

The growth of intelligence is first traced by Mr. Morgan through inventions and discoveries; secondly, in the idea of government; thirdly, in the idea of the family; and lastly, in the idea of property. The most elaborate and the most interesting portions of the work are those which treat of the growth of the family and the early institutions of government. In treating of the family, the main proposition which he endeavors to establish is that it began in the intermarriage of brothers and sisters in a group,—the consanguine family,—and grew through successive stages of development into the marriage of one man with one woman—the monogamian family.

The Aryans and Semites were the first to emerge from barbarism. But their existence, says Mr. Morgan, as distinct families was undoubtedly, in a comparative sense, a late event. On this point he takes issue with Sir Henry Maine and other eminent scholars who have adopted the theory that the infancy of society is exhibited in the patriarchal group. If we are restricted to the records which come down from the Aryans and Semites, then the patriarchal family is the oldest made known to us. But, as Herbert Spencer has recently said, after an apparently independent investigation of the same subject (*On the Evolution of the Family*, *Popular Science Monthly*, June, 1877), "if we are to take account of societies more archaic than these, the position of Sir Henry Maine cannot be sustained. . . . The earliest social groups were without domestic organization as they were without political organization. Instead of the patriarchal cluster, at once family and rudimentary state, there was at first an aggregate of males and females without settled arrangements, and having no relations save those established by force and changed when the stronger willed."

Throughout the latter part of the period of savagery and the entire period of barbarism, mankind in general were organized in *gentes*, *phratries*, and *tribes*. The relations to each other of these several organizations will be better understood when we say that

they represented, in the period before the establishment of political institutions, the divisions now known as towns or parishes, counties and States. A confederacy of tribes finds its parallel in the original confederacy of the States of this Union. The gens, the lowest unit of government, now exists in its archaic form among the American aborigines; and as its theoretical constitution and practical workings can be investigated more successfully here than in the historical gentes of the Greeks and Romans, Mr. Morgan devotes considerable space to an analysis of the Indian institutions, — a subject with which, by careful study and observation, he is well qualified to deal.

A gens in the archaic period consisted of a supposed female ancestor and her children, together with the children of her daughters and of her female descendants through females, in perpetuity; in other words, a body of consanguine, having a common gentile name. For instance: "If a Seneca-Iroquois man marries a foreign woman, their children are aliens; but if a Seneca-Iroquois woman marries an alien or an Onondaga, their children are Iroquois of the Seneca tribe, and of the gens and phratry of their mother. The woman confers her nationality and her gens upon her children, whoever may be their father."

The gens in its ultimate form, as it appears among the Greeks and Romans of the historical period, consisted of a supposed male ancestor and his children, together with the children of his sons and of his male descendants through males, in perpetuity.

The gens cannot, therefore, be regarded as an extension of the family. It embraces a part only of the descendants of a supposed common ancestor, and excludes the others; it embraces a part only of the family, and excludes the remainder. Since descent in the female line is archaic, and more in accordance with the early condition of ancient society than descent in the male line, there is a presumption in favor of its ancient prevalence in the Grecian and Latin gentes. There is an absence of direct proof, but the presumption is strengthened by the fact that this form of descent remained in some tribes nearly related to the Greeks, and that there are traces of it in a number of Grecian tribes. A comparison of the Indian tribe with the gentes of the Greeks and Romans reveals their identity in structure and functions; and the same is true of the phratry and tribes. In like manner, the Irish

sept, the Scottish *clan*, the Albanian *phrara*, and the Sanskrit *ganas* are the same as the Indian tribe. The governmental organization of the Indians began with the gens and ended with the confederacy. The Greek and Roman system began with the gens and ended with a coalescence of tribes into one people, constituting a nation, and not merely a confederacy. The Greek and Roman gentes when they first came under notice were named after persons; the Indian gentes were named after animals or things, never after persons.

The phratry, the second member of the organic series, and corresponding to the *curia* of the Roman system, was constituted by the union of several gentes. It existed in a large number of the North American tribes. Whether it existed among the tribes in the lower status of barbarism has not been definitely ascertained, but it is presumed to have been general in the principal tribes. It was without governmental functions in the strict sense of the phrase, these being confined to the gens, the tribe, and the confederacy. Among the Iroquois Indians the phratry has existed from time immemorial. In its objects and uses, partly social and partly religious, it falls below the corresponding organization among the Greeks and Romans.

The numerous tribes of Indians in this country were formed, presumptively, out of what was originally one people. The fact of separation is derived in part from tradition, in part from a comparison of dialects, and in part from the use of the same names for the gentes. Where one tribe had divided into several, and these subdivisions occupied independent but contiguous territory, the confederacy reunited them in a higher organization, on the basis of the common gentes they possessed and the affiliated dialects they spoke. No confederacy has been found that reached beyond the bounds of the dialects of a common language. It appears from a statement of the general features of the famous Iroquois confederacy that the necessity for a general military commander was met by the appointment of two principal war chiefs, with equal powers. It is a curious fact that the same device for preventing the exercise of an arbitrary authority by one individual, or the usurpation of power, was resorted to by the Spartans in the election of their two kings, and by the Romans in creating two consuls to take the place of the king whose office had been abolished.

The origin of the Iroquois confederacy is ascribed to the mythical or traditional Hû-yo-went-hû (man who combs), Longfellow's Hiawatha, who promulgated his plan through a wise man of the Onondagas, Da-gâ-no-wé-dû (inexhaustible). Their names were inserted in the original list of sachems forming the great council of fifty, and no meaner names have ever been substituted in their place. "At all the councils for the investiture of sachems their names are still called with the others, as a tribute of respect to their memory." So Napoleon commemorated the heroism of one of his soldiers who fell in battle by ordering that his name be retained on the company's roll, and that the response to the call be, "Dead on the field of honor."

In the light of the information drawn from the archaic constitution of the gens as found among the North American Indians, Mr. Morgan is enabled to clear up some points which have hitherto been obscure in the constitution of the Greek and Roman gentes. When Grecian society first came under historical observation, about 776 B. C., it was in a transitional state from gentile society (that is, a society based on kinship) into political society (that is, a society based upon territory and upon property). All except three of the ten principal attributes of the Grecian gentes — namely, descent in the male line, marrying into the gens in the case of heiresses, and the possible transmission of the highest military office by hereditary right — are found with slight variations in the gentes of the Iroquois.

Mr. Morgan controverts — or attempts to controvert — the view of Mr. Grote, that "the primitive Grecian government is essentially monarchical, reposing on personal feeling and divine right." He holds that the gentile institutions of the Greeks must have been essentially democratic, and he furnishes evidence which appears to establish his position. But, after all, the difference between Mr. Morgan and other historians as to the character of the early institutions of the Greeks seems to us more apparent than real.

The term *basileus*, which others have used as the equivalent of king, Mr. Morgan defines as general military commander, and takes exception to king as conveying a false impression as to the character of the government. But it all turns, of course, upon the definition of kingly power. If we take Mr. Freeman's definition (Comparative Politics, Lect. IV.), which is, perhaps, the most

comprehensive and intelligent definition yet given, the powers which Mr. Morgan ascribes to the *basileus* might well be called kingly. The fact that the gentile institutions of the Greeks at that period must, in the nature of things, have been democratic is not inconsistent with the exercise of kingly power as that power is correctly defined.

Under Cleisthenes, about the year 500 B. C., the Athenians established the second great plan of government, based upon territory and property, — a democracy which, as Mr. Freeman says, raised a greater number of human beings to a higher level than any government before or since, and which gave freer play than any government before or since to the personal gifts of the foremost of mankind.

The concluding portion of Mr. Morgan's work describes "the growth of the idea of property." There have been three great rules of inheritance: the first rule, which came in with the institution of the gens, distributed the effects of a deceased person among its members; the second rule gave the property to the agnatic kindred, to the exclusion of the remaining gentiles; and the third rule gave the property to the children of the deceased owner. The oldest tenure by which land was held was by the tribe in common; afterwards it was divided among the gentes, with shifting severalties to the householders. This was followed in time by allotments to individuals for special purposes or for particular services, which naturally led to permanent holdings in severalty. A great deal has been written upon this subject in recent years. Sir Henry Maine and others hold that all ownership is originally tribal; that family ownership comes afterwards, and individual ownership last. Herbert Spencer and his followers find evidences to show that from the beginning there has been individual ownership of all such things as could without difficulty be appropriated.

The limits of such a notice as this forbid an examination of the grounds of difference between these two sets of writers. We have endeavored in this outline of Mr. Morgan's work to furnish an adequate idea of its scope and purpose, and here we may as well conclude without further comment.

— The quaint little volume of *Popular Sayings from Old Iberia*¹ is only a slender

¹ *Popular Sayings from Old Iberia*. By FIELDAY and AITIAICHE. Second Edition. Quebec: Dawson & Co. 1877.

rill from the vast source of Spanish proverbs, certain of which are gathered and arranged here with "one increasing purpose" of illustrating the essential humanity underlying much of the popular wisdom of the most proverb-loving nation. "Every popular saying is a chapter from the history of a heart" is the first of these proverbial passages, the last of which is deeper and better than many theologies: "'I can forgive anything for love,' said a Spanish boatman, 'and so, I suppose, can the Almighty.'" "That which cannot be signed ought not to be written;" "Behold the injustice of the world! Because the great-grandfather once killed a cat in his village, the family has ever since been called 'cat-killer:'" "There is no such thing as a modest highwayman; neither does any honest fellow like to make himself too visible;" "Calumny hurts three persons: him who utters it, him who hears it, and him of whom it is spoken; but the last, happily, not always, or not for a long time;" "Many offenses are only blunders;" "When you give, give; do not lend;" "Because a man is of a splendid and generous disposition, those persons benefited by him must not feel the less bound to feel and prove and show their gratitude;" "Mind not evil gossips, and do not honor them with the name of 'society:'" "Beware of pride, my angel, lest you fall; for another angel fell by pride,"—these are a few of the sayings through which the same wise and generous spirit runs. This spirit characterizes the whole collection, in which, however, there are many subtle and pungent proverbs of the sort which Sancho Panza loved to roll under his tongue: "One 'Take it' is better than a thousand 'I will give you:'" "Not to go to war Santiago married, but . . . now he longs to be a soldier;" "Covetousness bursts the bag;" "An honest maid should stay quietly at home, as if one leg were broken;" "There are many who agree with the squire that a fat trouble is better than a lean one;" "Caress a cat and she will probably claw your face;" "In the headache of a lady or the lameness of a dog you must not always believe."

The range of the selection is, of course, wider than these adages indicate; it is a suggestion of the riches of Spanish proverbial lore in many other directions, but it is scarcely more than a suggestion, which it is a pity should not some day be followed up by an ampler store, with something like a critical and historical essay on the material.

One learns from the Canadian "notices" appended to the book that one of the editors is a Spaniard (*Fieldat* is the armorial legend of an ancient Andalusian house), who has not only the national passion for proverbs, but is deeply versed in that curious kind of learning; and who, we wish, might take a hint from Giuseppe Giusti's charming essay on Tuscan Proverbs, and give us the fruit of further research in Castilian proverbs similarly exemplified and illustrated. A vastly more thorough work—even something exhaustive—might, for his readers at least, pleasantly and profitably engage the leisure which we fancy a foreigner of such tastes and erudition might find abundant in the old capital of New France.

—Mr. Greene's fitness to write a history of Rhode Island¹ is one of those facts which one recognizes with a sense of personal advantage too rarely felt in a world where at best the right man so often sets about the wrong work. His studies in the whole field of our colonial and revolutionary annals, resulting in his *Historical View of the American Revolution*, and the exhaustive researches in his *Life of Major-General Nathaniel Greene*, must have rendered the preliminary work for this excellent sketch of Rhode Island history comparatively easy; and the book has the fortunate air of being lightly and rapidly thrown off, while it suggests nothing of haste or slight. There is no attempt to cast the light of romance about the prime facts of a story so precious to humanity in their simple grandeur, but the vital point is brought out with fresh force, and we reverse anew the greatness and clearness of soul in Roger Williams which, in an age when the whole world was bloodily persecuting for opinion's sake, could conceive the idea of a perfect toleration in matters of religious belief, and could establish at once the principle that the power of the state must never extend to these. This is the undying honor of Rhode Island, that in her narrow bounds, on the borders of a desert continent, in spite of the hate and jealousy of her sister colonies, she could preserve inviolate a principle of which, as yet, mankind hardly dreamed; and of all the benefits which America has bestowed upon the world, it may be questioned whether this principle is not the greatest.

The first three chapters of Mr. Greene's book are devoted to the story of Roger Will-

¹ *A Short History of Rhode Island.* By GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE, LL. D. Providence: J. A. and R. A. Reid. 1877

iams, his trials and his triumphs; then follow some half dozen chapters relating to the transactions of Rhode Island with the Indians, her first difficulties with Massachusetts and Connecticut, and the war of King Philip. The less picturesque but not less important facts of colonial history are quite as carefully presented; the significance of each is noted; and the gradual progress of the community in wealth, numbers, and refinement is studied. It is to the credit of Rhode Island that, at the same time when her first sea-port was becoming the great mart of the slave-trade, the sense of the wickedness of slavery should be so early felt and expressed as it was; and it is an anomaly of her history that the only people ever persecuted within her limits were some Huguenot exiles; these, however, suffered merely from popular prejudice, and as Frenchmen, not as Huguenots. The coming of Berkeley, with the impulse given by his presence to intellectual life, is one of those episodes dear to the scholar's fancy; and the dreamful financiers of the present day will find much to ponder in the little colony's experience with paper money. The part taken by Rhode Island in the Revolution, and the stirring incidents of her history leading up to that struggle, naturally occupy a large share of the author's attention; but he traces her advance in the arts of peace at the conclusion of the war with an interest which does not suffer the reader to lose sight of its importance. Indeed, it is a very notable characteristic of Mr. Greene's admirable work that he at no time suffers his dramatic events to obscure the interest of the quieter facts, but assigns to each its value in the story of the State.

Some notices of the Dorr rebellion, which indirectly resulted in substituting a constitution for the royal charter under which Rhode Island had led fifty years of republican life, and of her share in the war of secession, close the work; to which are appended some documents of peculiar use and interest, such as the charter, the Dorr constitution, and the present constitution of the State.

One of the pleasantest chapters of the book is that on *The Mode of Life in our Forefathers' Days*. This has a quite idyllic charm, and is only too brief. We wish there might have been more of it, and that Mr. Greene had found it within his purpose

to tell us of the Newport of Malbone's and Stuart's days, and had chosen to paint the social aspects of the place during the Revolution.

— The worst thing about Mrs. Robinson's book is its title,¹ for that is obscure, and with all its length does not describe the contents of the volume. It is hard to do that well on any title-page, and this book contains such a miscellany of past politics that it is even more difficult than usual. It consists of two distinct parts: Mrs. Robinson's *Memoir of her husband*, which fills nearly two hundred pages; and the so-called *Pen-Portraits*, which make up nearly four hundred pages. The latter are selections from the newspaper articles and letters of Mr. Robinson during twenty-eight years, and less than half are portraits, unless the times had been sitting for a photograph all along. The able journalist does indeed sketch the portrait of his times, from year to year; and Mr. Robinson also undertook, in his later years, to delineate famous men. In this he succeeded well, for he was both observing and accurate, though not always impartial. Few men are, but some acquire a sufficient average impartiality by writing about the same topics for many years, and thus presenting the same subject from several points of view. This Mr. Robinson did, and the final impression left by all he wrote was by no means partial or bigoted. He began journalism in a little weekly newspaper office in Concord, as a whig editor; he soon became an abolitionist, and so continued through the antislavery contest and the great civil war; and he ended with being an "independent" or liberal republican during the years following 1871. He was always an ardent politician, but in his later years became a critic rather than a partisan, though he seldom hesitated to take sides strongly. His acquaintance with political leaders in New England was very extensive, and the judgment he formed and expressed in regard to any of them was always shrewd and generally correct. To men whom he did not know he was often unjust, as we are all prone to be towards strangers. In this volume strictures both just and unjust are made, but in the main they are fair, and never are they malicious. Some of them are no doubt trivial, but others are marked by the clearest insight into character. Thus, in the passage

With *Memoir and Extracts from Diary and Letters never before published*. Boston: Edited and Published by Mrs. W. S. Robinson. 1877

¹ "*Warrington*" *Pen-Portraits*. A Collection of Personal and Political Reminiscences from 1848 to 1876. From the Writings of William S. Robinson.

from the diary of April 14, 1865, the day of Abraham Lincoln's murder, we find these striking sentences about that great man and the unlucky personage who succeeded to his place: "Lincoln had no adequate idea of what ought to be done; but I fear Johnson has still less. Lincoln was, at least, master of himself, and master of the situation; Johnson may be the tool of everybody and anybody. With four years of prudent leadership under a man whose popularity was unbounded, and who could have been, if it were necessary, reëlected in 1868, the country might have been consolidated. Western jealousy of the East, as well as Southern hatred of the North, would have been softened, and things brought round again to their old relations." This was good sense in 1865; in 1872 we find the same quality in the letter to Sumner just after his speech against Grant. "I have no faith in the theory," he writes, "that if Grant is reëlected, things will be better. They are likely to be worse, — intolerable for such men as you who are in public life, dangerous for the whole country. Yet there is public virtue enough to prevent anarchy or despotism, either now or four years hence. How long the country could stand Grant is indeed a question, but of the final result I have no doubt."

Mrs. Robinson has written her *Memoir* in a lively and vigorous style, not always elegant, but seldom failing to be effective. She has enriched it with many extracts from printed and unprinted papers, and the reader who is interested in it at all will find it too short. Her husband's character, as there portrayed, is a natural and strong one, with little that was romantic, but modest and amiable in the midst of hot political warfare. He had the habits and tastes of a literary man, though he wrote almost exclusively for the newspapers, his single contribution to magazine literature being an article on General Butler, published in *The Atlantic* for December, 1871. He was one of a circle of friends, some of whom were very eminent persons, and who all set a high value on his friendship and his talents. These friends in 1859 invited Abraham Lincoln and Carl Schurz to a public dinner in Boston on the birthday of Jefferson. Mr. Schurz came to the dinner, and made there one of his first political speeches. Mr. Lincoln did not come, but sent a letter which is very characteristic of him. Mrs. Robinson prints it from the original preserved by her husband, and its closing words are well

worth quoting here. After speaking of the principles of Jefferson as "the definitions and axioms of free society," Mr. Lincoln said: "This is a world of compensations, and he who would be no slave must consent to have no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, cannot long retain it. All honor to Jefferson, to the man who in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a single people had the coolness, forecast, and capacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times, and so to enshrine it there that to-day, and in all coming days, it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling-block to the very harbingers of reappearing tyranny and oppression!" This is the only passage we recall wherein Lincoln gives his estimate of Jefferson, and it is on the whole a just one.

— Although there is abundant material in the scientific literature of the day, very few attempts have been made at any popular account of our native insects in their varied relations to each other, to man, and to their enemies; most of those histories already written have had an agricultural bearing, and are scattered in journals and reports. Dr. Packard is not only a pleasant writer, but he is remarkably well fitted, as he has proved in his *Guide to the Study of Insects*, to collect the latest information and present it in a connected and attractive form. In his *Half Hours with Insects*¹ we have a dozen chapters, full of information and suggestive thoughts, upon the insects of the garden, field, etc., upon insects as mimics and architects and as food, upon their social life and mental powers, and upon their relations to man; while a chapter on *The Population of an Apple-Tree* gives a sad list of twenty or more insects which damage this choicest of fruit-trees. This chapter and indeed some of those first mentioned savor somewhat of an entomological report, and are not so well fitted for a popular work; but the chapters upon mimicry and architecture, and the social instincts and mental capacities of insects, are full of interest, holding one's attention to the last. The spirit of the new zoölogy breathes through the whole work and lends a certain charm to its treatment. It is unquestionably the best popular book on American insects which has yet been published.

¹ *Half Hours with Insects*. By A. S. PACKARD, JR. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1877.

—Mr. Tenney's book, *Coronation*,¹ is somewhat difficult to describe. It is neither a boy's book nor a man's book; it is neither a story nor a treatise. It gives in a rambling, incoherent, fragmentary way an account of the author's walks and talks, in the forest and by the sea, with a friend who appears to have frittered away his life in trying to grasp the infinite. In its description of New England coast scenery along and in the vicinity of Cape Ann (or Cape Anne, as the author claims is the correct way of spelling it), and in some of the comments on men and things, there is much in the book that reminds one of Thoreau. So far there is something attractive in it. But there is a part of the work, and much the larger part, which reminds one of the Rev. De Witt Talmage's discourses, and which is not at all attractive or edifying; and there are little jokes and trivial conversations recorded which would hardly be creditable to a young school-boy making his first essay in composition. It would have been well if the writer had accepted a sensible bit of advice which he put into the mouth of his friend Cephas: "I advise you to keep out of print all you can. You may want to controvert your own opinions, modify your statements, and certainly to mend your style from four hundred to a thousand times before you die. Don't print, don't." If the mystical young man for whose special benefit the author pretends to have written this book derives any spiritual consolation from it, it must be that his brain has received a peculiar stimulus from the phosphorescent quality of the food furnished on Cape Ann.

We very much doubt whether, to use the words of Carlyle, any sick heart will find healing here, or whether any darkly struggling soul will find light.

—The Scripture Club of Valley Rest² shows a good deal of versatility on the part of the author. The leading members of an enterprising church form a scripture club to which orthodox and unorthodox are alike invited, and in which it is proposed to allow the largest liberty of expression. The Sermon on the Mount is first taken up, and the discussion which follows on the beatitudes is somewhat in the style of the conversations carried on by Arthur Helps' Friends in Council. Hard hits are given

and returned, and incidentally the characters of the participants are very cleverly brought out. Wherever two or three members come in contact during the week there the Sunday fights are renewed. Thus Mr. Stott, a well-to-do builder, frees his mind: "Works include faith? I always like to get hold of a real idea about religion, but that notion is too far-fetched for anything. Why, according to you, a Unitarian or a heathen, if he does good, is a child of God and a partaker of the promises. Christ might as well not have lived and died, if that is all his work amounted to." The definition of righteousness developed antagonisms too serious for the continued association of all the members. The practical moralists, those who held to Matthew Arnold's views of righteousness as right living, withdrew from the Sunday noon discussions, and those who remained devoted their attention thenceforth to less exciting topics, such as the true location of the holy sepulchre, the geography of Palestine, and the place prepared for the future abode of those who were justified by faith. Whoever has taken part in vestry meetings and Bible societies connected with country churches will appreciate the characters described by Mr. Habberton.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.³

Henry Gréville is the *nom de plume* of a lady who has very recently won a good position as a writer of fiction, by means of a number of novels which all deal with life in Russia. She has spent many years in that country, and now that popular attention is turned in that direction her books have an additional claim upon the reader. An additional claim, because their excellence and interest are such as also attract consideration. Of those mentioned to-day, *Les Koumiassine*⁴ is an excellent example of this author's merits. The scene of the story is laid in Russia, in the household of the Koumiassine family, which consists of the count, a middle-aged, good-natured pleasure-seeker, who is not counted of much importance in the telling of the story; of the countess, who is one of the main characters; their son, a boy of nine or ten; a daughter, a

¹ *Coronation. A Story of Forest and Sea.* By E. P. TENNEY. Boston: Noyes, Snow, & Co. 1877.

² *The Scripture Club of Valley Rest; or, Sketches of Everybody's Neighbors.* By the author of *The Barton Experiment*, etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

³ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

⁴ *Les Koumiassine.* Par HENRY GRÉVILLE. Paris: Plon. 1877.

girl of about sixteen; and a niece, who is a year or two older. There are besides these a host of others, governesses, servants, dependents, lovers, etc., so that, first and last, a very full parade of Russian citizens passes before the reader. At the opening of the story the countess is represented as anxious to marry off her niece, Vassilissa, before the time shall come for introducing her own daughter into society, with the same object. Vassilissa's father had died, leaving his wife and infant daughter very poor, and the countess had adopted the young orphan and brought her up exactly as if she were her own daughter. The two girls had been the most intimate friends: Zénaside, or Zina, had neither shown nor felt any ill-feeling towards her cousin, and the current of their lives had been unbroken until the time came when the countess determined her niece should be married. The way in which the proud, self-satisfied, and on the whole well-meaning countess is described, with her strong will and impatience of opposition to which she is wholly unaccustomed, will seem to most readers the best thing in the book. Naturally enough she is more ambitious for her daughter than for her niece, whom she wishes to see married to some worthy but not brilliant man; and it is the history of her attempts to carry out these designs which fills this book. The particulars of the plot need not be given here; they are recorded too entertainingly in the novel itself; but every time that the countess interferes in the management of affairs, however much the reader may approve or disapprove of her actions, it is impossible not to admire the ingenious and perfectly natural way in which she justifies her deeds to herself, and puts all the blame for everything that goes wrong upon others. One gets a very definite notion of exactly what sort of a woman she is, with her enormous wealth and habit of command, and the curtain is drawn from before a large portion of Russian society, such as is represented in this woman and her companions and surroundings. Certainly, she is a very life-like character. It is with equal success that the two young girls are portrayed; indeed, it would be hard to find more charming heroines than these, with their staunchness to one another, their innocence and frolicsomeness.

In a word, this is just the novel that those people want who are always looking

after a story in the French tongue which shall not deal directly or by implication with evil-doing. It is not to be put on the same shelf with Madame Craven's highly religious stories, but it may be safely commended to those who care for a really entertaining French novel treating of society, and, over and above, of society of an unfamiliar kind in which every one is interested.

— *La Princesse Oghérof*¹ is another Russian story by the same writer, which will be found readable enough as novels go. It is a less ambitious work than the one just mentioned, but it has its gentle pathos, and its drawing of good characters and bad characters made from very clearly distinguished models, and much of the regular machinery of the modern novel. Not that it reads at all like a perfunctory performance, but it lacks the quiet growth of interest which makes *Les Koumiassine* so agreeable. In both it is easy to perceive how well the author knows the people she undertakes to describe, not only in the trifling matters which mark their own civilization, but also in their more important qualities which they share with the rest of the human race. She by no means contents herself with the trivial record of social laws and misdemeanors; she sees and represents clearly the feelings and emotions that underlie them.

— It is hard to find any great value in Gustave Flaubert's *Trois Contes*,² which is the title of his last volume. He is well known as the leader of the school of French realists, but he has another side, a sort of love for picturesque details which he apparently collects from wide reading about the past. In *Madame Bovary* he drew a picture of the present as he saw it, and *Salambo* is a glowing sketch of Carthage as he fancied it from such researches as he made into its history. In the first of these tales, *Un Cœur Simple*, he makes a study of a servant-woman, but, after all, the reader cannot help asking himself whether it is not work misapplied. What Flaubert shows us is much more how observant a realist he himself is than the sort of a woman the old servant was. Insignificant details are crowded into every page, but simply for their own sake; when they are all in the tale ends, and the reader is left to admire or not to care for, as his nature may direct, a rather cold-blooded study of an ignorant, kindly old woman. If the

¹ *La Princesse Oghérof*. Par HENRY GRÉVILLE. Paris: Plon. 1877.

² *Trois Contes*. Par GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. Paris: Charpentier. 1877.

woman, and not the collection of things to say of her, were the main object of the story, the reader would feel differently about it. In the next, *La Légende de Saint Julien l'Hospitalier*, we find Flaubert back in the congenial description of mediæval life, telling the adventures of the saint, who when young was full of a thirst for blood, and finally, by mistake, slew his father and mother, as had been foretold of him in his cradle. After this he became a saint, and the story of his death is told with great power. The whole legend is narrated, Flaubert adds, on some glass windows in his native town, and there is a resemblance between the literary method of this author and the vivid coloring and conventional drawing of glass windows. The last sketch, *Herodias*, shows this quality even more strongly. It is crammed with the most motley and confused details, and reads like the dream of an opium-eater after it has been put into shape for publication, with the missing links ingeniously supplied.

— A story that has reached its twelfth edition in two years certainly deserves mention, especially if, like *Le Bleuets*,¹ it is a charming, innocent little tale, of a kind not too common in French or indeed in any other language. The success of the book is easily explained. In addition to the merit of the story, there is on the first page of the paper cover a pretty colored drawing of a *bleuet*, a flower like a sweet-william, made by Carpeaux upon his death-bed; and, moreover, we find within a preface by George Sand. Appended to the story are seventy-seven pages containing notices of the press concerning the story. As for the tale itself it is very pretty, even if it hardly deserves this exceptional treatment. Franz Tilmann, a young Alsatian farmer, makes the acquaintance of the Duke de B—— and his family, who are spending the summer in the country. The family consists of the duke's daughter Renée, and his niece Augusta. Franz has a feeling of great friendship for Renée, he brings about her marriage with the man she loves, and he falls deeply in love with the other young girl, who is also attached to him. It would be unfair to go further in recounting the story, which is full of delicate sentiment and chastened, unostentatious observation. That foreign readers will admire it so warmly as do the French can hardly be averred, for we are accustomed to stories in which

innocence and poetry combine, and there is a faint trace of exaggeration in their union here; but yet the story is very pretty and the book is well worth reading.

— One of the most important of recent German novels is Spielhagen's *Sturmflut*.² A few years ago this author was much admired in this country, and a translation was sure to follow quickly the publication of one of his books; but that day seems to have gone by, and one does not have to look far to find the reason. He is a writer of considerable power, but, in the past at least, he has never been contented with modestly doing the by no means easy work which he did best; he has thought it necessary to introduce a "blood and thunder" element, consisting of almost impossible incidents, mysterious, flashing-eyed characters, and such treatment of the plot as has made the New York Ledger a power in the land. But he seems to have partly outgrown such efflorescent exaggeration in this story. It is there, and in too great abundance, but there is so much more of other and sounder work that its presence is not very conspicuous. The novel is a very complex one, and, apparently, Spielhagen has been influenced in his manner of composition by George Eliot's later stories, *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda*. In his attempt at bringing before the reader his notion of German society since the war with France, he puts upon the scene an enormous number of persons, and carries in his hand a very complicated series of intrigues, all of which are subordinate to the main plot of the story. The career of speculation into which the Germans entered during the sudden prosperity of victory, and which was so soon followed by failure and disappointment, appears to have made a deep impression on that people, who, it would seem, imagined they had taken every necessary precaution against disaster. But the world was not made over again for their accommodation, and they soon learned what has been the usual experience of mankind, that unholy prosperity is followed by reaction. Other German novels have been written about the same disaster, but this is decidedly the most serious and by far the ablest. While it has the clumsy form which George Eliot's genius has taught us to tolerate, — although posterity, always averse to learning lessons from its ancestors, may despise it, — the reader who can keep distinctly in mind the

¹ *Le Bleuets*. Par GUSTAVE HALLER. Préface de GEORGE SAND. Douzième Edition. Paris. 1877.

² *Sturmflut*. Von FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN. In 3 Bdn. Leipzig. 1877.

various dimly connecting interests will receive very accurate impressions of the faults of German society. That these differ in detail from those of other countries of course goes without saying. What is especially to be noticed in Spielhagen is his ardent republicanism and his dislike of a rigid, conventional aristocracy. The young heroine falls in love with a sea-captain, who, to be sure, went through the campaign in France as officer of the *landwehr*, but in spite of that he is a hissing and a reproach to the old nobility whom he continually meets. The characters are yet distinct persons while they serve as representatives of different classes; but it is easy to see how each one carries on his shoulders the faults and virtues of a large number of his fellow citizens as well as his own individuality. There is the old general, who stands for the best side of the army, with his loyalty and keen sense of honor; his son, the young, wild dare-devil; the wise president; the rich manufacturer, who detests socialism; the speculator who finally comes to grief; and the count, the worthless aristocrat. The young girls cannot be classified in this way. They lead lives independent of politics and wars and commercial interests. The considerable length of the book enables Spielhagen to expound with great freedom his notions of the present condition of Germany, and he makes use of his opportunity by means of long conversations between the different characters. It cannot be denied that he shows a great deal of power in this task. He has photographed society with its ambitions, cleverness, silliness, and all its virtues and faults, but just as no photograph was ever taken that made a group seem naturally formed, there are frequent traces of strings being pulled by the author that his characters may say for him what he has to say, rather than what would be most naturally on their

lips. Many of the scenes are exceedingly good. The book opens well; here and there are very life-like bits; the catastrophe is described in a powerful way, and the whole story is wonderfully impressive. Unfortunately, just what was meant to be most imposing is most theatrical, and the dark-eyed Italians ought never to have been allowed in a novel treating of united Germany. The book would have been infinitely better if they had been exiled before it began, for since Thackeray's imitation of Disraeli's early novels, in *Codlingsby*, no such ridiculous, extravagant, and absurd words have been put into the mouths of any characters of fiction. Some of the older sinner's remarks would make the fortune of an American humorist. But Spielhagen seems really awe-stricken by the bogey he has wound up to lead every evil plot. The reader has but little patience with so transparent and conceited a villain, who has walked straight out of a melodrama into this novel, which is yet filled with the dry air of intelligent realism when the other characters are on the stage.

But aside from this weak point the book is one of the ablest German novels that has been published for many a long year. Spielhagen has written a book of great power, and has won a place among the best novelists of the time. It is a book which does not receive due justice in a brief notice like this. It may well be read and re-read carefully.

— Turguéneff's new novel¹ has appeared in the authorized German translation which is published in Mitau. This rendering may be generally commended; but it is sad to notice that here and there difficult passages have been omitted by the translator. On pages 297 and 417 are instances of this. In other respects no fault is to be found.

¹ *Neu-Land. Ein Roman.* Von IWAN TURGENJEW. Autorisirte Ausgabe. Mitau. 1877.

